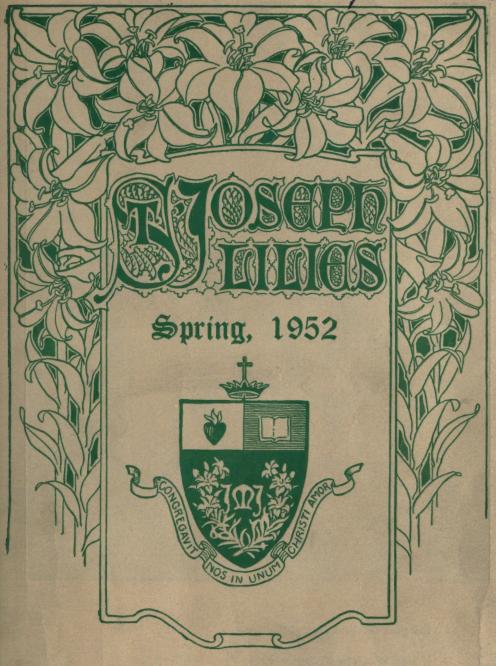




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CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE—ST. JOSEPH	4
THE KINGSHIP OF ST. JOSEPH— By Rev. P. J. Kennedy	5
PAUL CLAUDEL—POET AND MYSTIC— By Rev. P. J. Kirby	10
THERE YET REMAINED THE MASS— By Rev. V. F. Kienberger, O.P.	16
FIVE DAYS AT FATIMA— By Philomena Donnelly	21
PUMPKIN-EATER— By Ethel Seeley	32
A WORD BEFORE I GO— By Father Christopher, O.F.M.Cap	40
POETRY:	
THE SECRET-By Nanky Poo	45
THE JUNGFRAU AT EVENING-By H. W. Barker	46
IN HUMILITY—By Grace Stillman Minck	47
DREAMS-By Patricia Mitchell	47
COMMUNITY	48
ALUMNAE:	
LIST OF OFFICERS	52
EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS	55
COLLEGE:	
NOTES	57
THE HANDMAID-	
By Ludmilla Graczyk	62
STORY—JUST WHEN I NEED YOU—	
By Mary Sue McGee	67

COLLEGE SCHOOL

69

Janet Somerville, Joan Faragher, Moira Somerville, D. Kinch, Margot Belgrave, Gertrude Keller, Patricia Hause, Sylvia Pegis, Beverley Knox, Sally Azzarello, Donna Peddell, Nataline Bondi, Alicia Ann Glover, Joyce Fostner, Bernice Leschinsky, Dorothy Bilton, Patricia Jarvis, Mary Brooks, Barbara Murphy, Barbara Ann Neddeau, Yvonne Bradley, Ann Bednarz, Shirley Harding, Ann Marie Corcoran, Patricia Russell, Joan Buckley, Agnes Marie Kelly, Judy Murray, Ewa Jarmicka, Mary J. Barker, Orysia Nohnit, Donna Campbell, Pat Harrison, Carol O'Hagan, Yvonne Atwell, Sally Azzarello, Rosemarie Plante, B. J. Schreider, Marienne Homey, K. Thomson, Pat Rooke, Carole O'Brien, Mary Lou Zingrone, Elizabeth Hirsch, Freia Kaiser, Livia Varju, Janet Stobie, Mary Anne Weber, Rosemary Robertson.

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Published March, June and November Subscription \$1.00

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Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. XLI

TORONTO, MARCH, 1952

No. 1

THE KINGSHIP OF SAINT JOSEPH

By REVEREND P. J. KENNEDY

I SIDORE of Isolanis, a Dominican of the 16th century who had great devotion to St. Joseph, wrote a learned book in his honour, entitled "Summary of St. Joseph." Referring to the Scriptural passage: "The Lord His God is with him, and the sound of the victory of the King in him." (Num. 23, 21), the author says:

"Those words signify the rejoicing which will once thrill the Church Militant, and the sound victory which will be heard therein when the faithful recognize the sanctity of St. Joseph. The Holy Ghost will incite the hearts of the Christian people until the whole kingdom of the Church militant, full of joy, will impart a new lustre to the veneration of St. Joseph who is so near to God. The Lord will let His light shine, will lift the veil, and great men will search out the interior gifts of God that are hidden in St. Joseph; they will find in him a priceless treasure, the like of which they had never found in other saints of the Old Testament.

"We are inclined to believe that towards the end of time God will overwhelm St. Joseph with glorious honours. As in past ages, during the storms of persecution, these honours could not be shown to St. Joseph, we must conclude that they have been reserved for later times. At some future time the feast of St. Joseph will be celebrated as one of the greatest feasts. The Vicar of Christ, inspired by the Holy Ghost, will raise this feast to be celebrated in the universal Church."

This prophecy was literally fulfilled three hundred years later when in 1847 Pope Pius IX extended to the whole Church the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph. On December 8, 1870, he solemnly declared St. Joseph the Patron of the Universal Church and raised the feast of March 19th, to the rank of double of the first class. Pope Leo XIII permitted the votive office of St. Joseph on certain days and on August 15, 1869, issued an encyclical letter "Quamquam Pluries," in which he explained how the Patronage of St. Joseph over the whole Church is a necessary consequence of the two-fold dignity of being the Spouse of Mary and the Foster-father of Jesus Christ.

The Universal Church, declares this encyclical, is but the limitless expansion over the whole earth of the Holy Family and is therefore justly confided as a sacred trust to St. Joseph that he may minister to its needs, cover it with the cloak of his heavenly patronage and defend it against the attacks of its enemies. As the patriarch Joseph administered Pharoah's kingdom of Egypt, provided for all needs and was given by Pharoah the title "saviour of the world," he prefigured St. Joseph, who, destined to be the guardian of the Christian religion, should be regarded as the protector and defender of the Church, which is truly the house of the Lord and the Kingdom of God on earth.

The encyclical points to St. Joseph as a model for all, especially for family life and for workmen and concludes by prescribing that during the whole month of October the prayer to St. Joseph be added to the recitation of the Rosary, that the month of March be consecrated by daily exercises of piety in honour of the holy patriarch and that the feast of St. Joseph be given worthy consideration.

There is no doubt that the splendour of St. Joseph's kingly dignity will be immeasurably increased throughout eternity because of the silence, hiddenness, obscurity and suffering of his earthly life. Only in eternity, in the bright light of the Beatific Presence of God, will the perfection of St. Joseph's Kingship be perfectly manifested.

But St. Joseph was a King not merely in the metaphorical and spiritual sense but also in the literal and political meaning of Kingship. He was a king in the Jewish dynasty. King David whom the Church has placed in the calendar of Saints reigned about a thousand years before Christ. He was not a democratic or constitutional monarch such as we know at the present day. God Himself directed the prophet Samuel to anoint David as king of the twelve tribes.

David was of the tribe of Juda and his selection as king was in fulfillment of the prophecy made about 1800 B.C. by the patriarch Jacob to his son Juda foretelling that the kingship should remain in the house of Juda until the time of the Messias: "The sceptre shall not be taken away from Juda, nor a ruler from his thigh, till he come that is to be sent, and he shall be the expectation of nations." (Gen. 49, 10.)

David was a type of Our Lord. He was thirty years old when he began his public reign: he was a shepherd, type of Christ the Good Shepherd; he reigned thirty-three years in Jerusalem. He built the Jewish people into a great nation that submitted to his laws from the river Nile to the Tigris and the Euphrates. Through the prophet Nathan, God foretold to David that his family had been chosen "to be forever the depository of the theocratic royalty"; that God would "establish the throne of his kingdom forever."—"And thy house shall be faithful and thy kingdom forever before thy face and thy throne shall be firm forever" (2 Kings 7, 13 and 16).

This eternal and universal reign of the house of David, was perfectly inaugurated only in the reign of Christ the promised Messias, who so often in the Gospels is designated as the Son of David. On the day of the Annunciation the angel Gabriel said to Mary of her Child: "The Lord God shall give unto him the Throne of David his father; and he shall reign in the house of Jacob forever. And of his kingdom there shall be no end" (St. Luke 1, 32, 33). St. Matthew and St. Luke both give genealogical tables tracing the descent to Christ, with St. Joseph as the last royal representative of the line which had to transmit the Davidic kingship to the Messias.

It is true that the house of David ceased to occupy the throne as executive administrators 500 years before Christ, when taken into the captivity of Babylon, but the family of David preserved its genealogical records at Bethlehem and that is why Mary and Joseph went there for the census on that occasion when the Messias was born there. These records copied by the Evangelists show St. Joseph as the lineal King of Juda, the legal heir to the throne of David and the foremost personage of his time.

For 2,000 years the Jewish people alone preserved among all the idolatrous nations of the world the worship of the one true God. Alone obedient to His law they were His chosen people and their kingdom was known as the theocratic kingdom ruled by God. God was represented first by the patriarchs, then the prophets such as Moses, and by the judges. When they became carnal-minded and worldly they demanded a temporal, national, political king like to the rulers of pagan nations.

God punished them by many unworthy kings but always made prophetic promises that the earthly dynasty of Juda should issue into a new Messianic Kingdom and Kingship that would embrace the whole world, that would bring all nations into submission to the one true God, that should last forever—for all time and eternity. It would also regulate the interior life of the souls of men by truth, justice, charity, humility and patience, but would also constitute a visible, external, social kingdom—the Church as we see it—the mighty tree grown from the mustard seed of Juda's, David's and St. Joseph's kingly office as King of the Jews.

The Magi asked: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" "They were told in Bethlehem," i.e., where David was also born. But Christ was King of the Jews because he inherited the title immediately from his legal father St. Joseph, the last of David's sons. When in God's Providence St. Joseph passed from the earth he left his title and his office—King of the Jews—to Jesus, the son who was subject to him at Nazareth, that it might be developed into the glorious fulness of the Messianic Kingdom.

The Kingship of Christ is the Kingship of St. Joseph multiplied and glorified a million-fold. Pilate wrote over the Cross "I.N.R.I."—Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews. There was then something on Calvary that belonged to St. Joseph: the title and office of the dying Redeemer, King of the Jews; and by the Cross, ever faithful, the Mother of Jesus, Virgin Spouse of St. Joseph, who by their unbroken marriage bond was and is the royal consort of Heaven's most glorious Queen.

Joseph exercised the authority of a Father and of a King.
Joseph used this power over others as it ought to be used
—for their good, to serve the design of God in their lives.
Abuse of such power is a disgusting thing in Christians and all too common. Men given a position of eminence in the Church may all too easily be attracted to imitation of the rulers of this world. External efficiency, successful administration, immediate gain may be put before the permanent values of the spirit and the good of souls. By a painful irony this sort of radical disorder can upset the whole of life and break down the fundamental decencies.

To rule in the spirit of Christ is a heroic achievement. The first man who did so was Christ's foster-father. He is there the authentic model for all who hold power and authority. They must serve Christ in their subjects. They ought not seek their own glory at the expense of the subjects' dignity and liberty. They have to control the instinct of self-assertion. Unchecked it leads to injustice and the perversion of divine order.

How wise are those who conceive authority thus. How desirable a widespread intelligent cult of St. Joseph, a revival of simplicity and innocence in high places, a return to meekness and humility not only by those who obey but by those who command.

From "The King Uncrowned" by Michael Carroll, C.S.Sp.



PAUL CLAUDEL — POET AND MYSTIC

By REV. P. T. KIRBY

EDITOR'S NOTE:

This article is a translation by Reverend P. J. Kirby from the Gaelic written by the Reverend Father Fiacra, O.F.M. Cap. and published in the journal, *Feasta*, meaning "Henceforth", in Dublin, Eire.

THERE lives in France an old man named Paul Claudel who is one of the great poets. Poets are scarce at any time and are far scarcer of late than ever before; consequently, when a man of Claudel's calibre comes our way, we should look him over long and lingeringly because, apart from being a poet according to natural complex and by trade, his depth of thought is more profound than that of the other Frenchmen who are renowned as philosophers—Bergson, Sarte, etc. Notwithstanding the literary finesse of these latter, there is none of them that we have not had already. Claudel, however, furnishes us newness. He belongs to the beginning of the new-world order. They belong to the termination of the old-world order.

When Claudel was young, France was prostrate. The most intellectual country on earth was afflicted with mental debility. This France, the land of philosophers, had retained but the dregs of every philosophy. The Government of the Republic was in Freemason hands and Malthus controlled the mentality of the populace. The result of this philosophy was clearly demonstrated in 1940 when the French army failed to stand its ground for even fourteen days. The most disastrous period that ever overtook this oldest and most reputable nation in Europe was from 1870 to 1940. Between these two dates, the Prussians had not been in Paris but between these two dates, the mind of France became entrameled by the Prussian. Within that period was the noontide span of life for Paul Claudel.

Truthfully speaking, three reformers of France herself, namely, Calvin, Descartes, and Rousseau, had done their work. Clever but shallow scholars of the 18th Century, Diderot, and the publishers of influential volumes had done theirs likewise. That hawk-visaged little man, Voltaire, who fraternized with Frederick "The Great", had certainly completed his work; for, as truly stated by Chesterton, the tribulation of the modern world did not arise until that Frenchman and the Prussian fraternized—until Frederick met Voltaire.

Without doubt, affliction descended on Europe; frenzy on Germany, the body of Europe; coldness on Italy the heart of Europe; mental torpidity on France, the head of Europe. This affliction was most grievous for France which had come from the war of 1870 into the war of 1940 and had been losing vigour all that time, through lack of Faith, lack of progeny and lack of common sense, as officially declared by Marshall Pétain.

Such was the France in which Claudel lived. For all that, as often happens in growth, new growth evolved from the festering compost. Long afterwards, Claudel declared: "Ploughing-time has passed and seed-time has duly arrived". New mentality arose from out the stagnation and from apparent death came the power of thought.

Claudel was eighteen years of age when he understood that the world around him was topsy-turvy. He then re-embraced the Catholic Faith. He asked, "What's wrong with the world" precisely as Chesterton had asked and as with Chesterton he found the answer to be, that as a first go off, he himself was inverted. Also, that the world cannot be cured unless the human soul and the human mind are cured, right here and now, personally.

There was this much also in common between those two outstanding authors, Chesterton and Claudel, that they both came upon the Truth through the instrumentality of Art. The Claudels were skilled craftsmen and all through Claudel's literary output, one discerns him returning again and again to cathedral-imagery. The intellect of this man responded to ar-

chitectural appeal, to the majestic glory of the Cathedral. It is not stone and mortar he visualises when gazing on Strasbourgh Cathedral, but flesh and blood; something which seizes his soulpowers immediately and wafts them into the celestial realms. On constructing his own literary cathedral in "L'Annonce Faite à Marie", the drama lately presented in Dublin, Eire; he sensed the structure rise beneath him and was enraptured. In his hands building-stone became soft and pliable material which ran into fitting lines of perfect harmony. As a solely personal estimate here expressed, I am convinced that the section of "Ways and Crossways" where Claudel reveals his mind as to the most suitable method of church building for this new-era, is a piece of literature unsurpassed in our time.

Claudel is not understood however, unless it be admitted that he is not contemplating churches made by human hands. This man of prophetic vision, this poet of the highest order of blossomed genius, simply used, in his deliberations, visible things to represent things invisible. He sees churches of this life and he worships therein but it is the Church Eternal he has in mind. He sees the light and brightness of this world but his understanding refers its fulness to God and Nature.

There is much to be learned from the substance of Claudel's reflections but unless we understand the cause of his success, we cannot make a fair judgment on the failure, for example, of this Joyce of ours. Joyce also possessed poetic imagery and had a mind of high-ranking literary capacity. He failed however! The poet of active imagination is a complete failure in literature, if his mental grasp does not embrace the firmament. The misfortune that befell Joyce and other modern fantasts, was, their total personal inclusion in an infidel philosophy. Materialist philosophy imprisons the soul. Poets in whom such philosophy inhered, did not understand the freedom possessed by the great poets of the world. They spent their full lives in a soul-prison and consequently became unbalanced. According to Claudel, they became debased through lack of three essentials. In Claudel's judgment, the first essential lacking to poets of the

ebbing era was the spirit of Praise and Thanksgiving. It is these chiefly which incite the mind to poetry. Those poetic worldlings were unable to praise anything for the simple reason that they saw no worth in anything. The second essential lacking to them was the spirit of vigour and efficacy. Materialists proclaim that there is no efficacious meaning in this Universe we inhabit nor in our lives since as they say we are here by accident. Such philosophy cripples the human mind and particularly fetters poetry. The third essential missing in them was the idea of Sacrifice. Human life is unified by sacrifice and in the great dramas of paganism itself, some dreadful sacrifice was always presented.

When we inspect the literature imposed upon us for the past century, whether in France, Britain, or Ireland, we perceive that oneness is the missing essential element. Beautiful fragments we find scattered in excess but without coalescence. These are mutually militant and variously contradictory from the very beginning.

The absence of Faith from the outset, is given by Claudel as causing the omission of the three essentials stated. Without Faith we are not familiar with Truth. Without Truth we are joyless and devoid of the predisposition to Praise, give Thanks or Sing; nor are our lives other than meaningless when what they hold in stake for us is ignored or unknown. When Claudel mentions Faith his concept is not of any indiscriminate faith. He means the perfect ancient Faith which is and ever was called The Catholic Faith and which domiciles in itself the sound rationality of the human race.

"Religion—the Christian Religion—the Catholic Religion, it is all one to mc. . ." Catholicity does not deny any truth whatsoever.

I would not attempt to summarise here, the thoughts of this poet. Ideas he had and the imagery in which he expressed them was but a means of illustrating them. Luckily enough it is unnecessary for me to summarise them for the poets thoughts are well expressed in a little volume "Ways and Crossways", trans-

lated by Fr. J. O'Connor (Chesterton's Fr. Brown). It is worth its weight in gold and a person would be well advised to take and study it. As an alternative, one might read the Introduction to "The Satin Slipper" which contains the full philosophy of the present time condensed in a single page, in French and English, by the author himself.

Allow me to refer to three prominent characteristics of Claudel. The First characteristic-He had the receptive mind. "The poetry of this age," said G. K. Chesterton, "is not the poetry of reception, but the poetry of rejection." The exact opposite is true concerning Claudel. He was ever ready to accept every truth regardless of its origin. He would willingly receive the Theory of Evolution did it but help him validly to express his poetic instinct. When, however, that theory failed to meet the demands of true science he judged it erroneous; and that is not a bad argument by any means. The Second characteristic-He had a joyous mind. He understood that we are at the end of an era of civilization and was convinced that the materialist philosophies have all failed, are dving and discarded. Even now we witness their destruction by wars. He saw a new world unfolding and he realized that the Faith alone, would safely survive. From this resulted the elation of highest hope in the poet's mind, an ecstastic thrill which I cannot detail just now but it can be found thoroughly expressed in his "Magnificat". Of all Claudel's poems the "Magnificat" and "La Cathedrale", are my preference. The Third characteristic -He had a propensity for work. You may possibly think from what I have already written, that Claudel went through life like one of those professional poets of the long hair, languid appearance and forlorn deportment. Not so indeed! He married early in life and raised his family carefully. He served his country with such fidelity throughout his life that he was entrusted with positions of highest authority. He was Ambassador to Japan for a very long time. He was Ambassador to the United States of America for many years. He did not allow grass to grow under his feet. The practice of his Faith was the chief rule of his actions. Therein lies a lesson for pitiful, puny poets who wander about and proclaim to the world at large that they are the learned generation. They habitually complain of not being understood. It is definite certainty that they are not understood. Neither can they be comprehended, nor are they intelligible to themselves.

Chaucer and Shakespeare were as sensible as CLAUDEL.

PARIS:

Paul Claudel. 83 famous French Catholic author and diplomat and former Ambassador to U.S.A. has been awarded his country's high decoration, the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour. The poet and playwright personally received the decoration from President Vincent Auriol.

"Ecce sto ad ostium et pulso."

Lord, we will try to open unto you, we know it hurts You to keep knocking at us.

"Christians alone are the men who possess joy and to whom their beliefs never bring deception.

One of the most saddening things of these days is to see just men, born to be the heirlooms of mankind, rendered useless because they do not believe. A man who is out of the Church soon becomes a man apart. He has nowhere to return to."

From Paul Claudel. "Ways and Crossways."



THERE YET REMAINED THE MASS

By REV. V. F. KIENBERGER, O.P.

A FTER their Rabboni had ascended to the Father, the Eleven found solace in remembering His goodness to the sick, poor, the demoniac, the leper. The apostles companioned their lonely waking hours with unforgettable scenes of Christ's miraculous power. They fondly dwelt upon that never-to-be-forgotten occurrence in one of the synogogues on that certain Sabbath when He had healed a stooped woman and she became as straight as a bow. Even now they recalled the enthusiasm of the witnesses which later St. Luke was to record: "The entire crowd rejoiced at all the glorious things that were done by Him"

Among the other sacred memories treasured by the small group of apostles were the pledges of eternal life which He had given them. They recalled the promise of the possession of God in the heavenly Jerusalem. They referred to the day when He had told them that "the clean of heart shall see God"—upon the mount lush with cyclamen and laurel, and carpeted with anemone which dyed red the weary feet of the vast throng. One of the chosen band sorrowfully referred to the exhibits of the Sacred Passion—the nails, the crown of thorns, the winding sheet—which would always keep Him in their memories and the sorrowful scenes of Gethsemani, Golgotha, and the Arimathean Rock.

How apt now were His words, how clear their meaning: "Unless the grain of wheat falls into the ground and dies, it remains alone. But if it dies, it brings forth fruit." But in the darkness of the eclipse that shut out the light in Jerusalem on Black Friday which men now call "Good", the desolate disciples could not understand that the plenteous fruit harvest of the resurrection was at hand.

The recital of the Master's deeds by the other apostles did not immediately lift the silence of the three who had witnessed the glories of Thabor. In the secret recesses of their memories they had kept the vivid remembrance of that day when the Master had taken them, Peter, James, and John, along the plain that overlooked Genesareth, the sea which lay spread in a glorious tinted oval, purpled in the glare of the dying sun. Into the gilded air were thrust the white sails of the fishermen's boats. Off in the distance lay the hills that Jesus loved. Nearby were the red clay ridges of the Golan, and the well-beloved Mount Hermon. Thabor, until this day after the Lord's ascension, held locked in its heart the Master's request: "And as they were coming down from the mountain, He cautioned them to tell no one what they had seen, except when the Son of Man should have risen from the dead."

Prominent in the memory of the disciples was the miraculous multiplication of the five barley loaves and the two fishes for the men who had followed Christ. St. John says they "were in number about five thousand."

FROM THEIR MASTER'S TABLE

In the memory of the disciples there also remained the pleading of the Chanaanite woman for a few crumbs from the Master's table. She had braved the perils of a journey to find the Lord Jesus. St. Matthew writes, "She came and worshipped him, saying: Lord help me! He said in answer: It is not good to take the bread of the children and to cast it to the dogs." But she said: "Yes, Lord, for even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table." Then Jesus answering, said to her: "O woman, great is thy faith: be it done to thee as thou wilt:" and her daughter was cured from that hour.

Again some recounted the day when the Son of Men halted at Jacob's Well in Samaria while they went into the neighboring village of Sichar to buy food. Her simple faith made her recognize the Blessed Christ as a prophet: "I know that the Messias is coming (who is called Christ), and when he comes he will tell us all things. Jesus said to her: I who speak with thee, am He." Here at the Well of Jacob the Master made a new convert for the Eucharistic kingdom. At her call and humbling confession, "He told me all that I have ever done", many Samaritans believed in Him.

OPENED EYES

Surely the apostles were told the story of Christ's meeting with Cleophas and his companion on the road to Emmaus. No word picture has brought more consolation to grief-laden folk than the description of St. Luke in which Christ reveals Himself to the disconsolate disciples in the tender glow of the first Easter night. Two disciples of Jesus were wearily plodding their way to Emmaus. Their hearts were heavy. Their Rabboni, on whose cause they had pinned their hopes, was dead on an infamous gibbet. And that infamy was transferred to His disciples. Go where they might, that ignominy would follow them. Their loved ones were seared by the sign of the cross, a sign not to be contradicted.

But, as St. Luke tells us: "It came to pass, while they were conversing and arguing together, that Jesus Himself also drew near and went along with them but their eyes were held, that they should not recognize Him." Then He spoke words of comfort to the two who had hoped that their Rabboni would redeem Israel, and "interpreted to them in all the Scriptures the things referring to himself." Finally, the Master rewarded their faith at supper when "He took bread and blessed and broke, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened and they recognized Him."

Most memorable of all the scenes was the hour when the Master, reclining at the table with the twelve, said: "I have greatly desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer... And having taken bread, He gave thanks and broke, and gave it to them, saying: This is my body, which is being given for you: do this in remembrance of me. In like manner, He took also the cup after the supper, saying: this cup is the new covenant in my blood, which shall be shed for you."

The apostles realized the importance of these words and the importance of this sacred rite. They had terminated the Jewish Pasch ritual. Now their Master had fulfilled His promise to give them His body to eat and His Blood to drink. The fulfillment of this promise made them happy that they had re-

mained with the Master as believing disciples. If only the doubting disciples had not been so stubborn, refusing to believe.

This bread which he had given them was His Body, the new Manna. With deep submissive faith they received Him in that most intimate union—Holy Communion. Now the doubting Thomas could repeat His words of faith for thanksgiving after his first Holy Communion, "My Lord and my God!" Completely and entirely their Rabboni had given Himself to them, His newly ordained priests. For He had said, "Do this in remembrance of me."

CHALICE OF HIS BLOOD

It was, moreover, the Master's desire to give a representation of His death that was so near. After His body had been consumed, He offered them His Precious Blood. Thus there was a complete sign of death—the sacramental separation of the Body and of the Blood. So He gave them the chalice of His Blood that on the morrow would spill from nail-pierced hands and feet, from gashed brow, lanced heart, and bleeding, scourged back.

"Do this in commemoration of me," is the loving Christ's bequest to all men, even as these apostles, to feed their starving souls with His Body and Blood. To perpetuate the Sacrifice and Banquet, Christ emphasized these words, "Do this in memory of me." Then when the Passion, Ascension, and the apostles' lives had been carried away in the river of time, there yet remained the Mass. The first Mass had been celebrated by Him Who was at once priest and victim. The Lord Jesus had offered Himself in the first Mass. Now, through the ministry of His priests, He is again, in all parts of the world, offering Himself. It was but further proof of the Master's love for the children of men.

In our lives the Mass is the central act of Catholic faith. Around it, as around a pivot, all other devotions center. It is the great act of Christ Who loved us, desiring to remain under the appearances of bread and wine to be our food and drink in the desert of life. Holy Mass is the essential re-enactment

of Calvary's Sacrifice. It is not merely a renewal, but also a continuation of that very Sacrifice in which the priest, as another Christ, offers to the eternal Father the victim which is His own Son. And the Father, looking upon the wounds of His Son, accepts this Sacrifice and forgives the sins of the world for which the Blessed Christ was immolated on the Holy Rood.

AT THE PREFACE

"It is truly meet and just......At ALL TIMES.....To give thanks."

Teach me, Lord, to live this prayer,
That I may thank Thee every day
For EVERYTHING.
I do at times give thanks for what SEEMS
good:
For health, success; for love and gain;
For all that pleases Self.
And yet how thoughtless—blind—
To thank Thee not for what is truly good:
For pain, unkindness, censure, blame;
For every hurt that comes
From person, place or work.

By these keen instruments wouldst Thou, Divine Physician,
Remove the harmful growths of Self,
To give new life; Thine Own true Life,
And peace—abundantly.
But I am blind—see not Thy loving Hand;
Then, in resisting, suffer more
And spoil Thy work.

Denis Mooney, O.F.M.

FIVE DAYS AT FATIMA

By PHILOMENA DONNELLY

W E TOUCHED down at Lisbon Airport in blazing sunshine on the afternoon of Rosary Sunday.

Whilst waiting passport formalities we noted the posters for the closing of Holy Year at Fatima. We decided this poster, of two elevated snow-white praying hands with the Rosary draped over the thumbs and all on a blue ground,—was effective. On second glance we found it odd to see the thumbs in the foreground. . . suddenly we realized our mistake—those hands folded in prayer resolved themselves into two white doves . . . The rounded thumbs were the two little heads, touching in a kiss of peace; the fingers became the wings drawn up with tips touching, the wrists were the down-thrust bodies. It was a striking symbol. We became familiar with it on our next three days of touring, and in Fatima the same sign was on all pillars and lamps on the Square.

Established in our hotel, we went out to find the nearest Church. We found the Cathedral across the Square and as we entered we met the procession of the Blessed Sacrament to Our Lady's Altar for Rosary and Benediction. We felt thrilled by this welcome to Portugal.

Next morning our guide arrived—a lady, who spoke English well. From her we learned much about Portugal. We visited wonderful Churches, in the city and many miles away. Especially interesting was the Church where St. Anthony of Padua was baptised. We touched our beads to his baptismal font. Close by is the house where he was born—now a Franciscan Church.

Of things modern the most heartening was the sight of new buildings. In Lisbon the building is prodigious and excellently planned, whilst outside of Lisbon we saw whole villages newly built for the poor. These little townships are planned most happily around their own simple Church and School. The houses are pleasantly individual.

On Wednesday, October 10, we in a taxi with an English speaking driver were on the road to Fatima. We questioned about Fatima, social conditions, etc. . . . We discovered independence and originality in this man. Perhaps suffering the marks of which he had on his face-had brought big dividends in wisdom. . . "Salazar is trusted completely, but individual man has yet to grow away from greeds and class consciousness... Our Blessed Mother, through Fatima, shows the way to reverence of man for man as brothers in the Christ and one big family in the Eternal Father, and in Her. . . . People must study the Christ, act like Him," he told us (and his hands flew off the wheel, to gesticulate, whilst we turned dizzy corners, and I hoped my companions would not get nervous and stop his flow of eloquence.) "Priests first! He said, "Christ calls them the salt of the earth and warns them not to lose their savour. This savour is first of all charity." . . . He gave us (with deep affection in his voice) a description of his favourite priest, recently dead! "The poor people's priest he was, for charity was in his eyes, his ears, his tongue, and his heart, so that everyone had dignity before him and the Christ shone out of him to warm all hearts. . . . The devil is the machinery of this modern age. Man turns his back on the land and on the crafts that demand the use of hand, brain, and heart, and he has lost his wholeness. . . . Charity, not communism, is the cure for all ills. Charity and the fruits of charity-justice and reverence—these sweeten service and humble power, these blend together all classes and give freedom to the spirit."

With such philosophising the miles sped by and as darkness fell a steady stream of foot travellers converged on the main road from the by-roads. These were our first fellow pilgrims. The women carried enormous loads on their heads and baskets in their hands as well. The men carried baskets too, and some helped themselves along with long shepherd staffs. Brown faced and dark eyed they looked friendly, yet reserved.

At last the illuminated Basilica loomed up before us and we were at the Pensao which (five minutes from the Shrine itself) we thought was our destination. Our host came to see our papers. He assured us, we were his guests, but he must 'sleep us out' as his house was full. He came with us to show us to our room. We hoped we were not going to be far away, when presently we saw a sign-post "Ajustral." Before we had recovered from the thrill of his close proximity to the lives of the three children we stopped beyond the sign-post at a country tavern. Our host led to the upper storey rooms by out-side steps and our landlady met us, and smilingly showed us to our room. Our host introduced us and told us that this was the same family, Marto, as were the children of Fatima; our landlady's husband was the great nephew of the Marto father.

Leaving our luggage we went into the Pensao for supper. In the narrow hall such a blanket of garlic met our unaccustomed noses that we were momentarily driven back. Rallying our pilgrim spirit of penance we penetrated this to find an inn bursting at the seams with diners. Here we were in a dilemma indeed, as not only our host, but our fellow diners, were determined to see us fed properly. To smell those dishes required all our fortitude let alone to swallow them, though in truth the food was as excellently cooked and as wholesome and good as it was abundant. After a battle waged with the whole gamut of tic-tak and a bedlum of pidgin English and Spanish, we got away with bread rolls, butter, good local light wine, and a basketful of fruit. Our kindly host retired defeated but resigned, wiping the perspiration of his earnest hospitality from his brow. From then we determined to accept all dishes, test for garlic, eat what we could, and fall back on our first night's excellent fare and thereby draw the least possible attention to ourselves from these amazingly kind people.

And then on our way to the Shrine at Fatima, we walked through the little village, full of people, and were amazed at the lack of facilities for such a crowd. We turned a corner out of the village and before us was the Square, and down in the hollow of the Square was the Cova-da-Iria.

As we approached the Shrine we were conscious of disappointment. This ugly little wooden structure to enclose such a hallowed spot! The open part was packed with people and the

Rosary was being said. It was all so prosaic. We were kneeling on the cement floor and had to lower our heads to see inside the little enclosure at the other end of the pavilion, which houses the statue of Our Lady and the tiny altar built over the stump of the tree on which the apparition of Our Blessed Mother had so often alighted. (We little thought then that before our pilgrimage would be over we would not have an iota of that Shrine changed, except perhaps to have some glass in the enclosed part and thus give clearer vision to a greater number of people.) We joined the queue entering from one side of the pavilion, passing the opening of the shrine proper, and departing by the other side! Presently we knelt looking at the statue and tried to bring the picture of the apparition to our minds. All our petitions were brought in a bunch and laid at Our Mother's feet, and we stood up and moved off with that sense of peace and care-free-ness that is indescribably lovely and which must be Our Blessed Mother's signature gift, as one gets it also at Lourdes.

We went up to the Basilica to find that Mass was continuous there since morning and would be continuous night and day until High Mass in the open on Saturday at noon.—Continuous is the only word for these Masses, as a priest was already vested to take the place of the celebrant the moment he left the altar.

The Basilica is a huge one and is still in process of being built. There were only a few chairs and all around us knelt pilgrims. Many slept on their knees after their long trek, (sometimes a trek of several days) good souls, they were trying to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion before resting themselves when sleep overtook them. Holy Communion was distributed every hour or so, as fasting was only obligatory for four hours, and pilgrims did take advantage of this when they arrived.

I wish I could paint a word picture of that Church on the night of our arrival. Surely the Temple in Jerusalem must have looked like that on the eve of the big feasts. Everywhere around us dark-faced peasants were settled, or were settling for the night. In the little outer court men, women and children

folded themselves into tiny squatting bundles of wraps and turbans. Young children were laid head to feet in pairs and rolled around in shawls, then laid on any convenient ledge or corner. Inside the Church whole families were sleeping under bits of blankets and rugs. One began to see the reason for those bundles carried on the women's heads, for all the family food and bedding for several days on the road, and at Fatima, had to be thought of.

We heard Mass and walked a mile to our sleeping quarters. We met an inflowing stream of pilgrims, and as we listened to their murmured rosaries, we cut the road short for ourselves by emulating them.

Arriving in our room we took stock of it. Here was a little inroad into the lives of these fine people of Portugal. . . . Our room was white-washed, with scrubbed wooden floor. Our beds had straw mattresses and pillows, our light a candle. These with a basin, stone jar of water and some hooks, completed our furnishings. Everything was immaculately clean, and any housewife would be proud of the hand-embroidery on the snowy sheets. All night long we dosed off asleep, to wake again and again to the sound of passing bands of pilgrims, praying or singing hymns.

In the morning we joined a dense stream of cars and lorries carrying full loads, and, of course, foot pilgrims, interspersed with donkeys. On the heights around the church so many fires were blazing that the place was like a gipsy encampment. An involutary glance at these hardy picnickers revealed to us the contents of some of their baskets. In spotless linen towels lay roasted chicken, hard boiled eggs, bread, butter, fruit, etc., with coffee and wine to wash this down. Very pleasant it was to see men with patched worn clothing spread clean linen squares on their knees off which to eat their food.

We had gone back to the Church after breakfast, to hear as many Masses as we could and it was well we did so, as by Friday morning all we could do was to get into the Church from the back of the main altar for Mass and Holy Communion. Day and night on Thursday people poured into Fatima in a veritable flood, train loads of every nationality and class. Acres of tents went up; whole fields of buses, cars, and lorries were parked. At night the people quietly filed into these latter to get a little sleep sitting upright in their seats. Pilgrims on foot increased. Many were bare-foot, some rode donkeys, and some walked beside their little laden beasts. Watching them one was conscious of a haunting sense of the familiar. Perhaps it was in the Gospel story of the census taking in Bethlehem or of the losing of the Child Jesus on the way down from Jerusalem that the association lay? Here were the swarthy faces, the same cavalcade. . . The shepherds came in long-caped fur collared cloaks. . .small boy shepherds too (Black eyed, alert, aloof and innocent) wearing goat-skin trousers, stripped stocking caps and miniature replicas of the cloaks of the men. Groups of Spanish peasants—the men in narrow trousers and wide brimmed, flat crowned hats, the women in non-descript wraps. Perhaps if the Holy Family as they were in Nazareth, mingled with these pilgrim bands, no one would notice them so well would they fit in.

Inside the church on Friday morning Masses were being offered around the side altars. We got close to the main altar so as to secure Holy Communion. We could not see the sanctuary from where we stood, but presently we saw a hand held up in there, and thinking they were asking for a showing of hands for Holy Communion we put up ours. Instantly a little avenue opened for us in the dense throng, and next moment we found ourselves to be the only lay people in the sanctuary which was surrounded by priests and there to one side in front of the altar stood the Russian Archbishop with attendant priests waiting to give us Holy Communion. We received the Sacred Species from a little silver spoon, under the form of a tiny loaf of bread entirely soaked in wine. It was an unforgettable experience.

We gave up the attempt to get inside the Church on Friday and followed the Mass from outside whilst the ever rising tide of pilgrims poured in by one door as fast as the scouts could clear out those who had heard Mass by another door. All over the rough hillside, priests distributed Holy Communion by the hour. As we stood in the Square we saw many newly arrived pilgrims go on their knees as soon as the Cova-da-Iria came into their view as they approached from the different entrances. One old blind woman walked on her knees, holding on to her neighbours skirt, whilst her sightless face was turned up transfigured with happiness.

The usual custom of the pilgrims arriving was to visit the Shrine first, to kneel as near to it as possible and offer up the Rosary, then go to the Church for Mass. Except in public prayers or hymns we never heard a voice raised. Those people prayed with stillness and recollection utterly divorced from emotionalism; they seemed to have their values right indeed. Theirs is surely a true and balanced spirituality.

We were not in the Square when the Cardinal Legate and his entourage arrived there. We had watched his coming on shore at the Black Square in Lisbon on the evening of the 9th, and we had noted his friendliness as he drove with his cavalry escort through the fine arch on the way to the charming little palace on the road to Sintra, the country "cottage" of the kings of Portugal.

The Square at Fatima is tremendously big. It rises on all four sides, making an excellent amphitheatre. When we took our places for the procession of Our Lady's statue on Friday night, it was solidly packed. One million is a lot of people. I suppose there were some guards about, but we never saw one nor did any creature direct us or organize us from start to finish (except for those boy-scouts at the doors of the Church who gave us circulars printed with this schedule for public prayers)—not once were we pushed or shoved, not once did we hear not a voice raised except to sing, not once did we see the slightest sign of intoxication, and though young men and girls were there by the scores of thousands, never did we see a sign if unbecoming levity. No wonder these people have been called the most civilized peasantry in the world, and that in spite of the fact that many of the older generation are still illiterate.

The procession on Friday night was limited to the Cardinal Legate, cardinals, bishops and priests (it would have taken people into that Procession). Our Lady's statue was luminous and as it was carried on the bier on the shoulders of some men, it was clearly visible all the time to all the people. The Rosary and hymns were given over the loud speaker and a million voices gave the answer with gloriously sincerity. The fine resonance of male voices made us aware of the enormous number of men present, particularly we noted the number in the age group from 18 to 40 which is surely a sign for spiritual health in the people. Despite the preponderance of the Portuguese that was a gathering of nations. As we speculated on the various people represented, an American remarked "Well here at last is one League of Nations the World Peace presenting a united front!" After the procession, Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament began with Enthronement on the out-door altar, followed by an hour of prayer and the massed singing and those magnificent Latin Blessed Sacrament hymns.

At midnight 4,000 priests commenced to hear confessions—the women made their way to the Basilica to be heard, the men made their confessions in the Square. We went home for a few hours but though we were a mile distant from them the volume of those united voices praying and singing reached us clearly all the time. At five o'clock, when we rejoined them, those people looked chilled and weary, but they were still praying. High Mass in the Russian rite began on the out-door altar at six o'clock. It was wonderful to attend, watch, and take part in this Mass at Fatima, so closely related is the conversion of Russia with Our Lady's wishes. Banners of crimson and gold swept through the sky in perfect keeping with the colour and pageantry of the robes of the celebrating archbishops and priests. The Mass was accompanied by explanations in many languages.

At 6.30, following the ringing of the bell, Holy Communion began. From the steps on either side of the High Altar poured down an endless file of priests, each carrying a huge ciborium and each attended by a light-bearer and acolyte. (We were told that 100 priests gave Holy Communion that morning). Of all the glories at Fatima that, for us, was the highlight. Along the

far reaches of that enormous Square they went, carrying "Bread of Life"... He had compassion indeed on this multitude but now it was not loaves and fishes! The people were told to quietly form into long aisles where they stood. Again and again we watched those priests go back to the altar, refill those ciboriums and yet more still to receive. It was an experience to shake the heart. We stood $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours before we received, and it must have taken over three hours to distribute Holy Communion to that crowd, though probably there were many who had already received in the Church, for Masses were still continuous.

After a break for food everyone assembled again for nearly 5 hours of High Mass, sermons, addresses, Pope's broadcast, procession of Blessed Eucharist to the sick, and procession of Our Lady's statue back to the Shrine from where it had been, beside the High Altar, during Mass. As this last Procession took place the people who had been up all night had already ten hours more of prayer that day. They were visibly drawn and weary but wholehearted one million voices answered the broadcast invocations with a mighty "Viva"! and one million hand-kerchiefs waved Our Beloved Mother goodbye!

As we stood there dreaming for a moment, those indomitable people were hoisting their loads on their heads and the long trail for home had started. As we wended our way to our room, we had to walk single file so closely packed was the road with pilgrims. Lorries with two seats down the length of them, and four rows of people back to back, buses crammed full, carts, Damliers, Rolls Royces, cars of every vintage and class, donkey laden, and always those on foot. From our bed-room windows we commanded a long stretch of road and all that night from the near to the far distance, from every throat could be heard "Ave Maria"!

Twenty four hours it took to clear Fatima. Inside the Church on Sunday morning the floor was thick with dust, and it was easy to come and go.

On the Sunday afternoon we made a pilgrimage to the children's homes. We had the privilege of being embraced by

the dear old parents of Jacinta and Francisco. They are quite detached in spirit from all this fame, filled with truth they are unconquerably humble.

An incident is worth recounting here:—I had developed an acute attack of neuritis, of the kind that locks the head and neck with pain. In the children's home I knelt at their bed praying for many people and things, but was so busy as to forget asking for the cure of my pain. I laid my head and shoulder down on the pillow (for love of the little saints) finding it sweet that the mattresses and pillows were straw, as were ours in the house of their relatives. As we went on to Lucia's house I found my pain had gone.

We visited the Rock where the angel gave the children Holy Communion. We also visited the spot at which our Blessed Mother appeared in that August when the children were banned from going to the Cova-da-Iria, by the Lord Mayor. All these places are just as they were—simple and unspoilt.

We went later to the Italian seminary at Fatima, and arranged for gift Masses to be said at the Shrine for our friends.

Arriving late at the Pensao we found ourselves and a few other Irish and Irish American friends of ours, the only strangers in a dinner party our host was giving to his family and friends. We were drawn into this with wholehearted warmth. Precious old port was opened and Ireland was toasted with World Peace, etc.

About midnight we went down to the Shrine to say a peaceful last good-night. The little village was asleep in clear starlight. We were astonished to see it properly, and to find it so small and inadequate for such an event as we had seen. Yet inadequate as it appeared to be, it had proved quite adequate enough. It is a mystery indeed and beyond my solving.

The Square was empty and only lighted with the Shrine. Here a handful of people were saying the Rosary and we joined in with grateful hearts. Looking around us at the emptiness of the great Square and beyond it at the quiet sleeping country-side the crowded scenes we had witnessed in the past few days seemed like a dream.

At 6 o'clock on the Monday morning we heard three Masses and received Holy Communion in the Shrine itself and at 8.30 as it was the feast of St. Teresa of Avila, we attended Mass at the Carmelite Church at Fatima.

At eleven o'clock we bade goodbye to our landlady and our room with regret. Our host at the Pensao and his family waved us off with many wishes for our return in the near future, and soon glorious Fatima was far behind.

Certainly we shall never forget the closing of the Holy Year at Fatima and we shall never forget the praying people of Portugal. To think that 50 years ago it was the exception, rather than the rule, for men there to attend Sunday Mass. Who would see this and dare to doubt Our Lady's promise that if people will pray Russia will be converted and the whole world will have peace.

ON MY KNEES

There on my knees I suddenly was caught, Imprisoned in a Love so vast—so light—
My self was lost within Its folds. I sought
No swift release: O, rather, I pressed tight
Against Its warmth—against Its all-in-all
Of wondrous security. Now, tall,
Wise with the wisdom of this Love, I saw
Only Its precepts must now be my law.
There on my knees I held the garment hem
Of Love Itself and wore Its diadem.

Grace Stillman Minck.

PUMPKIN-EATER

By ETHEL SEELEY

M OLLY KIERAN nodded to the decorative doorman. Her brown curls dropped a little and her lithe figure in its tailored suit was less erect than usual. Today things had gone about as wrong as things in the stenographic department of a large insurance office can possibly go. All Molly's tact had been needed to maintain efficiency among her ruffled subordinates. And this evening, missing her regular bus, she had been pushed and crowded. Yet through these clouds of annoyance were lined with the silver of pleasure in what was to come: a soothing bath, dinner served by the priceless Julie, then a play, perhaps, or just an evening alone with Peter, most delightful, if sometimes most exasperating, of husbands. Molly smiled as she fitted her key in the lock.

She stopped in dismay. Chilly darkness stared at her blankly from the open doorway. Whisking on a light, she investigated. There was no sign of Peter, Julie or dinner. Dust filmed the furniture. The beds were unmade.

Seething now, Molly flung off her hat and seated herself to wait. True, Peter sometimes kept freakish hours. But he could have notified her! Well, when Peter Kieran came home, he could take his wife to a restaurant.

An hour's wait and hunger forced Molly wrathfully into the green and white kitchen. She loved cooking and enjoyed getting dinner on Julie's night off. All of which was quite different from having to take over in an annoying emergency. Pride forbade her telephoning Peter's office thus admitting ignorance of his whereabouts. Finishing a slim meal of tea and a scrambled egg, she sought refuge in a book that she and Peter had been reading.

It was nine o'clock when a tuneless whistle preceded Peter down the hall. In a crumbled bag of a suit, with his shaggy dark hair on end, he looked more like a tramp than a successful young lawyer. He brought with him a fishpole, and a basket with an odor as of Fridays.

"Hello, darling" He smacked a hearty kiss on her unresponsive cheek. "In all evening? Remember I told you Father Joe was being transferred down to Binghamville? Well, to-day we both played hookey and went fishing. And, boy, were they biting! Wait till you see these beauties. I'll put them in the kitchen."

"Peter, dear," said Molly acidly, "will you please tell me what has happened to Julie?"

He reappeared in the doorway, swabbing his hands with a towel. "Oh—she phoned me this morning that her mother was sick. I told her to run along. She said she'd tried to get you—"

"More likely she figured you'd be easier to work on," snapped Molly. "Couldn't you have let me know all this?"

"Why, I—er—I meant to call you, but—well, you know it is when you're in a rush, trying to leave early—"

But Molly had caught the flash of self consciousness in his eyes and pounced upon it. "Oh, I understand now, Peter. You told Mrs. Springer to telephone me and as usual she forgot! How can a man in your position tolerate such an inefficient secretary".

Peter sprawled on the studio couch, despite his wife's warning frown. "Oh, Springer's not so bad, Moll. I admit she gets rattled in an emergency. But she takes dictation like nobody's business, and she's neat, and—well, she needs the job, a widow with a kid to support."

"Peter, you're impossible!" Molly knew she was being childish and disagreeable, but her irritated nerves drove her on. "You're so quixotic, so sentimental, such fair game for the wrong kind of people!"

"The kind we were when we lived "Down the Bay", before we went high hat." Peter produced a cigarette and lit it. "Remember our little old house, Moll, the one where we started housekeeping? "Member the pumpkins I grew in the yard, and the pies you used to make from them? Boy, those were pies!"

"And you got out of your way to snub people who could

help you," Molly continued, ignoring him. "You're beastly to the Ribbentropes."

"Don't like 'em-stuffed shirts!"

"Do you know who Mrs. Ribbentrope says you remind her of?"

"Jiggs, husband of the estimable Maggie?"

"Don't be absurd! Peter Pan, the boy who wouldn't grow up. Why, they say you could easily be D.A. if you'd cultivate the proper contacts."

"It just so happens I don't want to be D.A. Hounding poor devils who get in a jam—not on your life! Helping 'em's where I come in."

"If you have no ambition for yourself, you ought to think of your wife and child."

Peter's gaze took in the soft, cool tints of the livingroom, the rich rugs, the classic grace of the furnishings. "My wife and child seem to be doing nicely, thank you."

"Well, don't be so self-righteous about it. We wouldn't be living here, Marilyn wouldn't be in that lovely boarding-school if it weren't—"

"If it weren't for you, eh?" Peter's expression did not change, but a steel-like tone had entered his voice, a note that prevaricating witnesses had learned to fear.

"Well-after all!" She stressed the last two words as though they were in themselves an argument.

"Look here, Molly, as long as we're speaking frankly let's go all the way." Peter sat up. "I grant that at the start, when things were tough, your help was a blessing and I appreciate it. But it's different now. We'd be better off and happier if Marilyn were home, yes, and you too. You've kidded yourself into believing that you've a God-given talent that it would be sacrilege to bury. Well, you haven't. All you've got is a good job that any bright, educated girl could handle. And in hard times like these, with unemployment wide-spread, it's a shame for a woman who doesn't need it to hog a job like that!"

"Peter!"

"It's true. There are girls in your own department plodd-

ing on, year after year, with no hope of advancement because you smugly block the way in the name of self expression. As if you couldn't find outlet in anything else—the arts, charity, civic affairs. Self-expression my eyebrow! Self-love!"

"Peter, you're insulting!"

"Sorry, Molly, but you asked for it. You've never hesitated to criticize me or my methods. And if you insist on living your own life, you might grant me the same privilege."

He strode out of the room. In a minute or two she heard the crescendo beating of the shower, followed by Peter's tuneless warbling: "Molly, Molly, ever so jolly." Peter's outbreaks of anger seldom lasted more than a few moments. But though Molly was icily dignified for the remainder of the evening, she thought it best to drop the argument. She thought, too, of things that had not troubled her memory for years: Marilyn's carriage sunning in the garden of that first little house "Down the Bay", the scent of honeysuckle on a rainy night. Well, the young Kierans had had good times there, but the old house belonged to the past now. Any other conclusion smacked of Peter's whimsicality.

That trait of Peter's was on her mind as she bent over a partly packed suitcase several evenings later. She was leaving to spend the week-end with the Ribbentropes at their country place. Alone, for Peter had maddeningly backed out. With his most impudent grin he had begged her to convey his regrets to the Heliotropes, as an important case necessitated his remaining behind! He had not come home to dinner, either, though this time he had taken the precaution of excusing himself first. As usual in his absence, the apartment seemed lonely. Molly wished that she had gone right from the office.

On the table beside her bed lay her unfinished book. She decided to take it along; possibly during the weekend she could squeeze in another chapter. The book flopped open at a page marked with a scrawled sheet of notepaper. A five-dollar bill was clipped to it.

Had Peter, the ever-careless, written a letter and forgotten to mail it? Molly glanced at the paper, then read it through, slowly. She sat down on the bed because she could no longer stand. Once or twice she shut her eyes, praying childishly that her imagination might have tricked her. But always when she looked, traced in Peter's familiar hand, the hideous thing was there:

Dear Rose:

Meant to give you this when I last saw you. It will cover your moving expenses. The house is about ready; move in whenever you like. I'll be there over the weekend, unless Mrs. Kieran drags me off on a trip. She doesn't suspect a thing.

Don't thank me. I'm the one who should thank you. You're a sweetheart—if there ever was one.

Somehow Molly got herself sufficiently in hand to summon Julie. What excuse she bade the maid offer the Ribbentropes she could not remember five minutes later. She lay down across the bed, motionless, frozen. This was Peter, the clean, the honourable, the home-loving. She wasn't dreaming; it had happened. Perhaps these fishing-trips, these evenings at the office—Oh, it couldn't be! Other men dabbled in this kind of sordid treachery, but not Peter! He was teasing her. Yet as she said the words, she knew they were untrue.

Rose. What sort of person was she? A pretty little moron, a hard-faced, up-to-date young barbarian who scoffed at religion as something archaic and thought it sophisticated to have an "affair"? Peter—and a woman like that! Was this what he had meant by saying "If you insist on living your own life, you might grant me the same privilege"?

A new and dreadful fear seized her. How far was she responsible for the disaster? Was it not she rather than Peter who had destroyed the old simple family life that had been theirs? She writhed to recall her attempts to make Peter over, to get him to cultivate "the right people"; her impatience with minor faults; her contempt of all that he liked: corned beef and cabbage suppers, pumpkin growing in the yard, picnics, old-time friends such as Father Joe Downey. Above all, her banishing of his child to boarding-school, her steady drift

away from him in pursuit of self-expression. Small wonder that Peter had sought consolation elsewhere!

Now it was too late. You could crush your wet face into a pillow, you could pray numbly, blindly, for another chance, for an opportunity to go back, but you knew there was no going back. You could only go forward—to what? A movie heroine would offer her husband a divorce. But Peter and Molly didn't believe in divorce—or did they? What did Peter believe in now?

"At least I'll have Marilyn," she whispered huskily.

But again cold realization seeped over. Between school in the winter and camp in the summer, did she know her own little daughter? What treasures she had thrown away!

She rose at last and dressed in her plainest outfit. She would tell Peter straightforwardly that she knew his secret, that she regretted her part in the debacle, that she left the solution in his hands. To that extent at least she could be gallant. But she could not face him yet. She went out of the apartment, scarcely knowing what she meant to do, except that there had come upon her a longing for the old neighborhood. Perhaps viewing the scenes of her early happiness would transport her momentarily to that past, would ease her present pain.

Scorning the car, she took a bus. It was filled with housewives discussing recipes and child training, with young girls and boys who giggled and chattered. How sweet they were, how wholesome! She had little fear of recognition. In the few years since she had left the community, most of the old neighbors had scattered.

Familiar landmarks, however, welcomed her. She heard the bell of the pretty little church where Marilyn was christened. Here was the grocery store where she had done her Saturday night marketing, there the great elm that had sheltered her and Peter from a shower. The salt tang of the ocean was in the air. Molly walked on over uneven sidewalks, past picket fences and little porch-hung cottages on in the direction of the old house.

She wondered who lived there now. Apparently the new tenant took pride in the place, for it was freshly painted, she saw even in the dark, and the honeysuckle vine trimmed. Did pumpkins still grow in the yard? Peter used to say that the house wasn't much bigger than a pumpkin. A light shone in the living room. Creeping up on the porch, Molly peered in.

Firelight danced over the square, cosy room, and over the man with shaggy dark hair, who sang tunelessly as he worked, "Molly and I and the Ba-bee."

Peter—here! He had brought that woman here—to their little house! The desecration stabbed Molly with a deeper agony than her earlier discovery. Fumbling for the lock, she burst into the room.

Peter stared, bewildered, astonished, but evidently not at all ashamed.

"Caught in the act, am I?" he chuckled. "Smart girl, Molly!"

Molly made no gallant speeches. She stumbled with a rush of hysterical tears into his arms. She clung to him as he gathered her onto his knee like a child and tried to quiet her wild weeping with, "Sweetheart, please, what's it all about?" "Don't leave me?"—why, girlie, I'm not going anywhere! Molly, please don't ery."

When she was calmer, he attempted explanations.

"I've always loved this place, so when I heard it was going, I bought it for a song. Kept it dark because I didn't want to be razzed about my sentimentality and whatever else ails me. Figured I'd use it for—oh, fishing trips and smokers and a general hideout when you were playing high society."

Molly shivered. "Rose-is here?" she gasped.

"Bet your life. Hey, Rosie! come out and meet the Missis."
There was a stir in the next room and a fat, twinkly-eyed
motherly-looking Irishwoman waddled in.

"This would be Rose O'Malley," grinned Peter. "Makes the best pumpkin pies in the world except yours, Molly. Father Joe's housekeeper," he added as Rose retreated. "I told you he was going to Binghamville. But not even for "his reverence" will she be settin' a foot in that wilderness!" Peter laughed and slapped his knee. "The new pastor's bringing his own housekeeper. So—well, I asked Rose to stay here for the summer, or until she gets located. She can keep an eye on things, and honest, Moll, it won't cost—There, honey, please don't. No. I won't forgive you unless you stop this crying."

The wind sang among the vines and Rose crooned to herself in the kitchen and Molly curled up like a kitten on Peter's knee with her head against his shoulder, thinking of everything—and nothing.

"Is there anything you'd like, Molly?" Peter asked, suddenly recollecting the duties of a host.

"Like?" she smiled radiantly up at him. "I'd just like to stay here with you—forever."

A GARDEN HYMN

I never knew thee, Lord, until My garden brought us face to face, Revealed Thy gracious miracle Of sun and seed in little place. Since I have seen Thine alchemy Change earth-brown bulbs to living gold Of daffodils, Eternity Has seemed a simple truth to hold. The incense-breath of mignonette Has summoned me to vespers too, And I may never more forget To lift my heart as pansies do! No dim cathedral is as still As twilight in this holy place; I never knew Thee, Lord, until My garden brought us face to face.

A WORD BEFORE I GO

By FATHER CHRISTOPHER, O.F.M.CAP.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Father Christopher, O.F.M.Cap., after ten years in Rhodesia and seven in South Africa returned home to Ireland for a visit.

In a former issue we presented his impressions on his return home and now we give our readers "A Word Before I Go" written just before he returned to his work in Langa, which has a population of about 10,000 (blacks) and is about six miles from Cape Town. Only about 500 are Catholics and Father Christopher speaking for the missionaries there says "we have a long way to go". The article was published in the Capuchin Record, Dublin.

W HEN ST. COLUMBA, from Iona's shore, looked south across the sea towards Ireland, and saw no more the woods of Derry or the hills of Inishowen, saw only the empty, lonely sea, he had arrived at last where St. Molaise's penance might begin. Beyond that long, unbroken line where sky came down to meet the sea there was a land that he had loved. He could no longer see even its nearest shore. The hills were green on Inishowen. He would not see them—no, not even once again. The winds would whisper through the trees of Derry. He would not hear them.

And yet—why should he not? Was not that vision held for ever—there where his gentle love had treasured it—within his very soul? Did they not call him Dove? And had he not loved those hills, and loved those rough old oaks that sheltered where he prayed and taught? What distance is there than can dim the inner vision of what has once been loved? And so, here on Iona, he would remember what he might not see, remember hill and tree and plain; and men of Ireland, scholars, friends and saints, he'd see and smile upon in memory.

That is the way with exiles. Soon I, too, shall be an exile, once again; and I, too, shall not forget. When all the ocean to the south shall lie between me and the sight of Ireland, I shall still see her as I see her now, a wonderland peopled by a race whose spirit is of God.

St. JOSEPH LILIES 41

I shall see the blue of mountains far away to north, and far, far down to south, and, in the plain between, the rich green softness of a million valleys sheltered by a million gently sloping hills; and over every hill and valley, I shall see the criss-cross hedge lines run, that mark the boundaries men have built to limit space and mark it home. And roofs, I'll see that hide themselves beneath the arms of clustering trees, and little white-walled cottages close down beside a road. Smoke rising from a chimney shall bid me welcome.

Alongside the roadside, I'll see the yellow blossoms fall from thorned furze and in the mossgrown banks the primrose hiding; and sometimes fox-glove, red or white.

I'll see again, as I saw in May, the golden glory of laburnum beside a massive chestnut tree, a stately horde of trees, richly clothed in luxuriant leaf, grandly festive in the season's best of glorious cone-shaped blossoms. And there I'll see the purple lilac and 'twill seem almost to bring with it its fragrant perfume. White hawthorn shall border roads that I shall walk in memory, white hawthorn that was everywhere in May.

I shall always see the snow-white swans sail, in proud majesty, down the lovely Lee; and sea-gulls glide and swoop where Anna Liffey meets the Irish Sea. I'll look down often on old Baily Lighthouse and gaze across the bay or see the ships creep slowly out and press on bravely towards the open sea.

I'll often climb the hilly roads and stand in awe to see the great wide valley down below and Dublin cradled in her lovely hills. I'll sit by a stone-stepped stile on a hill above the Lee and see, beneath, the glorious breadth of river like a lake stretching almost to the city in the north, reaching far, far out before me to the wooded hill beyond, held in the south only by the great smooth mound of Lee's great island—that hides from me my village home down there where the river opens out again to add another lake-like stretch of open waters before it flows at last into the sea.

In my land of exile there are birds of rare colouring and beauty, but they are ever strangely silent. Now I shall always hear in memory the soft, swift, trilling notes of a bird that, as I write, sets the whole glade outside echoing with song. On, on and on his carol runs right merrily, fluted softly, swiftly, joyfully, a very cry of gladness to his God.

I shall remember a little redbreast, a perky little fellow, a saucy little scamp, who flew one morning through an open window where I was saying Mass, and perched, first, right before me on the missal, and then, quite unperturbed, whirled in the air above, and landed lightly on my head and would not leave me till I gently shook his perch to show my disapproval. A friendly imp!

One might find perhaps in legend special reason why a robin came to Mass, and were legend truth I should, of course, not speak of him so rudely.

"Bearing His cross while Christ passed forth forlorn, His Godlike forehead by the mock crown torn, A little bird took from that crown one thorn, To soothe the dear Redeemer's throbbing head. That bird did what she could—His Blood, 'tis said, Down dropping, dyed her tender bosom red, Since then no wanton boy disturbs her nest, Weasel nor wild cat will her young molest; All sacred deem the bird of ruddy breast."

One evening in the quiet I shall hear a noise and think I hear the rattle of a cart along a country lane and I shall see that lane, see it live with little golden discs of dancing sunlight that filters through the gently moving arch of leafy arms that trees stretch above.

Faces shall appear in the mirror of my memory, faces I see now, faces that are thin veils of souls, veils transparent of God's grace within. I shall not soon forget them. I cannot; for I see here in Ireland faces that tell me what the Face of Christ was like, faces that hint the beauty of the face of Mary.

I shall hear the feet of little children on the Dublin streets and feel reborn my joy in hearing prayers of bene-

diction slip from their little lips to fly on wings of innocence straight to the Heart of God.

Church bells will ring and chime and echo in my memory. Along the streets and roads and lanes. I'll hear the answering footsteps come. In mind I'll rise and follow them and find God's Irish army crowding round their King.

I'll see the gable of a church in Mayo and thousands thronging there to stand where Mary stood; and in those thousands I shall see one face—a man who lies upon a stretcher, being wheeled back from the shrine; he sees a friar stand to see him pass; his eyes seek mine appealingly. I shall not forget.

It rained a storm the day I saw the coast of Donegal. Perhaps 'tis thus that should be seen heroic beauty of rock and boulder and giant headland thrust in defiance against an ocean's strength. 'Tis thus I remember it. But Donegal shall never more to me mean merely grandeur of coast or hill or mountain; for there is a place in Donegal that more than any in the whole grand length and breadth of Ireland has won my heart to hold it fast for ever. There is no beauty there of nature. Its beauty is of God. It is Station Island in Lough Derg where men do penance for their sins. The spirit of our saint is there to raise your soul, freed by fast and vigil, by endless prayer and painful penance, to raise your soul above the lonely waste of earth up into the sweet happiness of God.

Black heads shall bow at Benediction time and I shall hold aloft the Son of God's own Sacred Body to sign on them the blessing of His Cross. Always at that moment I shall remember—ah! yes, I shall always, always, then remember—that same still moment of another day—that same still moment of silent blessing with the Host—that day of Corpus Christi when thousands knelt in Dublin streets and in my hands I held the Sacred Host on high and then—then came that mighty shattering of silence, that shouted, volleyed, trumpeting of men of Ireland's army, the voice of Ireland sounding through the vault of heaven, sounding to the gates of God.

I am a happy man, thank God, but I have seldom felt so

deep a joy as this I take, this time, with me to Africa, treasuring the memory of an Ireland, now revealed to me, more dear, more beautiful, more near to God than I had ever known. There is one word I must say before I go, a word I say—to Ireland, for her beauty—to Ireland's people, for God's virtue in them that went forth from them to me—to God Who made me one of them: Thanks, a hundred thousands thanks!

IRISH MISSIONARIES

The Faith which Patrick brought us, they are spreading it afar—

God's chosen, faithful Shepherds, who follow still the Star,

Who toil through pain and poverty, through hunger, heat and cold—

Aye, even unto death—to bring His lambs into the fold

God guard them in the bitter strife! God's grace be ever near

To strengthen and sustain them when the road is dark and drear!

Our brothers and our sisters, in the strange lands far away,

Our fearless ones, our peerless ones, God bless them night and day!

B. O'Higgins.

THE SECRET

By NANKY POO

St. Joseph, with boards to be sawed And tables and chairs to be made, he Worked all day with Our Lord And worked all day with Our Lady. There were lots of knots in the wood; His tools were clumsy and breaking; But the art of the world couldn't match The things of St. Joseph's making.

St. Joseph went down in the dark
To Egypt and wasn't afraid, he
Went for the sake of Our Lord
And went by the side of Our Lady.
They were late and long on the road,
And short the steps they were taking,
But the wheels of the world couldn't match
The journey St. Joseph was making.

St. Joseph was lowly and poor, Unnoticed the part that he played, he Shared in the lot of Our Lord And shared in the lot of Our Lady. When the lights of Heaven go on, Mankind to its failures waking, The world will be humbled to see The record St. Joseph was making.

St. Joseph's secret is out!
As he toiled and traveled and prayed, he Offered it all to Our Lord,
Offered it all through Our Lady.
They'll take what I offer, too,
Though it never appears world-shaking,
They'll change it to greatness and power And a heavenly crown in the making!

THE JUNGFRAU* AT EVENING

By H. W. BARKER

By the Old Monastery's ancient spires
And Interlaken's swiftly-flowing stream:
Surrounded by the everlasting hills,
The artist finds fulfilment of his dream.

Beyond the narrow pass through lesser steeps
The Jungfrau proudly lifts her head on high,
Her radiant brow festooned with cirrus clouds,
Her snowy summit pillowed on the sky.

The hours are hastening to the close of day,

The sombre shades of night on meadows rest;

And over flower-flecked slopes the dimness spreads

As slowly sinks the sun out in the west.

Up, up, from height to height, the shadows pass,
Till only snow-capped horns are bathed in light:
The sun withdraws his iridescent beams,
Bidding each peak in turn to fond good-night.

Still one, the Jungfrau, topping all the rest, In golden light and roseate hue is drest; And there, with grand sublimity, she sheds A touch of heaven's glory from her crest.

The sun, enchanted by the scene portrayed In colors that defy the painter's art, Lingers awhile to give a last caress, Then dons his purple mantle to depart.

Jungfrau, (the maiden or Virgin mountain) is a peak in the Swiss Alps between Bern and Valais. Height 13,671 feet. It is surrounded by precipices and capped with perpetual snow. Its summit was first attained by the brothers Meyer of Aarau.

IN HUMILITY

By GRACE STILLMAN MINCK

Lord of my heart, take every thought— Take every deed I do— Humbly now my soul has brought It all to You.

Warm with Your Smile my little way That nothing may divide Any last moment of my day From Your dear Side.

O Glorious Lord—O Precious Lamb— Take all I think or do or am; Consecrate to Your Dear Heart My whole, in each unworthy part.

DREAMS

By PATRICIA MITCHELL

If, through the day my hopes will wane,
Then, in the night, they live again
When, by the sun they seem to fade,
A curtained sky affords them shade.
One burning star, with pinpoint light,
Is like a dream I dream at night.
Each hope that through the night may seem
So close, so true, is but a dream.
The dream all through the day is hope
Appearing far beyond my scope.
But, if by day I keep in view,
A little light that my night knew,
I find that soon my dreams will be
Reality.



At the close of the retreat conducted by Rev. G. Lahey, S.J., four young ladies were received into the Congregation. Entering the Chapel as brides attended by little flower girls, the aspirants took their places before the altar where the Rev. Father Lahey, in delivering the sermon, congratulated the Community, the young ladies and their parents, and emphasized the exalted ideal their vocation.

Those receiving the Habit were Miss Margaret Allen, Toronto, Sister M. Michael Edward; Miss Cecilia Tallack, Winnipeg, Sister Barbara Mary; Miss Anna Comella, Toronto, Sister M. Christine; Miss Theresa McDonald, Toronto, Sister M. Patricia Anne. Holy Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Murray Allen, and in the sanctuary were Rev. Thos. Battle, Rev. Leo Smythe, Rev. J. Martin, C.S.B., Rev. C. Schrader, C.M., Rev. L. Hickey and Rev. F. Delaney.

At an earlier ceremony fourteen Sisters were admitted to

First Vows and Final Vows!

First Profession: Sister M. Virginia Lemire, Sister M. Cyrilla Budicky, Sister M. Eileen Bradley, Sister Mary Alan McDonald, Sister Joan Marie McGowan, Sister M. Jacinta Pepin, Sister M. Brigid Anne Payne.

Final Profession: Sister M. Claudia Bering, Sister Mary Peter Sheehan, Sister James Marie O'Brien, Sister M. Martha Ann Allen, Sister M. Michael Vincent Kelly, Sister Mary

Richard Carey, Sister M. St. Patrick Conway.

1952—the one hundred and first year of our congregation began with the celebration of two Golden Jubilees. On January fifth at Saint Joseph's-on-the-Lake Sister M. Emmanuella commemorated the fiftieth year of religious life and on the following day Sister M. Sylvia, at the Mother House, observed her jubilee.

Both sisters taught successfully in various schools in Toronto and also in community missions. Even yet their missionary zeal continues in many ways especially in aids to summer school work.

"He that instructs others unto justice shall shine as the

stars in heaven", is the reward awaiting these two religious who prepared so many hundreds of children for First Holy Communion.

High masses of Thanksgiving were offered in both Convents and the Jubilarians, their community and their friends thanked God for the many graces of their vocation and prayed God to give many more fruitful years of happiness, in the vineyard.

Congratulations to the following sisters who on January 5th, celebrated the Silver Jubilee of Profession: Sister Mary Paul, Sister St. Fabian, Sister Frances Marie, Sister Giovanna, Sister St. Eligius, Sister Emilie, Sister Agnita, Sister Marie Reine, Sister St. Leonard, Sister Mary Rita, Sister Mary Edward, Sister Mary of the Cross.

St. Patrick's, Montreal.

On September 17th. High Mass in St. Patrick's Church Montreal and a Luncheon at the Windsor Hotel marked the Centenary of St. Patrick's Orphanage.

Most Rev. Gerald Berry, Bishop of Peterborough, delivered the sermon at the Mass, which was celebrated by Most Rev. Paul Emile Leger, Archbishop of Montreal. The Sisters of St. Joseph and 155 Children from their orphanage were present.

Bishop Berry spoke of the growth of the home as having paralleled and kept pace with the tremendous increase in all ways that has taken place in and around Montreal since its founding.

OBITUARIES

Sister M. Herman Joseph

On September 1 at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarborough, Sister Herman Joseph died after an illness of four months. Sister Herman Joseph was born in Orillia, Ontario and entered the Community, on December 8, 1904.

The greater part of her religious life was spent as sacristan in the various houses of the Community. She also spent some time at the House of Providence where her work brought her into contact with great numbers of God's poor and where she performed her duties with fidelity.

Months of acute suffering borne with patience and in a spirit of cheerful optimism no doubt merited for her signal graces, not the least of which was a holy and happy death. Sister was the last surviving member of her family—a brother and a sister having died recently.

Sister M. Immaculata

Not only her own Community but hundreds of pupils and friends were shocked at the sudden death of Sister Immaculata, September 23.

Sister Immaculata was born in London, Ontario, but later her family moved to Toronto, where she completed her education and entered the Community in 1908. For fifteen years she taught in the Separate Schools of Toronto and St. Catharines, and in the College School, of which she was made directress in 1927. Later she was Superior, of St. Joseph's Convent Toronto and of the St. Patrick's Convent, Vancouver, B.C. For the past seven years she was Directress of Schols.

Sister Immaculata's religious years were spent in service to her Community. St. Joseph's High School, Islington, will remain a monument to her ingenuity in planning. But her responsibilities never robbed her of that kindly sisterly approach to others, which was one of her most winning characteristics.

Sister Immaculata is survived by a brother Mr. Fred Miller, Los Angeles, California.

Sister M. Hilda

On Jan. 15, God called to Himself Sister M. Hilda. The last to survive four daughters of Mr. and Mrs. James Lynch, of County Clare, Ireland, who came to Toronto under the guidance of their uncle, the late Dean Egan of Barrie, 64 years ago.

Sister Hilda's religious life was spent principally as Sacristan in various parish churches including Barrie, Orillia, St. Catharines, and at St. Paul's Church, Toronto.

On her immediate family, two sisters are still in Ireland. Rev. Mother Gerald, O.P., of Adrian, Michigan, is a cousin.

Many friends attended the Solemn Mass of Requiem which was celebrated in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel on Jan. 17. The celebrant was Rev. R. J. Egan, a cousin of the deceased, assisted by Rev. E. F. Lacey as deacon and Rev. M. P. Lacey as subdeacon.

Sister Mary of Calvary

After a prolonged illness Sister Mary of Calvary died Feb. 2nd, at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro. Formerly Martha Ready, born in Osceola and a daughter of Patrick Ready and Mary Fitzpatrick. Sister answered the call to the religious life while still very young and followed a dearly loved sister to the Community. Sister Mary of Calvary was an energetic and capable teacher and her fine sense of humour brought sunshine wherever she went. Sister was predeceased by her elder sister, Sister M. Urban and is survived by another sister, Sister M. Flavia, who entered some years later. On Feb. 4th, in St. Joseph's Convent chapel Rev. F. Firth, C.S.B. was the celebrant of the Mass of Requiem, assisted by Rev. R. Ritz and Rev. W. Young.

Sister M. Liguori

At St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, although invalided several years death came suddenly to Sister M. Liguori as she was preparing to assist at Mass. She received the last sacraments just before the Mass which was then offered for her soul. Formerly Christine Chalue, one of a large family of Anthony Chalue and Anne Barry, she received her education in Penetang, Barrie Model and Toronto Normal Schools. She taught with success in Orillia Separate School until she entered in 1900. Most of her religious life was spent in the classroom, and numerous former pupils of many walks in life testify to her lasting influence. When she gave up teaching she was engaged for some time in an executive capacity in institutions of the Community. Until the end she retained an interest in her old pupils and remembered them in her prayers. Three sisters survive, Misses Josephine and Mabel Chalue, Penetang and Mrs. Gartlan, Toronto. Two nieces are members of St. Joseph's Community. Requiem Mass was celebrated Feb. 11th by Rev. H. Gallagher assisted by Rev. W. Kennedy and Rev. C. Mulvihill.



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OF

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1950 - 52

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HERE AND THERE WITH THE ALUMNAE

Mrs. Thos. McGoey entertained at a reunion party at her home for her sister Lorraine Weiler (O'Brien) who was home shortly before Christmas, from Fort William. Among the guests were: Mrs. George Coles (Rose Brown), Mrs. William Apted, Betty McConvey (Kelly), Madeline Contway (Wright), Maxine Fitzpatrick, Betty O'Connor, Patricia Nadeau (Downey) and many others.

Miss Joan Pape has returned home from England where she had been taking a post graduate course in physiotherapy. Josephine Conlin and Lucy Cunerty are both taking post graduate courses in nursing at one of the larger hospitals in New York City and are sharing an apartment.

Congratulations to the new parents: Mr. and Mrs. William Kidd (Marion Klersey) who have a lovely daughter. Also to Mr. and Mrs. John Murphy (Mary Morrison) a son. Mr. and Mrs. Noel Egan (Mary Brazill) a daughter; Dr. and Mrs. Alec. George (Margaret Roach) a son; Geraldine Brady (O'Brien) a daughter; Betty O'Connor (Walsh) a son.

Margaret Grant (Seitz) and her lovely family of seven children left by plane for their new home in Halifax.

St. Joseph's Alumnae held their Mid-Winter Meeting at the Convent on February 3rd. Mrs. David Balfour was guest speaker. The subject of her address—The Local Council of Women. Tea was served afterwards.

Mrs. Paul Smith (Margaret Dunn) now living in Chicago will be moving soon to Minnesota.

In a letter to Sister Leonarda, Anna Maher of Buffalo, N.Y., writes about her sister Elizabeth's daughter Mary Gibson, in religion, Sister Mary Majella. Sister Majella has been with the Adrian Dominicans since 1933. Mother Gerald is her Mother General. Sister Majella teaches Latin and English; also Spanish at Aquinas High School in Chicago, Ill.

Mabel Abrey is leaving on the 15th of March for a month's sojourn in the south. She tells us that she is going to visit Mrs. Douglas McQuarrie (Theresa Breen Griffin) in Fort Lauderdale while down that way.

We hope that Margaret Guay (Korman) will be feeling much better at time of writing. Margaret has been in hospital for the past few weeks.

Mary Furlong and her husband have been holidaying in Hollywood, Florida.

Mrs. J. Carter (Clotilde Prunty) spent Christmas in Sarnia with Mrs. Barrington (Doris) who recently moved from Toronto. Doris, daughter regrets changing schools for she loved St. Joseph's High School, Toronto. Clotilde lives in Schumacher, Ontario.

Dorothy Chambers spent last summer in Italy; Christmas holidays in London and during scholastic year teaches in Austria.

Marie Adele Cozens who recently passed Medical Record Exams is now in charge of the Record Department of the New Immaculate Heart of Mary Hospital in Sudbury.

To St. Joseph's Mrs. C. Keenan McGahan, Buffalo, recently presented a fine work of art to her Alma Mater. We quote from the appraiser, Laurence Vincent: "Oil painting in gold leaf frame with raised band of laurels. Painting of Christ in meditation. Probably just before the Crucifixion. This picture has a highly spiritual quality. The coloring is rich. Painted probably in the seventeenth century. It has been repaired. Approximate value \$250."

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Holland (Marguerite O'Donnell), spent a couple of winter months in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice of Lafontine (Adele Laurin), visited in Alberta with their daughter and their first grandchild.

Dorothy Chambers who is on the exchange list of the League of the Commonwealth has been teaching in Colchester, Essex, since last September. But before starting school Dorothy attended a summer session at the University of Perugia; During the 3 weeks following that she made excursions to the noted cities of Italy and then two weeks in Austria with Innsbruck as centre.

At Easter Catherine Flahiff flew from New York to London where Dorothy joined her and flew together to Paris. After a few days Catherine went on to Rome and Dorothy returned to Colchester. Catherine made her trip in 12 days but Dorothy is seeing London thoroughly and trying to see all England too. She told us of her "Oyster Festival" in Colchester (of Oyster fame). The attendance at the festival about 300 people and about 4000 oysters!

Mrs. John Sherwood (Mary Chambers) is now living in Belleville. Her two boys John and Graham keep her busy.

Mary Callahan.

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS

... An ethnologist, Sister Ines Hilger, of St. Joseph, Minn., is on an 8,000-mile boat trip to southern Argentina, to interview a 107 year old Patagonian Indian and learn more about the Araucanian tribe.

Sister Ines met the aged Indian on a previous trip and hopes to write a biography of him, to throw new light on Araucanian culture. The Araucanians once inhabited central Chile and adjacent regions in Argentina and resisted Spanish conquest.

Sister Ines is making her trip under the patronage of the American Philosopical Society in Philadelphia, and is expected to take about nine months.

Accompanying Sister Ines as secretary and collaborator is Miss Margaret Mondloch. Sister Ines has carried on her ethnological studies since 1932 and has probed into child life among the Indian tribes. Her studies include the Chipewyan and Arapaho tribes in the United States and she has gathered material for a book on Araucanian children.

. . . Rev. Peter Rossillon M.S.F.S. Bishop of Vizagapatam, India, writes that the picturesque "Baptizer of Gadavery" Sister Lucy of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Annecy personally baptized 44,000 children during her 58 years of missionary work in the diocese of Vizagapatam. Travelling through the rough and dangerous country of Gadavery in a small black wagon pulled by two white oxen, the aged nun with her woman attendant, became a local figure and respected by all. Her death brought sorrow to thousands. The natives wanted to cry out as they saw the ox-cart in the distance. "She comes! The white virgin comes to us again." Sister Lucy arrived in India in 1871 and at her death was 82 years of age and 63 years of religion.

... Mexico City.—The historic name of Guadalupe City, which for nine years had been known as "Villa Gustave A. Madero,"

has been restored to "Villa Guadalupe Hidalgo" by the Senate. In 1950, the House of Representatives passed a bill to restore the original name of the place near the site of the Tepeyac sanctuary, where Our Lady appeared four times in 1531 to Juan Diego and identified herself as "Mary of Guadalupe." A recent Senate vote completed favorable action on the measure. The Mexican Congress in 1943 seeking to honor a patriot renamed Guadalupe City "Villa Gustavo A. Madero".

... The Centenary is now history but I am sure it involved much work and preparation. It would have been nice to have been there at the time but unfortunately it was not possible. The book by Sister Mary Agnes was very interesting both for the news of the events of Toronto's early days as well as the general history of the order in America. The part that was particularly noticeable was that it did not read at all like an historical record but to me it seemed to be written in a very interesting manner that would hold the attention almost as well as a work of fiction. It also seemed to cover everything that would in any way have a bearing on the history of the order.

L. J. Mitchell, Alexandria, Va.

LATE CONVERT By GRACE STILLMAN MINCK

Bless me, Father, Spirit, Son—Bless me, Thou the Triune One; Though so late I stumble in Asking pardon for life's sin.
Bless me, God, who must repent Tardiness by a spirit rent Iu contrition. This my cross: The years-long past uselessly lost.



THE SODALITY

"Ad Jesum per Mariam." With this motto in mind, Father Daly, S.J., on November eleventh, conducted a Study Day at Loretto College for the executives of both Colleges in which he outlined the nature, purpose and foundation of the Sodality. in order to instil the importance of the Marian Way of Life and how it best might be observed.

At our first General Meeting following this "Day", the outline was presented to the Sodalists. Discussion on the Rules of the Sodality were held at consecutive General Meetings.

In addition to our Monthly Communion Sunday, at which the Little Office is recited, and the General Meeting held after Mass, the four Committees have undertaken projects: nightly Rosary, sending magazines to the missions, collecting clothing for the poor, visiting the Hospital for Incurable Children, child care at the McNeil Infants' Home, Candy Sale and Bridge parties for the raising of Sodality funds, and the inauguration of a Sunday Collection.

Lorraine Chapeski, 5T3.

A profitable Day of Recollection was held in November, under the guidance of Rev. Augustine Bennett, C.Ss.R. The yearly retreat held the first week of Lent, was given by Rev. F. Hackett, C.P.

THE APOSTOLATE OF ISRAEL

A new object of prayer was brought to our attention when Sister Marie Fidelis de Sion, from Notre Dame de Sion Convent, Montreal, gave an illustrated lecture on the Apostolate of Israel. Beginning with the conversion of the young Alsatian Jew,

Alphonse Ratisbonne, and his ordination, Sister outlined the work done since his conversion, in 1842, and introduced us to the Archconfraternity of Prayer for the Conversion of Israel, as members of which we may assist by prayer the priests and Sisters of Notre Dame de Sion. As a result of the zealous efforts of Phyllis Cornett, 5T2, who undertook the work of enrolment, many students of St. Michael's, Loretto and St. Joseph's, are associate members and pray daily that the children of Israel may be brought to the knowledge of Jesus Christ.

Hermine LaRouche, 5T3.

DEBATING

Six members of our College Debating Congress drove to London January 27, to debate Brescia Hall. The resolution was "Resolved that the motion picture theatre is the greatest threat to juvenile delinquency in North America to-day." St. Joseph's women were judged by the Brescia Hall faculty to have the better speakers, but the Congress lost on a vote from the floor. There were over thirty Brescia girls loyally supporting their Alma Mater.

Mary Buckley drove, with Kay Kendall and Mary Greive (the principal speakers for the debate), Miriam Kelly, Anne Somerville and the Congress President, Anne McGinn. All spoke from the floor at the debate.

During the year the Debating Congress has debated St. Michael's College Senate Club (men), the Engineers (Topic: "Resolved that temperance is achieved through moderation, and not through total abstinence" with the Engineers supporting total abstinence and losing the debate), also St. Hilda's College and Newman Club Debating Society. Plans are being made for return debates with all these Clubs.

Anne McGinn, 5T2.

FIRST WOMAN CHOSEN—The Debating Congress is duly proud of its President, Anne McGinn, one of six debaters

chosen from fifty eligible students of the University of Toronto to form the three teams of a major out-of-town debating tour. Not only is Anne the only one of her sex in these groups but she is the first and only woman to represent the University of Toronto on a debating tour of this kind. The tour will include Wayne University, Detroit, the University of Detroit, University of Michigan, Ann Arbour, Michigan State, Lansing, Notre Dame in South Bend, Loyola University, and the University of Chicago. Anne's team mate is R. W. Shepherd, Fourth Year Medical Student.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE FRESHMEN

It is impossible to sort out my first impressions, for they are too varied and too numerous. Now that the confusion of first months has lifted, I feel a pride in belonging here, among students who in some cases have travelled half way around the world to be here, some who have come for learning, each with his or her own particular ideas and interests, and yet all united by a common bond, that of belonging to this University of Toronto.

I was impressed by the "bigness" of the people,—the interest in matters of depth, in other people's thoughts about them, shown by the many discussions, organized or not. I noticed a bond of charity among the girls—a spirit of helpfulness and interest—and an absence of pettiness.

What inpressed me most when I first arrived was the interest that girls took in the freshmen. They gave us a busy, enjoyable time the first few days so that we might all become acquainted and not feel homesick. This interest has continued.

My first impressions: the friendliness of all the girls, especially the seniors, their willingness to help; the kindness of the Sisters; the spirit of co-operation in the College.

Impressions of a freshman:—the friendliness of new schoolmates; the adventure of living with room-mates—the shyness at freshman dances that melts away when that first cute boy comes towards you—the disarming smile of Father Lavery—the motherliness of Sister Blandina—Sister Corinne's patience with latecomers—the excitement of initiation and the feeling that you are one of the gang when it is all over—the food, the smoker and the good talk in the Co-op.

My first impression was the size and attractiveness of the Freshmen's rooms, also the kindness of the Sisters and the friendiness of the girls.

I was impressed with the idea of a small Catholic College within a big University. The girls have the opportunity of being in a good Catholic atmosphere and of meeting Catholic people, and yet the have access to the advantages of a big University.

One of the first things to impress you about St. Joseph's is the friendliness of the senior "big" sisters, who help you through the bewildering maze of people and places that is the University. Then comes the knifting together of the freshmen classes as they adapt themselves to residence life, to new customs and to various types of personalities. Later the real meaning of St. Joseph's reaches you. The sympathy and kindness of the Sisters, the patient help and wise advice of Father Lavery guide you to a better understanding of your religion, and you find the peace and happiness that a good Catholic can attain by living as best she can. St. Joseph's is wonderful, because it makes a better person of you. Little by little we grow up and we will realize later what a great deal St. Joseph's and St. Michael's had to do with making us that "better person."

THE SPORT SEASON

The Mike-Maids are winding up a busy schedule, though again unable to boast of championships. But where the will to win and the hallowed sporting spirit are the prime requisites for glory, our girls will be found high on the list.

A number of sports remained without appeal to our athletic-minded congregation. Tennis stood foremost, with golf, badminton and swimming close on its heels as the year's most unpopular sport. Volleyball enthusiasts are also meagre in num-

ber. Elizabeth Fraser is to be commended for her effort toward a remedy for the situation.

The first days of October witness the invasion of Trinity Playing Field by the budding "Babe Ruths" of the various faculties. For the second consecutive year, the St. Michael's feminine soft-ballers did themselves proud. They overcame the terrific odds of glaring sunshine, drenching rain, muddy circuits, the biting north wind and its cargo of snow, and last but not least, the opposition of hostile teams, only to go down in glory in the third game of a best-of-three final series against a formidable U.C. aggregation. Most of the members of our teams this year pass into the graduate annals of S.M.C. For years of service, a cheer should be given to Therese Bauer, Joanne Smith, Nancy Primeau, Kay Schenck, Ruth Allor, and B. J. Fraser.

The traditional two teams strove for top honours in Women's Basketball. Although, under the inspiration of Kay Schenck, ably assisted by Nancy Primeau, Jane Timmins and Mary Mahon, we gave opposition a run for their money, yet St. Mike's failed to send a team to the Hart House Playoffs. But where the game is played for game's sake, one is certain of having fun ,and that we all surely did:

The Hockey Season bowed in with the end of the Christmas Vacation. Our pucksters were unable to convince the University Hockey Council of our ability to match the calibre of play expected from teams composing League 1, in the intramual set-up. Never to be discouraged, we have managed, so far, to tie Vic. 1, and with a few more practice sessions, we should be able to scare the P.H.E. amazons and the high-flying Meds sextet. June will break-up the hockey-gang as the old make way for the new. For spirit and sportsmanship, praise goes again to the old stand-bys: Therese Bauer, Nancy Primeau, Joanne Smith, Kay Schenck, B. J. Fraser, and to our efficient manager, Joanne Osborne.

With the close of the sports season, we settle down to a well deserved rest in the company of text-books and an infinite list of scholastic assignments.

B. J. Fraser, 5T2.

Do you remember hearing about Padre Pio, the Italian Stigmatist? Reverend Charles Carty has written an interesting little book entitled "Padre Pio the Stigmatist". Containing his biography and various outstanding gifts and miracles attributed to this Capuchin monk. You could almost say that Padre Pio is a martyr to the confessional since he spends from 16 to 20 hours there and moreover often reveals to the penitent sins not told to him.

Father Carty believes fully in all the revelations but as he himself states with "human credence". The expose of Hilda Graef's "Case of Theresa Neumann" and the pictures of Padre Pio add still more interest to an engrossing little book which I would recommend highly to you. Radio Replies Press publish also two informative pamphlets on "The Jehovah Witnesses" and the "Adventists".

Elsa Amadio, 5T6.

THE HANDMAID

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to Thy Word." Were words more beautiful, more sincere, more true than these, ever spoken? They were words answering a special request directly from God to be the Mother of His Divine Son. And she answered God in the only way Mary knew and in a way only Mary knew.

Humility, the greatest of virtues! In Mary, it had the power of distinguishing her, above all men of all times, to be alone worthy to be the Mother of God, the means of man's redemption. It was the humility of a little maiden in Nazareth which attracted God enough to have Him send a special messenger to her with an even more special request.

What was she like, this most loved of God's creatures? What was she doing when the Angel Gabriel appeared? If only we could realize how human, how much a woman this maiden was! She could have just finished the dishes (she didn't have soap in those days either!) and perhaps was on the point of starting the mending. Then too, she might have just finished sweeping or coming from an errand. Possibly she was reading

Scripture,or. ... could she have been praying?

In our modern age of atom bombs and jet planes, of immorality and pleas for morality, of war scares and cries for peace, we forget about Mary, and if we do think of her, it is seldom, and only as a friend long-dead and forgotten. We find it extremely difficult to imagine her as one who lived and loved, was born and died. Will we not realize that as well as being a mother herself, the Mother of God, she was a daughter too, one subservient and obedient to her aging parents.

If only we knew about her. If only there weren't so many unanswered questions. But then, isn't that what is so beautiful about Mary? Is not her greatness in her obscurity and humility during those days on earth? It is her hidden everpresence throughout the life of Christ that haunts us. Think of it. How justly proud she could have been to be the Mother of Christ, the Son of her Creator. And yet she remained hidden. She was humble. Her greatness lay in her humility. It was because she considered herself so unimportant, so insignificant in the eyes of God and He chose her, a Jewish maiden, to be the one to crush the head of the serpent. And when she was asked she did not answer with pride or joy for being so honoured. Indeed not. In her sincere and gentle humility, she whispered in awe her words of meek assent: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to Thy Word." How simple how beautiful, how significant and how world-shattering!

What did she mean? How so much could be said in so few words! I am Thy servant, and Thy Will is mine. Thy will is not simply my command, but more. It is my greatest desire. Her reply said all this and yet so much more. What she meant could not have been expressed so completely and so beautifully in any other words.

Humility—the initial step towards sainthood. Humility—the essence of sainthood. Humility—truth, truth about yourself, self-knowledge, the ability to see yourself as nothing, without God, so dependent upon Him. And in whom was humility most manifest? Without a doubt, in Our Lady.

All this talk about humility in Mary!—If what has been said is true, how are we to explain the magnificent masterpiece, the Magnificat, Mary's praise of herself? Could anything be so easy? Did we not just finish saying that humility simply means truth; and was not what Our Lady said of herself only too true? Her first thought was the glorification of God and then her first reference to herself was to that quality which we are here trying to stress.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord,

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour

Because he hath regarded the humility of His handmaid: For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

Because He that is mighty hath done great things to me, And Holy is His name.

.... and hath exalted the humble."

Mary realized the importance of being chosen the handmaid of the Lord. Could she deny that she was going to be a very great person in the history of man? One's knowledge of self does not necessarily imply pride, though in our age it is something that almost everyone takes for granted. Humility with a hook is pride in reverse. It is pride which prompts the famed speaker who has just finished a marvelous speech, to comment with apparent discouragement on his lack of preparation and organization. Such artificial humility is only bait for compliments, to satisfy our sadly neglected ego. This was not Our Lady's purpose. She had no ego to satisfy. She was completely lost, absorbed in God. His possession of her was all the satisfaction she needed and wanted. Mary demanded nothing. Her life was lost because it was found, found by Him. Our Blessed Lady made few appearances throughout her life on earth. Does not any mother influence her child to a certain degree? How much greater then was the influence of this inviolate and most holy Mother upon her Child?

Let us return to Nazareth and find the home of the carpenter Joseph. Let us remain with them for a while, and during our brief visit, pay special attention to the relation between Mother and Child. How she fondles Him when rocking Him to sleep. The care she takes in washing His clothes! How beautiful are the stories she tells Him. With what patience and gentleness she removes the slivers from His tiny Hands. The love that radiates from her in sitting across from Him at the breakfast table, and watching Him eat with such relish. What joy and happiness in being able to play with Him, talk to Him, walk with Him, teach Him and care for Him, be there and listen to Him talk, laugh, and sing.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord."

In His childhood, she was the heart, the centre of His Home. She was the chief influence upon Christ. Whenever He needed her, she was there. Then, the time came for Him to leave His home and His beloved mother. He must be about His Father's business. As He goes about teaching His people, He looks at the men and women listening to Him and then, whom does He see there at the edge of the crowd? Yes, it is His Mother. If we had not met her before we would never have known that she was the Mother of God. She was so humble. She was always beside Him, unseen, unknown, but always there, there until the very end. He looked at her for strength and love.

Mary's humility was and is proportioned to her love, and her love for Chirst was greater than all men's. No one came so near to Christ's humanity as did Mary. No one did so much for Him as did she. It was she who cared for the Church in its infancy with the same care and wisdom that she cared for Christ when He was a child. Even now in its suffering she remains a constant source of strength as she must have at her Son's crucifixion. All this, and still so humble.

The countless things she must have done for Him! The endless things she is doing for us! Could we ask for a more perfect example of human love and sacrifice?

In our modern world of unbelievable progress and constant discord, a world in which men scoff at and ridicule humility as another form of inferiority complex, is there no room

for a little maiden? Is it not possible that she could bring us proper progress and peaceful concord? Let us be honest with ourselves, acknowledge the truth. And then, when we have taken a good look at our mighty individuals, let us think of the humble maid of Nazareth, the Mother of her God and ours, admit that she indeed was the essence of humility and in it lay her greatness. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to Thy word."

Ludmilla Graezyk, 5T3.

"To ST. JOSEPH LILIES, Centennial Issue, we extend an unusually hearty welcome for it was a century ago that the good Sisters of St. Joseph were brought from France by Bishop Armand de Charbonnel, O.F.M.Cap, of Toronto, to his diocese. The best proof of the worth of the Sisters is the remarkable growth in their numbers and the no less remarkable expansion. of their work in Canada. Founded at Le Puy, France, in 1648 by Père Jean Médaille, S.J., the Sisters of St. Joseph were destined to cater for the needs of the poor and to direct works of charity for orphans, the sick and the aged. Suppressed during the French Revolution, several Sisters died in dungeons during the Reign of Terror. Re-established in 1807, the Institute sent four nuns to Toronto in 1851. Within five years they had founded a novitiate, an orphanage, and a House of Providence. Since then many new foundations have been made and the Sisters have won for themselves a proud reputation for educational and medical achievement in Canada."

From The F. M. Record, Dublin, Ireland.

THE STONE ROLLED AWAY

By E. D. NEVILLE

No more shall heavy thoughts my heart imprison; To life, to joy, its pulsings are released.

My Lord, my God, in glory has arisen,

And Easter with new daylight floods the East.

JUST WHEN I NEED YOU

By MARY SUE McGEE, 5T4

The young wife pushed back the hair from her face and scanned the sultry sky. She stood straight a moment to rest her back and to watch the soap bubbles from her washing sail softly to the warm earth and yield their rainbows there.

Coming down the lane she saw a man and a little Boy, walking in quiet father-and-son companionship. A surge of gentle pride swelled within her. Her husband and her Son. And no one, not even the struggling little tree they had planted together, knew the secret of their love.

She watched her husband take up her water jugs and walk away to refill them for her. She was tired, and he had thought of her! A snatch of song escaped her lips. Did he not always think of her?

Her husband was a great man, she knew—humble, yet great. As she scrubbed, she thought joyously of the respect and love he won from all who knew him. People trusted him, came to him for help. It would always be so. Trust in him would spread and grow. His quiet strength would be a bulwark for the world!

But right now—his arm was hers to lean on; his strength was hers to use. Tenderly she watched the Child beside her stare in absorbed wonder at the sheen of a buttercup. He was the secret of their love, the Purpose of their lives! Yet this Child was not theirs, but the world's. Today was borrowed paradise; tomorrow a sword of sorrow . . .

He set the water jugs down by her tub. Gratitude smiled in her eyes. JOSEPH WAS ALWAYS THERE . . .

"Just when I need you," she said.



THE HOLY FAMILY IN NAZARETH



"EVERYNUN"

It was the Sunday afternoon, on which the first performance of "Everynun" was to take place. In St. Joseph's College School refectory there was a crowd of excited girls who looked as if they had been gathered from the ends of the earth at different periods of history and dumped there regardless of age, race, creed, or

social position.

Along one side was a group of what to all appearances were nuns, playing cards on a massive dining table with a once-white covering. Near them were four saints and a holy foundress practising an Indian war dance accompanied by truly ear-splitting whoops standing (on its head) by the door was something in a suit of livid red and yellow stripes, conversing with a lively bundle of blue and green patches executing cartwheels, which had a face made of purple and yellow circles. Making futile attempts to open a window were a woman presumably from the slums of 1900 or so in a dress of blue canvas-like material and prim young lady of 1891 in black silk and pink with a perilous hair-do. Four gleaming white graduates were watching, keenly interested, the efforts of some ancient crones to burst the balloons guarded by a gayskirted, frilly-bloused young person with frantic expression. Eighteen children in scarlet silk dresses were being pursued by four flower-girls dressed in succession of complicated frills, the guardians of whom were playing pick-up-sticks in modern street clothes, Several sweet damsels in white and gold angels' costumes were directing a speeding wheelchair containing one of their number at a covering dump of fairies in pink, or silver, or lilac, or orange, or green, behind an aluminum stretcher.

So, in a peaceful atmosphere of gorgeous gaudiness and sombre colourlessness, of feverish excitement yet detailed preparedness, of shrieks and yells and murmurs and minor civil wars and crashes and cries, of violent contrast yet underlying unity, waited the cast

of "Everynun" for its first performance.

Janet Somerville, X-D, S.J.C.S.

A CITY IN DISTRESS

The morning, the 3rd of January, brought over the newscast the startling report that Toronto was without bus or streetcar service. The public was obliged to walk or thumb a ride. Those wanting a ride tied a white hanky about their arm. By this method others understood their need.

The streetcar strike is something people will never forget.

Joan Faragher, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

DESIRE SATISFIED

All my life I had had a burning desire to do it. The longing grew with me, and would never be satisfied until I had done what was considered by others the most insane desire I could have. They reasoned with me that girls never do that sort of thing, especially that sort of girl I should be, that it was unheard of, and well—just wasn't done. But this didn't help. In fact, it only made it more desirable in my eyes. I knew that I couldn't find anyone fool enough to do it with, that it was a shocking thing—yet, I still longed to do it. I wanted to hitch hike.

I was almost resigned that I would never realize my life-long yearning when kind fortune put in my way a golden opportunity—the T. T. C. Strike.

It was at supper, when the strike was being discussed as possible that the full wonder of it dawned on me. I dropped my knife and fork and anxiously asked, "When we have to go somewhere during the strike will we always go by taxi if it's too far to walk?" Everyone laughed because they know my weakness, but the answer transported me with joy.

"You can hitch hike if you want to, when its necessary and if one of the others goes with you."

That night I prayed that the T. T. C. men would strike. I learned in the morning that the strike was on. I went immediately into conspiracy with my sister, knowing I could get her as my companion under the changed circumstances. It was the last day of the holidays, a perfect day for hitch hiking—but we had nowhere to hitch hike to. We decided on a desperate plan. That evening there were devotions at Church, and we surprised the family by announcing that we were going. Now, our Church is within five minutes walk from home but we set out a good half hour before Benediction would begin. Our plan was this. We were going to hitch hike, but in the opposite direction from Church. We would ask where the car that would pick us up was going, and say we would like to get off at a convenient point we would name. Then we would walk on a little and hitch hike back and finally arrive at Church. Our plan worked.

We were picked up by the third car that passed, rode a distance, got out, and in two more rides got to Church just on time. I was triumphant, deliriously happy. I inwardly sang Te Deum's all during Benediction.

Of course we took an awful risk—we could have been stranded in some unknown part of Toronto—and everyone would think us at Church—we might have been asked some revealing questions. But nothing dreadful happened. The strike ended just at the right time. I would have lost the thrill in hitch hiking if it had gone on any longer. As it is, although I've satisified my desire, I still love hitch hiking.

Moira Somerville, XII-C, S.J.C.S.

HOME

The Island from which I come is very beautiful. It is a small island in the West Indies, and is called Barbados. It has a healthy climate due to the fresh winds which blow across from the Atlantic Ocean. The sea bathing is wonderful and one does not need to worry about fish unless he goes out very far. The water is crystal clear and as the sun shines, you can even see the sand at the bottom. On the shore are seen many small shells varying in color. This is Barbados. No one can help loving it.

D. Kinch, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

The queerest pet I ever had was a "papoosi." It is of the bird family and resembles an over-grown baby chick. My father brought me one from India, where they are plentiful. This papoosi can be taught to carry things; it has tiny half-closed eyes, keen smell and a acute sense of hearing.

It will run away from the smell of alcohol. Once some rubbing alcohol was spilt, the papoosi which was standing near-by, hid for days and when we finally found it, the creature would not go near the spot. My father got a name for himself out of the whole adventure; for ever since I've called him "Papoo."

Margot Belgrave, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

TEA BISCUITS

In our Home Economics class we were assigned the task of making tea biscuits at home. This was my first experience. After my mother had finished in the kitchen, I placed on the table the utensils I had seen Sister use. Then I mixed my ingredients into a large bowl; flour, sugar, baking powder and butter. After I put in the milk, my mixture did not have the slightest resemblance to Sister's. Was it too moist. I called to Mother for help. Mother applied her knowledge of cooking to my mix and we put in more flour. After spreading and cutting out the cookies I put them in the oven, and watched the clock above the oven. You can imagine my joy at finding my biscuits crisp and brown.

At dinner everyone enjoyed them—although they were a "little" hard.

Gertrude Keller, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

BOOTS

Boots is a black and white Persian cat. Her colouring is artistic. The top of her head is jet black and extends down around her eyes. Her cheeks are snowy white. She has a pink up-turned nose and large emerald-green eyes. She likes raw fish, milk (preferably warmed) fresh meat, playing with wood, watching television, the dog next door and children. She doesn't care for cars, men and keeping clean. She's my cat and I like her.

Patricia Hause, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

MAGIC FAIRYLAND

Trees are Nature's pictures. In a forest, tall snow-laden trees meet your gaze. The pine with its lacey gown gently sings a soft melody in the cool breeze. The snow-covered oak proudly lifts its branches to the deep blue of the sky. After an ice storm, each twig and little branch of the white trees are sheathed in glassy ice, and under the sun's rays the whole tree is decked with many sparkling diamonds. What artist would not wish to paint the beautiful fairy-land of trees?

Sylvia Pegis, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

BROWN AND GOLD BALL

By the time you read this the big event will be over—the Brown and Gold Ball. It is being held at the Royal York Hotel, February 26: Stanley St. John's Orchestra.

There will be parties before and after the dance, each adding to the merriment of the evening. The dance programmes will serve as a souvenir of the Brown and Gold of '52. Special entertainment has been chosen for intermission and we anxiously await the crowning of the queen of the ball.

We are unable to have a shrine with us of Our Lady but we know that our Blessed Mother and Her Son will be watching over us at our prom. The Brown and Gold Ball of 1952 should stand out as the most memorable dance of our high school years.

Beverley Knox, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

THE T. T. C. STRIKE

At 7.30 Friday morning M. Jones stood waiting as usual for a Bloor car at Broadview and Danforth. At 8 o'clock he was still waiting. Where was the usual crowd? The usual streetcars?

In desperation, he strode home to get his car and learned that three hours earlier the workers of the T. T. C. had just "walked out" on their employers—and their public.

Those living in Oshawa, Markham, Agincourt or surrounding towns no longer stood on the highway to flag the Grey Coach bus. It no longer rumbled by.

The walkout lasted 19 days. May be visitors from the States got a wrong impression seeing people flagging rides. And may be they said "Things are worse here than in the States!"

Sally Azzarello, X-A, S.J.C.S.

EVERY CHILD SHOULD LEARN TO SWIM

Every child should learn to swim. It is good exercise as well as a pleasant sport. Sometimes it can be a way to save not only your own but someone else's life. If a boat should capsize and not all the passengers could swim, someone might probably drown. Therefore, if a child is taught how to swim when he is young he and others will benefit by it.

Donna Peddell, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

OUR NEW CALENDAR

Our Liturgical Group, has introduced a Christian Life Calendar

for our class-room. It's a dilly!

There is a sheet for each week. Each day has directions for the Office and for Mass. We are told that Father Kolanda, who does the spadework in this information is a bearcat for rubrics. There is also a commentary on the feast or on the saint, the work of Father Hafford whose sparkling wit makes the saints come to life. This authentic material is boiled down to a few lines.

"January 17 reads: St. Anthony, Abbot. "St. Anthony beat the

"January 17 reads: St. Anthony, Abbot. "St. Anthony beat the tax problem by giving his neighbouring farmers one hundred and twenty acres. He took Christ at His work, and was not solicitous about the morrow. He did alright, too, for he lived one hundred and five years. It is much better to be rich in heaven than on

earth, and it is hard to be both."

No long learned discourse on favourite saints but you will know how lovable the saints are—and will be on a bowing aquaintance with them when you join their ranks.

Nataline Bondi, X-A, S.J.C.S.

EXAMINATION DAY

· What a day! The girls come hurrying in to do last minute studying. There is a clatter of books, turning of pages and a mumbling which fills the room. You can feel the tenseness. A knock comes to the door; all heads are up. Another moment and the teacher comes joyfully into the room with a smile and the exam papers in her hand.

The papers are given out and we go to work. You read it with a blank look on your face. After a sudden jolt of an idea you begin. What a task it is! We cannot encourage ourselves as our dentist does with, "Why worry? It will all be over in a minute."

Alicia Ann Glover, X-B, S.J.C.S.

CANADIAN WEATHER

Canadian weather is most enjoyable. Each season has its beauty. Spring, with its melting snow, budding trees is a time for rejoicing. It is the season when winter's blanket is thrown off and

green foliage again appears to the joy of everyone.

Summer, is wonderful. I love the blue skies, hot weather and occasional refreshing breezes. This weather lasts until about September, when Autumn frosts prepare the earth for approaching winter. All over Canada the weather is continually changing. The air is nippy, leaves turn into vivid colours and everything seems crisp, bright and clear. Then, slowly winter sets in with its blankets of snow, cold air and barren trees.

After this, spring again begins and the cycle keeps on going. Should not we Canadians love our Canadian weather? I know I

do.

Joyce Fostner, X-B, S.J.C.S.

THE TRIAL

The dawn showed a promise of a typical autumn day. The wisps of fog had disappeared. It was hard to be a girl and try to be an able substitute for a boy. My father had always wanted a son but I was his answer to a life-long prayer. I enjoyed the long hours of target practice but this was my first hunting trip and I was frightened—frightened to let my father down who knew me so well.

We had settled curselves and the decoys were set. The victims were in range. I raised the cold, grey steel, released the safety catch and fired. I closed my eyes for one horrible moment then heard a body splash into the water—my first duck!

Bernice Leschinsky, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

TWO DAYS I SHALL NEVER FORGET

While on my summer vacation last year we were highly honoured to have a well know man spend two days with us. He was exceptionally jolly and had the heartiest laugh I've ever heard. When he was leaving I asked his friend if I could have a picture of the two of them and much to my amazement he very willingly agreed. Can you guess who our noted guests were? Yes, they were Cardinal McGuigan and Monsignor Allen whom you all know well.

Dorothy Bilton, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

A SLEIGH RIDE

One wintry, January night the girls of 12-B in ski outfits made their way to Sunnybrook Farm for the sleigh-ride.

Merrily, we piled into the sleigh, and the horses trotted away to the tempo of "Jingle Bells," "Rudolph" and other tunes. We spent more time chasing the sleigh than sitting on it. Tired we returned to the Farm and found coffee, hot dogs, donuts and a warm stove awaiting us. Records were played; the evening soon came to an end with the parting words of, "See you at school."

Patricia Jarvis, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

OUR AMBITIONS

Have all you girls decided or even thought about what you're going to be when you leave high-school? If you haven't I think you should start soon. Every girl should have an aim in life, whether it means entering the convent and becoming a nun, normal school and teaching commercial school and secretarial work, hospital and nursing or whether you go on to University.

Have an aim and aim high, or we won't hit our target. Our

future is most important. Let start thinking about it now.

Mary Brooks, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

IMPRESSIONS OF CANADA

Asking one's first impressions of Canada in relation to those of England might be described as asking a man his life history, for it entails the description of the life spent in England and the life up to date. However, as a famous author once stated that a child was able to capture the whole world in a nutshell, perhaps in my "nutshell" I will give you a general impression, without bringing in many minor differences that I have experienced.

The people of Canada enjoy such a high standard of living; it is not until you have tasted austerity that you appreciate this. The English are far from being martyrs, but to see one of your food markets and to be able to pick off any amount of delicious food from the shelf is for them a kind of medicine. But although they have meagre rations they joke about it. For instance some lady will take a magnifying glass to the grocer's so that she might see her cheese ration for the week; the newspaper comics have not far to look for their material.

Canadians are used to "sub-zero" wheather, but they find the moderate English climate "cold", because of the damp. We do not feel your "dry cold" here as much as you do.

The streets of cities are alike but whereas your roads, are more or less straight, the English roads are winding with sharp bends.

Many of the houses here are made with timber, while in England they are mainly of brick. The English houses have larger windows, and the majority have a garden at the back and front. They are not central heated but have an open hearth coal fire in the living room. The cost of coal prevents them from lighting more than one fire although there are fire places in the rooms downstairs, and one of the bedrooms upstairs.

After the age of eleven years the boys are separated from the girls. All girls' schools wear uniforms. No scholars are allowed to wear make-up, in school or after school because they wear an outdoor school uniform. Most schools provide free education including the girls' convents and boys' colleges. Education is paid for in income tax. Some boys go to the public schools which correspond with your private schools, such as Eton, Harrow,

Sports also differ. There is no skiing but a small percentage of people go skating, and some go tobogganing, when there is a chance. School games for girls are net ball—which is something like volley ball, rounders, tennis and cricket. English girls play hockey while the boys do not. This hockey is played on a field, with hockey sticks of course. The field is almost always thick with mud which oozes over your boots, but it is great fun.

The English teenagers find outdoor sport as much fun as a dance. Nearly everyone has a bicycle and on the weekend they set off in parties and in this way, they manage to see the beauty spots of England and have a lot of fun.

The average teenage boy is not so interested in taking a girl out, as he is in sports, and all that matters to him is how many "tries" he gets in rugby, or how many goals in "soccer" or how many runs in cricket. It is his ideal to excel on the sports field.

Instead of streetcars we have buses composed of two layers, and tramcars also composed of two layers—upstairs and down.

Here in Canada you do not have to put up with dense fogs, dampness, rain, rationing etc., see how lucky you are, and how much you have to be thankful for!

Barbara Murphy, XIII-B, S.J.C.S.

WEATHER FORECASTS

Weather forecast are a constant source of irritation and worry for everyone. Our natural tendency to be inquistive of the near future has us wondering whether we will be swept away in a gale, bombarded by a snowstorm or chilled by severe cold. There will always be reports of approaching storms for which you bundle up Eskimo fashion and leave the house next morning to find a cloudless sky and a gentle breeze. Weather forecasts save lives and property damages in places frequented by tornadoes or hurricanes.

We grumble if they are true and bring us storms and we also

grumble if they are untrue and no storms occur.

Barbara Ann Neddeau, X-B, S.J.C.S.

WALKING HOME

At three o'clock we pack our books, Copy our homework with eager looks. We make our line, all in a row, Some girls walk fast, some walk slow.

In a rush, we wrap up well, Ready to walk for a long, long spell. Any street cars in sight? That, we would like, No, not one, on account of the strike.

Scores of people young and old,
Walk briskly through the winter cold,
When we get home, we're tired as can be,
But I thank you, Lord, for guiding me.
Yvonne Bradley, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

THE POPLAR TREE

The snow forms a pattern upon the tree,
Waiting for all to come and see
The beauty of its icicles, hanging down,
Trying so hard to reach the ground.
Like Cinderella, its beauty's glittering and gay,
The prettiest and rarest of all in the vale.
It shines like silver and is proud to be
Just a, snow-and-ice-covered poplar tree.

Ann Bednarz, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

VIEW ON WEATHER

This is the weather the milkman hates And so do I. When I go to school, there'll be plenty of lates And so am I.

This is the weather the postman shuns And so do I.
When he has to go on long runs And so do I.

This is the weather the policeman hates And so do I. When he stands on corners and waits and waits And so do I.

This is the weather the milkmen like And so do I. For they ride although ther's a T.T.C., Strike And so do I.

Shirley Harding, X-B, S.J.C.S.

SKIING

Exciting describes the sport of skiing. For a few years I have enjoyed this sport.

At the ski-hill with the biting wind and crisp snow swirling around you, the fun begins. A ski tow lifts you to the top of a trail. Looking about you, the scenery is breathtaking. Now for the long trek to the bottom of the hill. You encounter many experiences on the way down, occasionally falling with a thump, but bravely getting up and with a smiling face you continue until you arrive safely. Skiing attracts thousands of young people for healthy amusement.

Ann Marie Corcoran, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

"FROSTY"

Frosty is a snowman who came to life one day. Tom and Jerry were playing in the snow and decided to build a snowman. They rolled three great snowballs which they placed on top of one another. Then they found some coal which they used for the eyes, and nose and a red stick for its mouth. Jerry's mother gave them a scarf to tie around Frosty's neck and Tom's mother donated an old silk hat which I think had some magic in it for when the boys placed it on Frosty's head he began to dance around. He danced up and down the street until he began to melt. Then he waved them good-bye and said, "Don't worry I'll be back again someday."

Patricia Russell, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

OUR DAY

The day of the Brown and Gold Ball is at hand. The descriptions of the new formals bring loud oh's and ah's from the envious listeners, many of whom may have to appear in their "old gowns" of last year. Arrangements of all sorts are in progress. Parties both before and after have the main interest. It is to be held at the Royal York Hotel, in a beautiful ball room reserved for us.

Excitement is in the air now a full month away; the school will be buzzing the day of the Prom. Keep it up girls!

Joan Buckley, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

HOBBIES

In the state of the world today I think every boy and every girl should have a hobby, one that you like and one that would be educational.

Why don't you join your neighbourhood library, and get out some good books or start a record collection of good music and then remember to spend a couple of nights a weeks enjoying this hobby.

I think that if teen-agers would take more time to notice the better things of life, there wouldn't be so many getting into trouble because there wouldn't be enough time.

So take hold of some of this advice and just notice some of the surprises one can get from a good hobby.

Agnes Marie Kelly, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

TICK! TOCK! TICK!

Listen to those precious minutes ticking away. Are we aware of what the clock is trying to tell us? Does it matter to us that God will demand a reckoning of each precious minute which we dream away?

Here, in Grade twelve is when we should be preparing ourselves for our path of life. If it is going to be a religious vocation, then act accordingly. Have fun yes, but good fun! Don't insult Him by offering a soul scarred with sin. Perhaps marriage will be our path to God. If so make sure that it will be a Christian marriage.

If it is a career that we seek, then make a career that will add to the glory of our Creator. One by which we can bring Christ to those who do not taste His sweetness.

Whatever it is, let us plan our life so that it will help us choose as Christ would choose.

Judy Murray, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

I LOVE TOMMY

In the summer of 1950 one of my friends told me that her aunt wanted to sell her bird as soon as possible. I immediately began persuading my parents that I couldn't live without a budgie. Three days later I had a new pet and fun began. Tommy was a year old and completely untamed. When I let him out he flew about wildly striking windows and walls with his head. He couldn't even be coaxed down for food, so Mother clipped his wings. This was helpful and within four months he was perfectly at home with us.

I fear that some day he will go the way of all birds—the wide blue yonder. Until then I shall proudly speak of Tommy, my affectionate pet who, wonder of wonders, talks twice as much as I do.

Ewa Jarmicka, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

THE BETTER KIND

I'm sure many of you have browsed through a library either a public, private or school library. But did you know that there was another kind of library—a better kind? There is!

Tucked in a corner of every Church there is a shelf, small, or large, with tiny books replacing the huge ones of the libraries. This miniature library contains for a small price, the lives of saints or just ordinary everyday questions and answers to questions which people ask concerning their religion. Do you make use of it? Try it sometime and if you're stuck for the answer to a religion question you'll find it as near to you as the Church. Find out yourself that this library is one of the best—one of the better kind.

Mary J. Barker, X-A, S.J.C.S.

TREES ARE MAN'S FRIENDS

Trees are the friends of man. Their fruits provide him with many valuable vitamins that are very necessary for good health. The roots of the trees keep the soil together and prevent it from erosion. Since this is true, the good soil stays in its place and the farmer is able to grow good crops. The leaves which fall on the ground in autumn form a natural sponge which hold the water and then gradually releases it in time of need. These leaves also supply a rich mould to fertilize the ground.

Trees are practical for man. They yield timber for rafts, masts, for ships, lumber for buildings and fine furniture; also pulp for our paper.

Trees beautify gardens, fields and roadsides blooming and loveliness with green and white and rosy blossoms—"Only God can make a tree!"

Orysia Nohnit, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

WINTER BEAUTY

The window, in the morning, was covered with beautiful designs. The sun played quickly on it and the frost flashed an icy blue and gold. As I went outside, my eyes were momentarily blinded by the sparkling reflection of the sun on the snow. Standing on the veranda of the lodge, I could see for miles. The gleaming flat snow was unbroken by footsteps or ski treads. The mountain to the left was like a beautiful Mona Lisa, cold and aloof, looking loftily down on the scene below. The lake, contrasting with the glowing red of the sun and the pure, sparkling, whiteness of the snow was a deep blue, shimmering and still in the early morning. After seeing this picture of beauty, I hurried inside for breakfast so that I might afterward go farther into this "Winter Wonderland".

Donna Campbell, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

A TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE AND ADVICE

Through the fog of modern materialistic thought there penetrates a bright light, shining upon a guided path set down by the papal encyclicals. There are many different and confusing psychologies and it is difficult to keep one's mind free from wayward ideas. Not enough Catholic people realize what a treasure of common sense, good advice and supernatural insight the encyclicals contain. They deal not only with problems facing the church, but also with those facing the working man. These encyclicals are letters written by our Holy Father guided by the Holy Ghost, to give us the right outlook, so that we may judge as a Christian should. They are written by our earthly and spiritual Father forming a rule by which the lay apostolate may live, work and play, provided with food for thought and mental prayer, and always "At Magnam Gloriam Dei".

Pat Harrison, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

BASKET BALL

The shrill sound of a whistle, the dull thump of a bouncing ball and our game has begun. Back and forth we passed the ball to the players. The opposing side, trying as hard as they could, did not get the ball during the first ten minutes. Then there was a throw, and complete silence as the ball rolled around the side of the basket. Again and Again there were shots but soon our opponents grasped the ball. The score was tied when we recaptured it. With fifteen seconds to play in the last inning our captain threw the ball directly into the basket, victory was won!

Carol O'Hagan, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

MY MORNING PRAYER

When I wake up in the morning I kneel down and lift my head
To the beautiful picture of Jesus right beside my bed.
I bless myself and thank Him for all He has given to me,
For my mother and father and sisters
For I'm as happy as a child can be.
And please dear Lord, guide me all through the day,
During my work and during my play,
That all may be for Thee.

Yvonne Atwell, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

THE RETURN OF TRIUMPHANT X-A.

With apologies to William Shakespeare

Wherefore rejoice? What new score evens ye it? What tributaries follow you to school Who came in Triumph over 10C's fall? What another general rout! I do believe that these applauses are For some new winning over 10C's team Come, I bid ye speak Tell me the score of it. So ye have won? And do ye now cull out a holiday And do ye now seek lessons to avoid? Ye sure have wit and eke those sparks of life From failing 10C's team. I think—yet—very well—it shall be so. Victories in sports must not unsignalled go.

Sally Azzarello, X-A, S.J.C.S.

A NATURAL DESIRE TO BE SOMEBODY ELSE?

People never seem to be satisfied with themselves. They are always wanting to be someone else. There is good in wanting to be better than you are but yet you should be satisfied with what you have and you should try to make the best of it. A person who is always trying to be someone else has no happiness for he is too busy trying to resemble another whom God intended to be different.

Trying to be like someone else has its good and its bad points. For example even though you may be practising his good qualities you cannot help but pick up some of his bad faults and habits. A person who is satisfied with his or her own state of life is farther ahead than one who tries to master the good points of other people. Even though everyone has a natural desire to be someone else the happiest and most well liked person is the one who is himself.

Rosemarie Plante, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

A PRAYER

Each night is dark and gloomy,
The days are a lighter shade,
In vain to all things earthly my soul appeals for aid.
But thee is no help neath heaven. No mortal hand may help.
Still the restless fires within me make the night more black,
Hand in thine I cannot falter, if you are always at my side for my

heavy heart seems lighter and the restless fires die. Safe am I when beside me you walk and the gloomy nights and days, fade in Thy presence when in you my heart confides.

B. J. Schreider, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

THE DICTIONARY

Have you ever written an essay about a dictionary, "I did". While sitting at my desk one day I noticed two dictionaries on Sister's desk. One French and English, the other, all English.

I've never found out who started the dictionary, but who ever it was must have been intelligent. Imagine all those words, combined in the one book, each explained in clear and concise English. It is one of the most useful books in any language, especially if you are in a foreign country.

So from merely sitting here at my desk I've learned about the dictionary. It is useful, and is one of the best and noted books of our age or any age to come.

Marlene Homsy, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

A DENTIST APPOINTMENT

Because of the T.T.C. strike I had to walk. You see, I had a dentist appointment. Our dentist is a friendly, gentle, soul, and he would not hurt a fly, I tell myself. He is a good dentist, but this still does not prevent that scared feeling when mother mentions a dentist appointment. I keep visualizing the long needle, the freezing, the drill, of which I have a great fear. I imagine I am going to choke on those little gadgets he puts in my mouth before he starts to fill the tooth. Well, here I am, I might as well go in and get it over with.

K. Thomson, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

T.T.C. STRIKE

Walk, walk, walk. Every place you go you walk. The reason—T.T.C. Strike. One advantage is that you save by not buying car tickets and there is always the courteous driver who would gladly stop and pick you up, which means a cheaper ride. Toronto seemed to get on without transportation for there is not one office where a person was absent because of the strike. Only the down-town stores suffered because of the little business and during rush hours the cars bumper to bumper, made it difficult to get home.

Pat Rooke, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

THE TASK

It had been requested and received. It lay there, on the table, a beautifully bound leather scrap book—a symbol of an incompleted career—for the last page was blank.

"You must finish it," her mother had said. "It is not like you to start something and not finish it. Besides, its the story of your life."

"Yes," came the bitter reply. "Part of my life." And yet, she knew she would go through the torture of obeying her mother's kidding.

"Why, oh why did it have to happen?" she asked herself. "I, Margaret Forrester, once the greatest dancer of the times, and now—?" Her fingers brushed against the smooth leather. It had been a gift from her father on that first night, that glorious night.

Memories came flooding back. The audition, the letter that announced her victory over sixty of the country's budding ballerinas, awaiting the scholarship to attend the National Ballet Academy; then the gruelling lessons, the joys and heartbreaks. And how well she remembered her first performance. She could almost hear the nervous twitters of the violins, smell the grease paint, and feel the dryness of her throat. That night, in the wings she was positive that she could not go on. Her legs wouldn't move, she couldn't remember her steps—there was her cue. Effortlessly she whirled from the wings onto the huge vastness of the stage.

She danced for the sheer love of dancing. She loved the heat of the lights, the power in her limbs, the murmur of approval that spread over the audience. She was caught—caught in the magnetic whirl of the ballet. A sudden torrent of intoxicating joy swelled in her throat, spun in her head, moistened her eyes. It was wonderful. The critics had been kind. Her performance was a symphony of youth, beauty, and genius. They had called her a potential Pavlova or Karsavina.

She sighed remembering these things. The unmerciful rehearsals, the thrilling performances, the satisfaction and dissatisfaction of being "almost" perfect,—yes, this was her life—this was Margaret Forrester.

Once more her glare fell upon the book. The glow faded from her face. Every day she had made an entry in the scrap book until—.

"I must do it", she told herself. "I must." Reluctantly the book was opened, a pen taken in her hand—a hesitation—and then the pen moved swiftly.

"Margaret Forrester will dance no more!"

Her name was signed and a salty tear trickled from her cheek as a seal of the statement. The task was completed.

She sighed, and contentedly the potential Pavlova laid her head back on the cushion of her wheel chair.

Carole O'Brien, X-C, S.J.C.S.

HITCH-HIKING

"Hop in, where are you headed for?"

"St. Clair and Bathurst."

"Oh! I am going up that way."

"You been driving long madam?"

About a month. But I've never driven in traffic before. I'm

rather enjoying myself."

"Yes, I can see that. When I drive I put the car in second gear if it's supposed to be in second gear, but you've got a novel idea, putting it in opposite gears. Don't you find it a little hard on the car?"

"Well, I do that, only when I forget. But I don't see any dif-

ference, do you?"

"Oh no, no. Outside of the fact that my car would land in the garage every week. But what's a car or two when you're as rich as I am."

"What do you do for a living?"

"I'm a baker."

Oh! I almost forgot to stop for the red light. I always forget to put the brakes on. Well here is your destination."

"Thank you, thank you very much for getting me here alive."

Mary Lou Zingrone, X-D, S.J.C.S.

THREE ROADS TO HEAVEN—WHICH IS YOURS?

There are three roads leading us to the Eternal Commencement, marriage, single blessedness and the religious life. You will walk to eternity on one of these roads. You alone must make that choice. You alone must choose that state in which you can do something or be that something for which God has created you. If we do not choose the right state in life how can we save our souls? How can we be happy and make others happy in this world? To prevent choosing the wrong vocation we should pray, receive the sacraments and seek competent guidance. As Cardinal Newman says, "I have a place in God's counsels, in God's world which no one else has—I have my mission." Elizabeth Hirsch, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

WHAT IS YOUR VOCATION?

How many of us let the meaning of the word "vocation" slip by? God has put each of us on earth for a special purpose. That purpose is for the greater glory of God and our own eternal happiness. How can we expect to reach this goal if we do nothing to encourage the vocation, the pattern of life which is set before us to follow? Remember those famous words: "Life is a journey, travel the path marked by His tireless feet." Let us bear this in mind and follow Christ. A proper vocation is the important thing in life. It means our eternal and temporal happiness. To choose the wrong state in life means disaster and unhappiness to ourselves, and others. Let us try to see the plan of life Christ has drawn for us. Let us take these blueprints and from them build and create a life which will please Christ and His Mother.

Freia Kaiser, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

TOPSY-TURVY WORLD

I was travelling from Toronto to Montreal and looking for a place in the crowded train. Suddenly I saw one and I was about to sit down when an elderly man shouted, "This seat is taken!"

"I am sorry," I said politely, "I did not know." So I went from one car to the other to a small compartment where only a father sat with his two children. I saw the children were hard to deal with. They screamed and giggled in spite of their father's admonitions.

All at once one of the boys stepped up on my bench, on my brandnew hat. The father uttered excuses. "Don't worry about it," I tried to comfort him, "Things like this happen with children."

"I am sorry", he uttered, "These boys are really awful." The children still did not stop screaming.

Then the man continued, "Oh am I ever unlucky! In the other compartment my children broke the windowglass, one swallowed the train-tickets, and I just discovered that I left my briefcase with money in it, behind, and we are in the wrong train!"

When we came to the next station we got out and I bought him tickets for the right train, then I continued my journey in peace.

Livia Varju, X-D, S.J.C.S.

HITCH-HIKERS RISK

"I am going as far as Queen and Yonge. Will that help?"

"Fine. My office is a few blocks from there. It would be shorter through the University grounds and so avoid traffic."

"I would rather stay on Yonge Street. My husband says I'm not a good driver on busy streets and I'm going to prove I can handle traffic as well as he. Wish those cars would stay out of my way—oh dear, I am afraid I hit something back there, can you see what it is?"

"Only a pedestrian, don't bother stopping."

"My husband says I drive too fast, But I don't think so. Do you?"

"Well maybe ten miles slower would be safer."

"Did you notice that policeman shouting at you?"

"Yes, but I never pay any attention. When I stop they give me a ticket, so I keep on going."

"We're almost there, I'll get out."

"I don't mind taking you. I'm going to the hospital to pick up my husband.

He received a few minor cuts while we were driving in the country. I was learning to drive. You would never guess I'd just been driving a month would you?"

"Never, Madam, never. Goodbye and thank you for the ride."

Janet Stobie, X-D. S.J.C.S.

MODERN YOUTH

"What is wrong with our young people?" It is time someone asked the question. "What is right with youth?" Of course no observing person can be blind to the faults of the younger generation. Their wild adventures, mad search for thrills and revolts against authority, rais questions which cannot be dismissed with airy optimisom. But youth show traits which if capitalized and rightly guided will make them the finest generation the country has ever produced.

They are neither all good nor all bad, nor are their parents. One moment they are carefree and the next serious, one day daring and wild, the next conservative, because they are strangers to themselves. They have not yet realized the difference between good and bad impulses and so give free reign to all. Modern youth looks upon life as a great glorious adventure in which they are mined to have a thrilling experience.

Young people of today inherited their world, and have been thrust into a confusing universe. Their restlessness is their effort to bring order into this chaos and they look to their elders for sympathy and help in this great undertaking.

Mary Anne Weber, XII-C, S.J.C.S.

OUR LENTEN DUTY

As everyone knows, during the Lenten season, we should make some sort of sacrifice, just as God made His great sacrifice to save us. In the past years we have usually "given up" certain things such as shows, dancing, or candy. Now that we are older, don't you think that it would be a greater sacrifice to "do" something rather than "give up" something. We could make an effort to go to Mass and Holy Communion not just once or twice a week, but every day. We could say the Rosary every night—as we should be doing—but which most of us are neglecting. But none of these sacrifices will obtain any grace for us unless we do them for God's greater glory. So let's really do our "Lenten Duty" the best ever an doffer whatever we do, to God who made such a great sacrifice for our sins.

Rosemary Robertson, XII-B. S.J.C.S.



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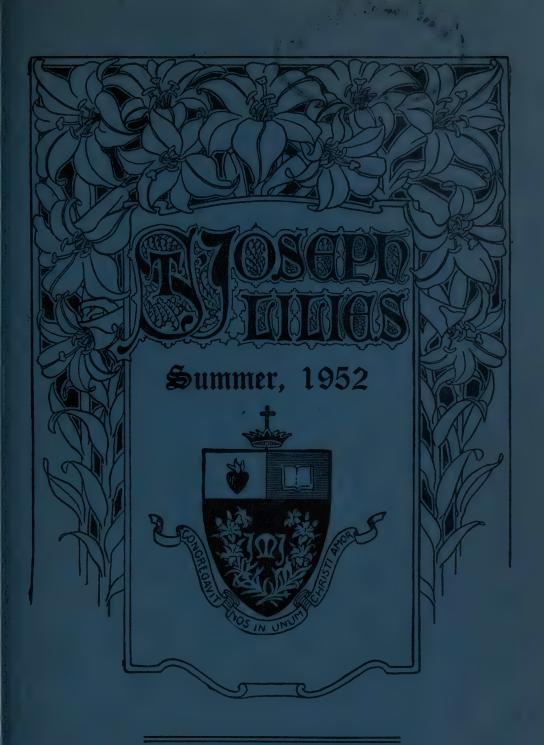


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CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE— THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS	90
THE SACRED HEART LIVES— By Reverend Paul Waldron	91
FATHER LOUIS OF LAVAGNA— By Reverend E. Kelly	94
TORONTO-1615— By T. A. Reed	105
REFLECTIONS ON PADRE PIO— By Reverend Edward R. Glavin, Ph.D., S.T.L., J.C.D.	111
CONTRASTS IN CANADIAN ART— By Sister M. Leonarda, C.S.J	117
THE VOCATION OF NURSING— By Fr. E. C. McEniry, O.P	123
THE YOUNG MAN WHO LAUGHED AT DEATH— By A. De Manche	126
WHY PILGRIMAGES?— By G. M. Eglinton	129
THE MYSTICISM OF G. K. CHESTERTON— By Bro. Antoninus M. Delaney, O.P	132
THE OLDEST SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES—By K. M. Rabb	
CALL FOR HEROINES— By Rev. Stephen J. McDonald, O.Carm	141
POETRY:	
NOTRE DAME DE PUY— By Benjamin Francis Musser	146
THE CORONATION—By Frederick Lynk, S.V.D	146
INFINITY SPURNED-By Grace Stillman Minck	147
THE CRIMSON SHOWER-By P. J. Coleman	147
VIOLETS-By C. Corcoran	147
ALUMNAE:	
LIST OF OFFICERS	148
EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS	150

COMMUNITY 153
COLLEGE:
NOTES 157
GRADUATES OF 1952 159
COLLEGE SCHOOL:
OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY 171
ST. JOSEPH HIGH SCHOOL

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Published March, June and November Subscription \$1.00

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The Sacred Heart of Jesus

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. XLI

TORONTO, JUNE, 1952

No. 2

THE SACRED HEART LIVES THE SYMBOL OF LOVE

By VERY REVEREND PAUL WALDRON

To have an appreciation of the hidden beauties of devotion to the Sacred Heart, we must bear in mind one truth. We live our lives in the midst of images, signs, and symbols. God has made us that way. He respects His own laws, and deals with us according to the nature He has given us. This law of signs and symbols is one of the principal laws of nature.

It enters into the life of the body as well as the life of the soul. It is one of the richest and most beautiful experiences we have. Miserable indeed is the man who sees nothing in plant or tree or flower or even in his own soul, except some physical fact. An unbeliever of this kind robs himself of all relationship with the infinite. He misses the magnificent truth that all creatures are constantly speaking to us. They are mirrors, images, reminders, more or less perfect of God, of His beauty, His power, above all, of His love.

If nature did not tell us of God our Father, we might dispense with our vision. A book, no matter how vast, that does not reveal its author's purpose is not worth the reading. Our social life lives on signs and symbols. The language we speak and the words we use are images of our thoughts. What deep and touching thoughts lie hidden under such simple words as mother, child, father, friend!

The same law is true in the world of God, of grace, of the soul. The sacraments are signs. But of all signs the most satis-

fying is the heart. It is a natural and not merely a conventional symbol. It is the symbol of love. Hence the Heart of Christ is the symbol of the love of Christ. The word heart has the magic power to move us at any time, when we speak of some one who has loved greatly, nobly, unselfishly.

But when that heart is the living Heart of Jesus, the Great Lover, One who has loved with the love of a Man and with the love of God, we are enraptured. His tenderness, His mercy, His virtues, His sufferings, His joys—all the pent-up love of His beautiful Soul and of His Divinity—His Heart speaks of all this. No word can be more touching. No sign is so rich. The Cross of Christ speaks with an eloquence that is divine. It has transformed men's hearts in every age.

Here is a sign that is raised up in His adorable Person. It is a standard that shines in the center of His Sacred Humanity, and which places before our eyes that humanity in its every form from the cradle to the Cross. All that He did and endured for us from Bethlehem to Calvary, He did and endured because of His love.

That love shines through His Sacred Heart, His infant Heart beating against the Immaculate Heart of His Mother, His Heart as a workman, toiling for the salvation of the world, His Heart as wonder-worker who by His teaching and miracles planted divine truths in the minds of His listeners, His Heart as a Victim dying on Calvary, His Heart reigning in the glory of heaven and animating His Church, His Heart as a Priest-Victim at the altar who wishes to be continually offered and to give himself to us in the Eucharist.

Such is the new sign that is lifted up, which shines on the world, drawing all things to Itself. We adore under this sign all the marvels of the love of Jesus Christ in His life and death and Passion; in His resurrection and glory and in the Eucharist; always remembering that in this sign of love we are addressing ourselves to the Person of Jesus Christ.

When you venerate the Cross and pray before it to increase grace in the souls of the just and to pour in grace to purify sinners, it is to Jesus dying on the Cross that you are speaking.

When you implore the Body of Christ to prepare you for the judgment that is to come, you pray not to the Body alone, but to the Soul that animates it and to the Person of the Eternal Word united to the Body and Soul.

When we worship the wounds of Jesus, we worship the whole Person. So, too, when you recite the litanies of the Sacred Heart, or the prayers of St. Margaret Mary, and say: "Heart of Jesus, pierced with a lance. . .Heart of Jesus, substantially united to the Word of God," you address yourself not only to His physical Heart, but also to His Soul and His Divinity. You are speaking a language that appeals to Him and to you: the language of the heart, the language of love.

CATHEDRA MAGISTRI

Here is 'the book of charity' wherein
Saint Dominic conned his prayer; here Thomas sought,
When deep perplext, his oracle; here taught
By 'Eternal Wisdom, 'Suso learned to win
The 'Game of Love'; 'God's Table,' Catherine
Found here; Las Casas, charts; here Martin bought
His panacea; inspiration caught
Angelico; his fire the Florentine.

Ah, for their sight! Zacheus can not see,
Low-statured he must climb! Up, timid heart!
Look in those Eyes and borrow them! For thee
A vision waits. Rend thou the veils apart
Of fear, of doubt, of selfishness. Behold,
Expectant harvests, ripe for reapers bold!

₩F. Ryan

FATHER LOUIS OF LAVAGNA

By REVEREND E. KELLY

Editor's Note:

It seems opportune now to reprint this article on the saintly Father Louis of Lavagna who laboured in St. Mary's Parish now celebrating its centenary. Preliminary steps in the cause of the beatification of this servant of God have been taken. Although he was there less than a year his memory will always be held in veneration.

IN THE south transept of St. Mary's Church, Bathurst Street, Toronto, on the eastern wall is a marble slab now somewhat delapidated, which has the following inscription:

BENEATH ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS

THE VERY REVEREND FATHER LOUIS DELLA VAGNA,
OF THE ORDER OF CAPUCHINS,
A NATIVE OF GENOA.

HE LOVED POVERTY, OBEDIENCE, CHASTITY.

HE LED A MORTIFIED LIFE AND WAS A STRICT OBSERVER OF THE RULE OF ST. FRANCIS.

HE DIED ON THE 17TH OF MARCH, 1857. JESUS AND MARY, RECEIVE HIS SOUL.

Although he may be unknown to the present generation, Father Louis was an outstanding member of his Order as a preacher and in an executive way in three European countries before he came to St. Mary's. But great as were his gifts in these regards, it was the sanctity of his life that impressed those who came in contact with him; bishops, priests and laics alike revered him as a Saint.

The "Della Vagna" of the above inscription is an error; those who erected the tablet thought no doubt that this was his family name. Father Candide of the same Order in an article in Nouvelle, France (December, 1911), pointed out the custom of his Order which, instead of the family name uses the

name of the place of nativity in the lists of its members. Father Louis was born in the village of Lavagna, a few miles from Genoa, says Father Candide, and was known in the Order as Father Louis of Lavagna. His family name was Sambuceti, and he was baptized Caesar; the name Louis was assumed on entering the Capuchin Order.

Born in 1801, of a wealthy family, he was destined by his parents to follow in the family traditions. He was educated by the Brothers of the Christian Schools at Genoa and showed marked aptitude in acquiring foreign languages, especially English. On leaving school he was placed by his father as a clerk on the Exchange, but was soon afterwards promoted to the charge of the foreign correspondence. Having attained his majority, he became the head of an extensive banking business.

Up to this time he had led the life of a good Catholic, and had been considered even fervent in the fulfillment of his religious duties. But the parable of the seed sown amongst thorns was truly examplified in him. Unduly preoccupied by his business affairs, his fervor cooled and for the period of four years he almost entirely abandoned the practice of his religion; in after years he bemoaned and lamented this phase of his life.

He was stricken with tuberculosis of the bones and the amputation of his arm was declared by his physicians as inevitable. The young man, now thoroughly realizing the emptiness of those things for which he had imperilled his soul became most exacting in the fulfillment of those religious duties so long neglected. He refused to allow the operation to be performed, and made a vow to the Mother of Sorrows that if cured of his ailment, he would enter a monastery or do whatever else seemed to be God's will.

The cure being effected, shortly after this, he repaired at once to the Capuchins at Genoa and offered himself as a lay-brother. His humility in this matter met with a refusal, and it was as an aspirant to the priesthood that he became a member of the Order. This took place in the year 1825, when he

was twenty-four years of age. As a student and later as a priest he was a source of edification to all by his fidelity to the rule, and from the beginning his ideal was to oppose the luxury and laxity of his day by poverty and Franciscan austerities. To this principle he was ever true to the day of his death.

Being ordained priest in due time, he spent sixteen years

amongst the Capuchins of his native province. was then sent to France, where his Order was being reorganized after the terrible havoc wrought by the Revolution. Here he had much to do.

Perfecting himself in the French language, he took up the work of preaching missions and retreats, but sometimes was called to work of a more mundane nature, but of equal importance to the Order. At Lyons he prepared the plans and superintended the building of the convent of La Villette. The

real strength was clearly Father Louis of Lavagna, O.F.M.C. shown by an incident that Toronto. Died March 17th, 1857. occurred during the early



Pastor of St. Mary's Church

days of the Revolution of 1848. He was engaged in preaching a mission in a certain town and the Republicans tried to expel him. He boldly informed them that he would not budge except on the order of the Bishop who had called him thither.

Later on he was at Lyons when the mob determined to destroy the convent and bury the friars in its ruins. The decree of death was passed by the provisional officers elected by the Revolutionists, but the less sanguinary element amongst them at last prevailed, and the Capuchins were given twenty-four hours to leave the home that they had so recently erected. Father Louis and the other Genoese members of the party on leaving the convent, crossed the frontier and returned to Genoa.

When the storm of Revolution had passed Father Louis returned to France and resumed his missionary labors. In the course of his work he came to the Seminary of Aix in Province, to preach a retreat. The director of the Seminary was M. de Charbonnel, a Sulpician, who had spent nine years in America, and of whom it was rumored that he was to be appointed Bishop of a See on that Continent. The vehement M. de Charbonnel impressed upon his hearer the great need of priests in that far distant land. Father Louis replied that if it were God's will that he should end his days in America he would be perfectly willing to go there. That was sufficient for M. de Charbonnel, who averred that if he became Bishop, as gossip would have it, he would immediately ask the Father General for permission to take Father Louis with him. The Capuchin made no opposition to the proposal, and a few months later. hearing that M. de Charbonnel was preparing for consecration for the See of Toronto, was on the point of writing the Bishopelect to remind him of the agreement. Lest perhaps he might be hastening the Will of God, the holy religious was content, however, to offer the Holy Sacrifice for that intention and await events.

But the Bishop needed no reminders. Scarcely was he consecrated by Pius IX than he requested His Holiness that he might have a house of the Capuchins in his diocese, and that Father Louis should be of that household. The Pope readily granted the permission, but there were others who were not so enthusiastic of the plan. The heads of the French province were loath to lose the services of one of their best members. The matter was referred by the Provincial Chapter to the Superior General, who advised that the Congregation of the Propaganda be approached for a final decision on the case. The outcome was that Father Louis was given to Bishop de Char-

bonnel for a period of five years, and that the former and a fellow-Religious received an obedience for Canada.

The rapidity of events almost took the breath from the subject of all this controversy, who, however, had but one

thought-to do the Will of God as revealed to him by the voice of his Superiors. Making his way to Paris, where he was to meet the companion of his mission, the latter being tardy, he set out alone for England, where he was to spend the winter brushing up his English before embarking for Canada. This latter arrangement was a setback for Bishop de Charbonnel's project, for when Spring had come Father Louis had not only perfected himself in the English language, but had won the esteem and admiration of many of the Episcopate, the clergy, and the laity of England. He had told that Divine Providence had sent him to England



From a drawing of Father Louis of Lavagna in his coffin in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto.

to restore Franciscan ideals; that he should remain at least temporarily amongst them. The holy Religious replied: "I would almost dare believe that God wills it, and I would dare add that perhaps He wants to make use of this insignificant little man. I dare not assert this, for I am too wretched." In his dilemma he appealed to the Bishop of Toronto who, realizing the good that Father Louis would do for the Church in England, gladly but reluctantly allowed him to remain. His Lordship, however, was anxious that the stay in England might be as brief as circumstances would permit, hoping as he said in his whimsical way, that it would not be prolonged to the end of the world.

To encourage the missionary the Bishop writes that he is reserving a rich field for Father Louis and his confreres. He will place them in a parish in Toronto or at the Falls of Niagara, whose mighty waters will become the means of the baptism of many, and the resurrection of multitudinous souls from heresy, impiety, and immorality.

The career of Father Louis in England warranted all that his enthusiastic admirers had expected. At this time the Franciscan Orders had practically died out in England; only one member of the Recollet Province established in Queen Mary's time remained, and he died with the Capuchins a few years later—a link of the old and the new. Under Father Louis' supervision the convent at Panstaph was erected and also the church and convent at Peckham. Besides the strenuous labor of establishing his Order he gave himself without stint to the work of the missions, beginning at Liverpool and extending his labors to all parts of the country. "With half a dozen subjects like Father Louis' wrote his Genoese Superior, "the success of the English foundation is assured."

In 1854 he visited Ireland, giving missions in Dublin and in Cork, accomplishing, as usual, an immense amount of good. After five years in England Father Louis felt that his work in that country was completed. A new Superior had been appointed to Panstaph, so the founder now turned his thoughts towards Canada. His French Superiors, however, were under the impression that the long sojourn in England had voided the former agreement, and they ordered Father Louis to the missions of India. With his habitual disinterestedness he set out for that far distant land, but was stricken by fever at Malta and had to return to France.

When Bishop de Charbonnel heard of this new arrangement he was thunderstricken. Were agreements duly signed and sealed to be as nought? Although he had been accommodating enough to allow his subject to remain away temporarily, he had never dreamed of renouncing his rights to him. "I would prefer," said he, "to lose my mitre and my crozier rather than deprive my diocese of the services of Father Louis." The fiery-heated Bishop brought the matter to the attention of the Propaganda and the order came to Father Louis, then recuperating at La Villette, to go to Canada. This was in the Spring of 1856.

Passing through Ireland, he visited All Hallows College, where he was received with the same respect as would be paid to St. Francis of Assisi or St. Anthony of Padua. His ascetic appearance and the sanctity of his manner made a strong impression on the young Levites, one of whom Mr. Mulligan, came to Toronto shortly afterwards, and a year later, as a priest, administered the last sacraments to the holy Capuchin.

On the feast of the Ascension Father Louis made his first public appearance in Toronto at the High Mass in St. Paul's church, being seated at the right of the Bishop during the ceremony. A short, dark complexioned man, emaciated, but with piercing dark eyes, bearded, arrayed in the Capuchin habit, with tonsured head and sandaled feet, he seemed to the surprised congregation to be one of those figures of the Middle Ages, suddenly transported amongst them. At the close of the Mass the Bishop arose and introduced the newcomer in the following words: "I have the happiness to announce to you the arrival amongst us of a holy monk, the Reverend Louis of Lavagna, who comes all the way from Italy, burning with zeal for the salvation of souls. I have known him for nearly eight years; I have sought him for you the last six, but obstacles continually presented themselves. At last through the kindness of the Pope and of the Propagation he is here.

On the following Sunday Father Louis was inducted by the Bishop into the pastoral charge of St. Mary's Church, which was to be the scene of his labors for the remainder of his life. "From that day," says a contemporary biographer, "until the day of his death, he administered the Sacraments and the consolations of religion with unremitting attention. He was literally day and night with his flock. All day long he sought after and promoted their welfare. He visited the sick, comforted the afflicted and performed deeds of which, till a further manifestation of Divine Providence, we forbear to speak." Notwithstanding the severity of our Canadian winters, Father Louis adhered to the strict rules of his Order. He always wore his Capuchin habit, and finding that the cloth for such could not be procured in Toronto, he wrote a friend in France regretting the worn habit he had left behind which would take the place of that which he wore while the latter was being washed; he therefore asked that sufficient material be sent him for making one or two habits.

Soon after his arrival he was presented with a pair of shoes, but he never wore them, the Franciscan sandals being his only footgear amidst the snow and the frost. In the month of February he came to Father Soulerin, the Administrator of the diocese (the Bishop being in Europe at the time), asking permission to have a fire in his house. The good Basilian commanded him under obedience to do so at once. His food was of the coarsest and plainest kind, and was always prepared by his own hands. He rarely ate more than one fair meal in a day, and meat scarcely ever passed his lips. All the repairs to church or house were executed by his own hands. He rarely slept more than barely sufficient to sustain nature, and always rose to fulfill the canonical hours according to the Rule of his Order.

As pastor he could not avoid entirely the handling of money but all the receipts of the parish were sent to the Cathedral, and by the Bishop's instructions, the financial obligations of St. Mary's and its pastor were attended to there. Of course fables have arisen, as they naturally would about a man who was leading such a unusual life. Some said that he slept in a coffin, others that his bed was a packing case; but the truth of the

matter is, as gleaned from one who as an altar boy had free access to the presbytery, as such urchins have, that Father Louis made a "bunk" or pallet from the boards of a case in which a statue had come from Europe, and on this he took his repose.

As a preacher his eloquence was that of the Saints, and his works went directly to the hearts of his hearers. The catechetical instruction of the children was for him truly a labor of love, and was long remembered by those so fortunate as to come under his influence in this regard. The late Canon Lindsay, of Quebec, after more than half a century, recalled with deep feeling the impressions created in his mind as a child by the lessons of this remarkable man. From the testimony of those competent to judge in such matters, as priests (some of whom were afterwards raised to the Episcopate) and members of Religious Communities, Father Louis was considered to be a master in the spiritual life and that his mind was well disciplined in the Science of the Saints.

Amidst his multitudinous parish duties the lone Capuchin's thought often reverted to that project so dear to the heart of his Bishop and his own—the establishment of his Order in the diocese. Extracts from some of his letters to his confreres in Europe will show the mind of Father Louis on this matter. "If you were only inspired to join your little friend." "The Winter is not so unbearable as it is reputed to be," the proof of which is that he who before was weak and frail has seen all his old maladies disappear and his health is now normal. "Allow yourself to be persuaded, come here, think of it coram Domino," says this publicity agent of the Lord.

Some of the friends of Father Louis were willing to be his companions, but the prosaic Superiors prevented the establishment. Bishop de Charbonnel, who was equally keen for the project, has set aside the sum of three thousand dollars as the nucleus of the foundation, and his successor, Archbishop Lynch, as late as 1880 was still striving to bring the Capuchins to the diocese. It was only in 1890, a few months before the death of Bishop de Charbonnel, that the Order established itself in

Canada, and then not in Toronto, but in the neighboring Archdiocese of Ottawa.

But the end was in sight, and Father Louis was aware of the fact. At a Requiem at the Cathedral for a prominent physician, as Father Lawrence, one of the Cathedral staff, was ascending the pulpit to preach the funeral sermon, he was accosted by Father Louis, who told him that the very next time that he would preach a similar sermon it would be for him (Father Louis) and that it would be soon. On March 13th he was taken ill with pneumonia and was removed to St. Michael's palace, where he died on the feast of St. Patrick, March 17th.

When the body was being prepared for burial the culmination of the efforts of Father Louis at mortification was disclosed. It was found that he wore a hair shirt, and around his waist was discovered a girdle made of twisted wire with thirty-seven prongs projecting after the manner of modern barbed wire. This instrument of torture he must have worn for many years, as the skin about the holes made by the prongs was hard and calloused.

For two days the body lay in the Cathedral and thousands came to pay their respects to the deceased. So eager were the faithful to get relics of the holy man that it was found necessary to place the body within the grill of one of the chapels. As St. Mary's Church was undergoing repairs at the time, the body was temporarily deposited in the crypt of the Cathedral, and on April 16th the funeral took place to St. Mary's Church. Here a solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. J. M. Bruyere, with Rev. John R. Lee as deacon and Rev. Patrick Mulligan as sub-deacon. The Reverend John Walsh, afterwards Archbishop of Toronto, who preached the sermon, referred to Father Louis as "that jewel set in its rich casing of ascetic brilliants which has been so untimely taken from you, but its memory will perpetuate itself amongst you like a gentle perfume, as the sweet odor of Christ."

The interment took place beneath the sanctuary of the church, and thirty years later when the new church was built, the remains were raised and upon examination were found to be in a wonderful state of preservation; a fact attested to by two Catholic physicians, Drs. Wallace and McConnell. The body was then placed in the vault where it now rests.

Several souvenirs of this holy priest are still preserved in Toronto families and are cherished as pious relics. As to the authenticity of the miracles reputed to be wrought through their agency, it is, of course, the affair of the Church to decide. Father Louis, if not a saint, was a very holy man, and in the words of an editorial of the Catholic Register of some years ago, "It is therefore meet and fitting that the memory of this sainted priest should be kept alive in a city which was blessed by his ministrations and which still holds his mortal remains."

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Imprint Thy wounds upon my heart,
O dearest Lord I humbly pray,
That I, transpired by love's sweet dart
May scorn whatever must decay.

TORONTO - 1615

By T. A. REED.

THE question is often asked, what was Toronto like when the white man first came here, what impression did it make on those intrepid pioneers and missionaries from the Old World that first set foot upon the shores of Lake Ontario?

As a matter of historical fact Toronto as a settlement did not then exist. The first white man to visit here was undoubtedly Etienne Brûlé, the companion of and interpreter for Champlain and sent by him with some Huron Indians to get assistance from other tribes to wage war against their deadly enemies, the Iroquois. Following either the Humber River or the Indian Trail along its banks (we have to-day an Indian Road and an Indian Trail applied to streets nearby), Brûlé emerged from the woods sometime during the month of September, 1615, and then the eyes of a white man viewed for the first time Lake Ontario, the "Beautiful Lake" of the Indians. What a wonderful scene that must have been! An inland sea forty miles across, dense forests east and west along its banks as far as the eve could see, a scene of beauty and of grandeur unsurpassed if indeed equalled anywhere on the continent. Little is known of Brûlé beyond what appears in Parkman's pages (Pioneers of France in the New World) where he is referred to as the "pioneer of pioneers." It seems likely, however, that through his continued association with the Indians, he came to like savage customs better than those of his native France. Gabriel Sagard, the Récollet Frair, writes of having rebuked him for his idolatrous practices with the Missionary to the Huron Indians and taking part in their feasts. In 1632 Father Brébeuf wrote that he had been murdered, and eaten, by his adopted nation, the Hurons.

The Very Rev. Dean W. R. Harris of St. Catharines, in his History of the Early Missions in Western Canada, printed

in 1893, gives a graphic picture of the wealth of forest and stream, the growth of vine and timber of the great Canadian wilderness in Western Ontario, which in the 17th century was peopled by the powerful Huron nation until they were massacred and exterminated by the Iroquois in 1649. He speaks too of the district from Toronto to Lake Huron and of great American pines seventy feet high, of cedars, firs and spruce



York Harbour.

mingled with hemlock, magnificent growths of maple, birch and beech, oak, ash and elm, all furnishing a safe retreat for all sorts of wild animals. Chestnuts, mulberry and hazel trees, wild fruits, such as gooseberry, currant, raspberry, blackberry and wild grapes furnished, in season, an abundance of luxuries. Here, too, in the native forest roamed the elk, buffalo, deer and caribou; black bear, porcupine, hares and squirrels of infinite variety were everywhere, while the streams and lakes teemed with fish, fowl, swans, wild geese and ducks. "Such," says he, "was the land and such the opulence of animal and vegetable life that lay in the possession and ownership of the great Neutral tribe" occupying the immense peninsula between Lakes Erie and Ontario from Toronto to Goderich on Lake Huron.

Farther north, at the foot of the Blue Mountains, not far from Nottawasaga Bay, dwelt the Tionnontates, known to the French as the Petuns or Tobacco nation, from the large quantities of tobacco raised by them for purposes of trade with neighboring tribes. To the eastward, extending to the neighbourhood of Penetanguishene was the home of the Huron nation one of the most remarkable savage nations on the continent. Here Champlain, coming via the Ottawa and French Rivers and through the 30,000 islands of Georgian Bay, into Matchedash Bay (then called the Baie de Toronto) and the Severn (Toronto) River, saw for the first time the fields of Indian corn or maize, the staple food of the Hurons. After weeks of journeying through a dreary and desolate country, it must have seemed a land of beauty and abundance, for, in addition to the maize, pumpkins ripened in the sun, and sunflowers with their golden blossoms added to the beauty of the scene.

Into such a country then and amid such beautiful surroundings came the first missionaries of the Catholic Church, the Jesuit priests whose intrepid self-devotion, to quote the historian Parkman, may well call forth our highest admiration. "Their story is replete with marvels,—marvels of patient suffering and daring enterprise. They were the pioneers of Northern America." Brébeuf and Lalemant, missionaries to the Hurons, their names go down to posterity among the martyrs of all time. Faithful to their cause, the conversion of the Hurons, with them they suffered persecution and death.

[&]quot;Autant de fois qu'on parlera de cette mission des Hurons, la nommant du nom de saincte Marie, que ce soient autant d'hommages qui luy seront rendus de ce que nous luy sommes et tenons d'elle et de ce que nous luy voulons estre a jamais".

Relation des Jesuites, 1640.

Something of Christmas significance attaches to these lines penned with the wistful solemnity of a testament by the men of Fort Ste. Marie—the apostles of all America.

It is a far cry from that day to the end of the eighteenth century (1649 to 1793) when Lieut. Col. John Graves Simcoe, the first Governor of Upper Canada, set foot on the shores of Toronto Bay. There is little we can gather in the interim in the way of description of the country or the vicinity of the great city founded by him and destined to become the



Fort Rouillé.

capital of British Canada. The Toronto region around the shores of Lake Simcoe, became deserted after the massacre of the Hurons, but the name survived. In 1686 Denonville, the Governor of New France, advocated the fortification of two trading posts to oppose the encroachments of the English upon the fur trade. One was to be at the "Detroit of Lake Erie," the other at the portage of Toronto. Whether this was at the northern end of the trail or at the Lake Ontario end, i.e., the mouth of the River Humber, is not clear. But certain it is that a trading post existed in this neighbourhood as early as 1715. Dr. Percy Robinson in his Toronto During the French Regime, says a strong storehouse was established on the banks

of the Humber near the present Bâby Point in 1720. It was a *Magasin Royal* or King's Shop well stocked with stores calculated to attract the eye of the Indian trapper and lure him to trade his valuable peltries. It is not difficult to imagine the busy scenes enacted at the annual meeting of the traders.

Then in 1749 the Governor, de la Jonquière, insisted upon the building of a fort, Fort Rouille, on the lake shore, both to protect the King's stores and to offset the threat of trade with the English. This fort, which stood on what is now our Exhibition grounds, was completed the next year and enlarged in 1751 on account of the great expansion of trade. In 1759 it fell with the conquest of New France, when all Canada became a British possession. Nothing more is heard of Toronto except an occasional comment such as Major Rogers in 1760, who taking 200 Rangers to Detroit, said, "Toronto is a suitable place for factory [i.e., a post in charge of a factor] and from there it would be easy to settle the north shore of Lake Erie." And in 1767, when Sir Wm. Johnson said he knew of traders who would give £1,000 annually for the exclusive rights to trade there.

So it seems to have practically sunk into oblivion until the creation of the new province of Upper Canada under the Constitutional Act, or Canada Act of 1791. The new governor, Simcoe, arriving at Niagara the following year, ordered a survey of the country with a view to settlement. He eventually decided upon Toronto as the place for the capital. We have the report of his surveyor, Joseph Bouchette, who said forty years later, "I still distinctly recollect the untamed aspect which the country exhibited when I first entered the beautiful basin" (i.e., Toronto Bay, in 1793). "Dense and trackless forests lined the margin of the lake, the wandering savage had constructed his ephemeral habitation beneath their luxuriant foliage-the group then consisting of two families of Mississagas-and the bay and neighboring marshes were the hitherto uninvaded haunts of immense coveys of wild fowl." Not very different is this description to that given by Dean Harris at the beginning of this article.

Even unto the last century this part of Canada must have retained much of its virgin beauty. Dr. Henry Scadding, the historian of Toronto, whose boyhood home was on the banks of the Don River, speaks in similar terms of the wonderful forest growth, of the wild fruits in abundance, the plentiful game, the streams full of fish, even salmon so numerous that it seemed the supply would never be depleted. In boylike fashion he tells how his own native experiences and surroundings served to give colour to the words of Horace when that Latin author, then studied by every scholar, alluding to scenery and natural phenomena, would graphically describe similar conditions in the Old World.

* * *

TORONTO IN 1952:

Toronto is the mailing centre of Canada and the headquarters of the Canadian Meterological Services. This city has the greatest Mining Stock Exchange in the world.

Toronto has the greatest annual Exhibition in the world. Exhibition Park has over 350 acres and a mile and a half frontage on Lake Ontario.

The Port of Toronto has three grain elevators with a capacity for 7,000,000 bushels.

The University of Toronto had post war enrollment of over 17,000 with representatives from 37 nations.

In its exchange area there are over 400,000 telephones. More than 3,000,000 local calls were placed daily in December 1951.

REFLECTIONS ON PADRE PIO

A SIGN AND A WONDER

By REVEREND EDWARD R. GLAVIN, Ph.D., S.T.L., J.C.D.

THE two thoughts about Padre Pio which are a source of wonder for me are not his saintly guidance and his stigmata, but rather the calm, cheery nature of his spirituality,



Abresch Federico, Foggia.

Padre Pio smiling

and secondly, the fact that this world has had such a sign of the supernatural all these years and paid so little attention to him.

To refresh your minds about this unusual priest I think it best to give a few facts about him: Padre Pio is a Capuchin priest. stationed these many years at the monastery of his Order in the tiny town of San Giovanni Rotondo. San Giovanni Rotondo is a small settlement, at least by our standards, perched on the shoulder of the Gargano. The mountain of Gargano had long ago qualified as a Christian holy sanctuary since that part which thrusts towards the Adriatic Sea has been a shrine since the ap-

pearance there of the great Archangel Michael in the fifth century.

Padre Pio was born in Pietrelcina, Province of Benevento, Italy, on May 25, 1887. He entered the Capuchin novitiate at the age of fifteen. When he had completed the long years of study and preparation, he was ordained a priest, and offered his first Holy Mass on August 10, 1910.

Padre Pio is an acclaimed stigmatic. I submit such a statement to the judgment of the Church, naturally, and I

have no intention of anticipating the judgment of the Church authorities in this matter. In this article I write the conclusions I drew from what I was able to see. It is impossible to write this article without speaking of Padre Pio as a stigmatic. I shall proceed with the article then, begging you to bear in mind that I write only of what I saw, and recommending judgment on Padre Pio to Holy Mother Church.

The term "stigmatic" is applied to a person who bears the wounds of Our Blessed Saviour on his or her body. This is an unusual supernatural manifestation. The most noted early stigmata was St. Francis of Assisi, who received the stigmata while praying atop Monte Alvernia.

The stigmata are sometimes visible, sometimes invisible. It would seem that Padre Pio received the stigmata invisibly, first, when on a visit to his home in Pietrelcina in 1915. This would mean that he would be conscious that the five wounds of Our Saviour had been impressed upon his body, that he would sense some of the pain of the wounds, but that externally there would be no sign of any wounds. In 1918 Padre Pio received the visible stigmata, meaning that there appeared on his two feet, on his two hands, and on his side, external signs, corresponding in general to the five wounds in the Sacred Body of Our Lord.

For the theologians let me quickly note that the stigmata are a sign. The five wounds are given in remembrance of the five wounds of Our Lord, but they are a sign, they are not necessarily a duplicate of those of Our Lord. Thus the location of the wounds in a stigmatic would not settle such disputed scriptural questions as the exact spot where the nails were driven into Christ's hands. In what does the stigmata of Padre Pio consist? I am told that there are wounds on his two feet, and on his side; I have seen with my own eyes the marks on his hands.

What sort of a sign are the stigmata? Why are they given?. What effect are they expected to produce? First of all they are a sign of Divine selection of the person who receives them. They are a pledge to that person of the love of

Our Saviour, that His wounds be marked on this selected soul. The stigmatic, marked with His Saviour's wounds, is very conscious of the great responsibility of sanctity he bears. Secondly, the stigmatic, to a greater or lesser degree, senses some of the pains of the wounds, thus having the opportunity mentioned by the great Apostle Saint Paul of himself, "What is lacking of the sufferings of Christ I fill up in my flesh for His body, which is the Church." Not as if the sufferings of Christ needed completion, but rather that Christ invites us to add our sufferings to His infinite act. For the world the stigmatic is a sign, a supernatural sign, proclaiming the truth of the Redemption and pointing out the Way of the Cross as the true path of mankind in the journey of life.

The Church has passed no judgment on the supernatural character of the wounds of Padre Pio. The Church rarely does pass judgment during the lifetime of a stigmatic. Many restrictions have been placed upon him by the Church authorities to prevent harmful spiritual hysteria. Padre Pio offers public Mass in the chapel of the monastery each day. He hears confessions for many hours each day, and people come from all over the world to go to confession to him, and to seek his saintly advice. He is asked to advise on matters of all sorts, from problems of high spirituality to the advisability of purchasing a new farm. He is not allowed to show his stigmata, his wounds. He wears fingerless gloves on his hands at all times except when saying Mass and he needs the permission of his superiors, and perhaps of the Holy Office itself, to show his wounds.

A natural question is, "How do I know he has the stigmata if one is not allowed to see his hands?" A natural question, and the one that was in my mind during the long tiresome journey from Rome to San Giovanni Rotondo. I had talked to others who had been to see Padre Pio, and they, though convinced of the authenticity of his stigmata, had not had a chance to "see with their own eyes". At least not a

chance to see, close up, the marks on his hands. I mentioned that he takes his gloves off to offer Mass. The sleeves of his alb, however, are made very long so that they cover his

hands almost completely during Mass.

I had the great privilege of serving Padre Pio's Mass. It is evident, not only to one who has been an altar boy, but to anyone who pictures the actions of an altar boy, that I had an opportunity to see Padre Pio's hands clearly, close up, and constantly, during the Mass. We were at a small altar since Father wasn't feeling very well that day. From



Abresch Federico, Foggia.

Padre Pio giving his blessing.

where I was kneeling, when Padre Pio turned and extended his hands for the "Dominus Vobiscum" his hands were not twelve inches from my eyes. Time and again during Mass, at the elevation, the washing of the hands, the blessing, and many other times I was privileged with a perfect opportunity to see his hands and the marks of the stigmata.

Padre Pio is a sign of the supernatural. Yet outside of the time of Mass, when he seems to have supernatural experiences (so that his Mass lasts an hour and three-quarters) the man himself is a cheery, clean-cut, vigorous, interested person. When I arrived at San Giovanni Rotondo that afternoon and was ushered into Padre Pio's presence, I don't know what I expected, but I didn't expect to find him sitting on the parapet of a balcony, just one member of a group which included several of his fellow religious and his brother, a layman. We three American priests were introduced, we were invited to sit down and we were included in the conversation. The talk was such that we might have been any

group of people, interested in the state of world affairs and in current topics of interest. It was a religious conversation, but not a storybook "conversation with a saint". I wondered at it afterwards, that I had felt so free and easy in the presence of such a holy man. That quality of his spirituality has remained with me to produce the greatest effect of my visit with Padre Pio. The supernatural gifts of God are not strangers in this world, for this is God's world. By His eternal decree, His Grace is in this world to guide us through this temporal existence to the final goal. The supernatural and the natural exist side by side in this life, and when the proper balance is maintained we are fulfilling God's will in our behalf. Rejection of the supernatural is to deprive ourselves of the true purpose of life. Yet to embrace the supernatural we need not reject the natural. Not yet are we freed of the trials and tribulations of this world. We live in this world submissive to God's Holy Will as to our time here, building the supernatural in ourselves as best we can according to our state in life.

My second wonder about Padre Pio is that the world has had a sign like him yet has not paid it more heed. Even San Giovanni Rotondo itself does not show the results one might expect from its association with this holy man of God. There are many of his devoted followers, who rise early in the morning to go to the monastery for his long Mass. Yet San Giovanni Rotondo had just as many Communist party members as any average town in Italy. In the height of the Communist power in the post-war period, men who had lived in San Giovanni Rotondo all their lives went about publicly proclaiming that the Communists would "do away with Padre Pio". Which brings out in another way God's divine plan for this world. This is not a perfect life, it was not intended to be. This is a place of trial where what counts is not what our life is but rather how our life looks in the light of eternity.

We have just seen a world-wide war in which the forces representing justice and the dignity of man crushed certain groups which would reduce mankind to slavery. Yet all that force, that force sufficient to win that war, could not give us a peaceful world. The very security promised by the existence of the atom bomb is threatened by mankind's possession of such a weapon of destruction. The crimes against humanity which are being committed even these days throughout the world show us that we cannot count on a better world in which to save our souls, but rather this life we live, this path, is the one in which we must work out our salvation.

The parable of the wheat and the cockle, "Suffer both to grow until the harvest, and in the time of the harvest I will say to the reapers: Gather up first the cockle and bind it into bundles to burn, but the wheat gather ye into my barns," that is the eternal Divine plan for this place of trial.

The presence of a supernatural sign like Padre Pio is a great help towards salvation. We must each work out our salvation, however, following the signs we see and using well the gifts we receive.

FRAGMENT

Butterfly blown on the breeze,
Brown bee robbing the roses,
Little bird high in the trees,
To me your beauty discloses
More than the head or hand
Hath power to understand,
That only the heart can feel,
But the tongue in vain to reveal
Little star up in the sky,
Little flower down on the sod,
I love you because you cry
To my listening heart, of God.

CONTRASTS IN CANADIAN ART

By SISTER M. LEONARDA, C.S.J.



Courtesy of the Canadian National Exhibition.

HOMER WATSON, R.C.A., O.S.A.

EVENING AFTER RAIN.

Evening after Rain is representative of the art of the older landscape painters of Canada. The artist was born at Doon, Ontario. in 1855, and died in 1936 The Grand Valley was a constant source of inspiration to him, and his pictures show his intense love for his own beloved home district near Galt, Ontario.

S INCE the time of Van Goyen, landscape painting has had its place upon an independent and dignified footing as a separate art and many painters find more inducements in the contemplation of Nature than in the portrayal of human activities.

Nature being inexhaustible, can always offer new aspects and moods to tempt the painter to fresh efforts. It is purely subjective, and the finer drawn sensibilities of man have more affinity with these indefinite moods. The fact that it calls men out of the studio to the great out-of-doors rather than into a man-made building as other varieties of painting do, is an argument in favour of it being taken up to-day when air and sunshine are considered necessary to health and strength.

The artist must speak the truth if there is to be real expression and yet speaking the truth does not make him an artist. Art which has the strongest effect clearly reveals the beauty of truth. The old saying that art is Nature seen through temperament here holds good.

The artist's technical training is the tool which prevents incompetence in attempts at expression. When he can handle the tool with dexterity he is free to give unhampered his personal impressions.

Canada offers a rich heritage to the landscape painter, with its great extent of land from coast to coast and from the Great Lakes to the Arctic Circle with the changing, and varied climate and seasonal conditions. Not only does the artist value these and the topographical features, but there is too the impersonal sympathy promoted by the moods of nature.

Here we have reproduced the landscape paintings in neutral values that have of necessity lost much that one feels in presence of the originals which are at present in the Art Gallery of Toronto.

Evening after Rain gives us a "camera" view of the delightful spot in the Doon valley. A light shower is just over and the sun has come out, showing the wonderful azure of the distant sky, through the still moisture-laden atmosphere.

The rugged gnarled oaks in the foreground with trunks, whose buttresses show their strength in weathering the Canadian icy winds, are wonderful in their expression of power. The colour scheme is sombre, the leaves of the trees are copper coloured and delight the eye as they melt into deep shade and touch the blue above the distant wood in the sunshine. The complementary colour scheme is satisfying to the eye.



Courtesy of the Art Gallery of Toronto.

LAWREN HARRIS, O.S.A.

ABOVE LAKE SUPERIOR

We offer a rather strange picture to the ordinary non-professional artist who would rely on his own appreciation of art and ask him if he is pleased with it. The artist, one of the founders of the 'Group of Seven,' was born in Brantford, and studied in Germany and the Far East. We submit "Above Lake Superior" as a striking example of one school of art in Canada.

Compare this picture with that of "North of Lake Superior." The compositions are not dissimilar in arrangement of line and yet what a contrast the artists show towards Nature! Lawren Harris paints as though he does not care that the trees are birches or what kind of trees they are, but views them as lines in a design whereas Homer Watson gives us trees, personal friends of his, the shadows and light playing on them as if he cherished them so dearly he found it difficult to leave them. So he seems to paint not as design in the composition,

but as they are, as he knows and loves them. Hence we have a more human effect.

"Country North of Lake Superior" is treated as if the trunks are moulded from clay in stark reality, while "Evening After Rain" invites us to their friendly shade. The technique, too, is different—rough as in "Country North of Lake Superior" and a tapestry effect in "Evening After Rain."

Lawren Harris follows no tradition, but goes forward in an unbeaten path. Design seems the origin of his work whereas Homer Watson follows the old traditions and gives us nature in one of her varied moods, something soothing, the rain and storm have passed, the sun is shining and we feel drawn to rest awhile in the cool depths of the oak grove, in security and peace.

In the urgent solitudes Lies the spur of larger moods, In the friendship of the trees Dwell all sweet serenities.

The third picture, "The West Wind," by Tom Thomson, shows a strong personality given by direct expression.

In the original the colour strikes us first. It is splendid, rich and deep, expressive of the sombre mood of the picture. Then the pattern or design and the splendid storm-blown pine tree has perhaps a slight touch of Japanese art without losing the strong individuality of a Canadian tree silhouhette against a decidedly Canadian background.

The painting is flat with a poster-like effect, the treatment broad, vigorous and direct. The shape of the whole tree is enclosed, making it a "Harp of the Winds." The movement is strong in the waves receding into the background, the clouds moving from right to left, the lines in the foreground.

The composition is of the best, as all parts of the picture are harmonious in related form, tone and colour. There is a sense of space, a distinguished characteristic of a fine land-scape.

Tom Thomson was self-taught. In the summer he supported himself as a bush ranger and guide in Algonquin Park.



Courtesy of the Art Gallery of Toronto.

TOM THOMSON.

THE WEST WIND.

A typical Canadian scene where the artist, untrammelled by traditional methods, has courageously given his own poetic artistic interpretation of nature in daring self-taught technique. He was born in Claremont, Ontario, and was practically self-taught. He had painted only a few years when in 1917 he was accidentally drowned in Canoe Lake, Algonquin Park.

In the winter he worked as a designer. By studying nature in summer and by trying to reproduce his inspirations in the winter he made himself one of the supreme masters of design in landscapes. He is perhaps Canada's greatest landscape painter, for his few completed landscapes take their place among the world's masterpieces in the history of landscapes. His style is his own, and he is distinctly Viking in spirit.

No copy of a scene does he give us, but rather an interpretation of what we ourselves have experienced, but what we cannot express.

On a hill overlooking the lake where he was drowned is a cairn on which are engraved the words: "To the memory of Tom Thomson, artist, woodman, guide. He lived humbly, but passionately, with the wild, it made him brother to all untamed things of nature, it drew him apart and revealed itself wonderfully to him; it sent him out from the woods only to show these revelations through His art, and it took him to itself at last."

The "West Wind" is a symbol of Canadian character. It is a painting by one who understood Canadian landscape, who had the kindred feeling expressed by Bliss Carman in

"Along the purple ranges
The glow of sunset shines
The glory spreads and changes
Among the red-boled pines,
Here time takes on new leisure
And life attains new worth,
And wise are they that treasure
This Eden of the North."

Art is man's effort to re-create nature, to bring out the blurred image of the divine beauty. How unlimited is its range, how immense its power! Into the inner sanctuary of science few men enter, but all feel the force and inspiration of art. Without it there is no glory; it is the flower of heroic life; the idealization which gives to the world its noblest characters; the soul's high struggle to transfigure the body and clothe it in celestial light. Art is immortal; it is catholic; it survives the ruin of empires and the decay of nations; is held by no bonds of time or place.

THE VOCATION OF NURSING QUALIFICATIONS TO BE A GOOD NURSE

By FR. E. C. McENIRY, O.P.

T was my happy and distinguished privilege to have been Chaplain of Mt. Carmel Hospital, Columbus, Ohio, 25 years. During the past two years, I have been Instructor in Medical Ethics and Religion to the student nurses at Providence Hospital, Detroit. For the past 27 years then, I have been closely associated with hospital work and with teaching. I have known hundreds of nurses who have honored their glorious profession by their devoted and efficient care of the sick, the wounded and the dying. Thousands of nurses have been a blessing to suffering humanity and an honor and distinction to the Training Schools from which they graduated.

For centuries, good and capable nurses have been Angels of Mercy to suffering humanity, in hospitals, private homes and on many battlefields in America and overseas. By devoted care of the sick, the nurse has not only honored the nursing profession, but she has placed it high on the list of worthwhile professions. The good nurse, by her kindness, efficiency and uprightness of character, has restored health and happiness to many a wounded soldier, sailor, marine and private citizen.

The urgent call for nurses over the radio and in our daily newspapers makes it imperative for larger numbers of girls to enter the nursing profession, especially if war comes to our land, and if the many millions of people who are already physically and mentally ill, are to be properly cared for, as the Divine Physician would have us care for the sick, the wounded and dying. If the Savior rewards the smallest act of kindness done in His Name, what must be the great reward awaiting the good and faithful nurse for her years of splendid service to the sick in the army of the King of Kings?

Many girls enter the nursing profession doubting their ability to become good nurses. I recently asked a group of

nurses what they considered the necessary qualifications to be a good nurse. Here is what they said in part:

Miss M. said: "A good nurse must love her work. She must be prudent and dignified, but not proud or self-conceited. She is friendly, sympathetic, and she must have a sense of humor which protects her from becoming grim or sour on life. Above all she must be morally good and mentally alert. One thing which will help her to do good in the nursing profession is enthusiasm. . . . Good health is also important. . . . A girl must have tact, sympathy, self-reliance and great patience. Moreover, a good Catholic nurse realizes that she is not self-sufficient, but depends and often calls on God and His Blessed Mother to help her to be a good nurse and a good woman."

Miss D.: "I have a Credo of qualities which I consider necessary for a good nurse to possess. It is not only the nurse's duty to give injections, take temperatures, and perform her nursely duties, but every nurse should know and observe the ten Commandments of God. I consider moral courage essential. . . . The ideal nurse must have a Christlike love for the sick, regardless of color, creed or nationality."

Miss N.: "To be a good nurse, I must see God in all my patients, for He has said: "Whatsoever you do for the least of mine, you do it for Me." The nurse must practice her profession to the best of her ability and never do anything which would damage the good name of her character and profession. The good nurse will take care not only of the body of her patient, but she will also help the patient spiritually."

Miss R.: "The life of a good nurse is not really her own but belongs to suffering humanity. Sympathetically, she should listen to the troubles of those in her care and guard their confidence. She must persevere in her work, be consistent, untiring, self-sacrificing, honest and spirtual. To comfort those in need she must be capable, alert, confident, thorough and gentle. A good nurse is another Mary or Veronica, a minister of Christ as seen in suffering humanity."

Miss K.: "A nurse must possess many qualities which the average woman need not possess, because the nurse comes in contact with so many varied and unusual problems, and meets so many different people. Her appearance should be neat and pleasing at all times. The nurse possessing poise, self-reliance and charm is likely to make a more lasting impression than one who is lacking in these qualities."

Miss V.: "The qualities of a good nurse are many. She should possess good health, purity of heart, charity, kindness, the necessary knowledge of her profession, but most of all love of God, and a proper understanding of those afflicted in body and mind."

The above opinions sum up admirably well, it seems to me, the essential requirements of a Good Nurse. They should inspire many Catholic and non-Catholic girls to enter the nursing profession and help

> "those suffering on beds of pain, and bring them health and joy again."

> Thou hast on earth a Trinity,
> Thyself, my fellow-man, and me;
> When one with him, then one with Thee;
> Nor, save together, Thine are we.

Father Tabb.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO LAUGHED AT DEATH

By A. DE MANCHE

THE subject of "death" has never been a popular topic of conversation. For a sane young man to desire death and to actually die with a smile on his lips, is extraordinary. That is why the story of St. Lawrence has appealed to young and old for almost seventeen centuries. We have no doubt read this story before, but there are few who will not read it again and again.

The Roman prefect knew that St. Lawrence wanted to die for the Catholic faith. Yet the prefect was so angered at the trick played upon him by the young deacon of Rome, that he raged: "I know that you desire to die, but you shall not die immediately, as you imagine. You shall die by inches."

Three days previous, when the soldiers seized the Pope, St. Xystus II, and led him away to execution, young Lawrence ran after him weeping and crying that it was not fair that he should be left behind. St. Xystus had turned to him with tenderness and had comforted him with these words: "You shall follow me in three days."

On hearing these words, young Lawrence could hardly contain his happiness and went about his work, distributing the Church's money to the poor widows and orphans of the City. As first of the seven deacons of Rome, he had charge of the Church's riches, his work being to distribute these among the needy and the sick.

The prefect had heard about this deacon and his particular work, and began to imagine that the Church had tremendous treasures hidden away. He quickly sent for Lawrence and asked him for this wealth, saying that the Roman armies had need of the money. "I am informed," he continued, smiling and stroking his chin, "that your priests offer in gold, that the sacred Blood is received in silver cups, and that in your nocturnal sacrifices, you have wax tapers fixed in golden candlesticks." St. Lawrence, without hesitating, assured him

that the Church had many riches, much more than even the Emperor had. He promised the prefect to show him a good part of this treasure and was given three days absence to make an inventory.

On the appointed day, Lawrence led the eager prefect to the church, where he had gathered together the Church's treasures of the city. Great was the surprise, and greater still the anger of the prefect when he beheld rows upon rows of ragged persons, the blind holding on to each other, the lepers covering their terrible wounds, the orphans with wide hungry eyes. "The light of heaven is the true gold, which these poor people enjoy." St. Lawrence began in all seriousness to try to convert the official to the Christian outlook. "Behold in these poor persons the treasures which I promised to show you; to which I will add pearls and precious stones—those widows and consecrated virgins, which are the Church's crown. It has no other riches."

The soldier placed Lawrence over a slow fire so that his flesh be burnt by degrees. God gave His servant great graces to help him bear his pains. St. Lawrence did not complain and after some time of suffering in quiet, he turned to his tormentors with a smile on his lips, asked "Let my body be now turned over; one side is done enough." After praying for the conversion of Rome, he lifted up his eyes to heaven and died.

The manner in which the young martyr turned the tables on the prefect must have been the topic of conversation in Rome for some time afterwards. In place of glittering golden chalices, set with rubies and precious stones, the prefect was shown the orphans, diseased and maimed—all who were considered the scum of the city. In all the centuries of mankind, has it ever been any different? When has the poor ever been honored? Rather, today as in every century, everyone knows that money is the influencing factor.

The only honors that the poor have ever received were from the Church and her saints. For example, we read that the poor were sought after and served by such saints as St. Hedwig, Queen of Poland; St. Stephen, King of Hungary, and St. Louis, King of France. We read that Monsignor de Palafox gave a dinner every Thursday night to twelve poor men, in remembrance of the Last Supper. The author of the life of St. Grignon de Montford tells us that this Saint was in the habit of always having some poor person at table with him, and he would wait on him as if the poor man had been Christ Himself.

What is this treasure in the poor, not recognized by the world, which the Church and the Saints hold so dear? St. Thomas Aquinas, the greatest theologian of the Church, summed it up well when he wrote that the soul in the state of grace is worth far more than the natural goods of the entire universe. A person, even the poorest, who has sanctifying grace, has something which all the treasures of the world cannot buy or give him.

It was the realization of this truth that prompted St. Lawrence to play his serious joke on the Roman prefect, and to meet death with a smile on his lips.

Give me, Lord God, an ever-watchful heart
That idle thought from Thee ne'er draws apart;
A noble heart that soars on pray'rful wings
Beyond attraction of unworthy things;
A heart that, aiming at its Targe above,
Naught can deflect from its straight course of love;
A heart close-knit and firm that stands like rock
Unshattered by Temptation's rudest shock;
A heart deriding Passion's tyranny;
A heart alert, uplift, true, strong and—free.

₩F. Ryan

WHY PILGRIMAGES?

By G. M. EGLINTON

THE old Roman Legions once marched across the thenknown world in search of conquest. Since then, the world has rocked beneath the tramp of marching feet till to-day it has grown weary of the cry of death and the roll of heavy artillery. In spite of this the wheels of war are being oiled anew and the world waits in fear again for the rumble of marching men.

Yet the earth is sacred, for the Footprints of God have been upon it. His holy ones have lived in it and kept it sanctified, on it faith and memories have never been completely destroyed.

Because man will never be allowed to forget God for long, the world has always heard another sound—and another cry—the sound of men searching for the Supernatural and the cry of supplication. All the armies of tyrants have never succeeded in drowning them.

Science has not destroyed, on the contrary has inflamed, the faith of men of good will. So we have the modern highways of to-day, like the old winding roads of long ago echoing the tramp and the sounds of pilgrims on the march.

That sound has gone deeper than the traffic of commerce or pleasure; deeper, too, thank God, than the thunder of marching armies. It is the soulstirring sound of the march of God's children in the main business of mankind—the Quest for God—and particularly the main business of to-day—the Return to God.

Pilgrimages have always been an expression of people's desire to keep in touch with God their Father, and the Almighty's reminder that the end of all our striving, like the Great Pilgrimage of Life itself must eventually lead to Him.

Far back—almost at the dawn of our history—God commanded the Jews to go on pilgrimage to the Temple at Jerusalem, thrice yearly.

It was also in fulfilment of the Divine Will that St. Joseph

and Our Blessed Lady with the Child Jesus went up to the Holy City when Our Lord was only 12 years old.

According to ancient legend. Our Lady is considered to have been the first pilgrim of the Christian era. After the Death and Ascension of her Divine Son, she is said to have visited frequently the scenes of His Passion and there re-lived His cruel sufferings and death.

Naturally, Palestine and in particular, Jerusalem, Bethehem and Nazareth became the first centres of Christian pilgrimages. But when God's plan for man's salvation began to unfold itself to the people on earth and the Blessed Virgin was seen to occupy a more and more prominent position in that Divine Plan; when, through the slow, gradual influence of the Holy Ghost, enlightening the mind of the Church, Mary's unique position as Mother of God and Mother of men became more apparent, more clearly defined, and with it her prestige, her power and her influence more impressed on the minds of the faithful, the eyes of God's children turned to Mary in faith, in gratitude and in hope.

She was, as it were, the "gateway" through which the Saviour of the world came to men. Now in God's plan, she was seen to be the "gateway" through which men would return to God. She became a port of entry for God's invasion of the earth—in the words of the Litany—a citadel, a tower of ivory, a base from which he henceforth operates, destroying the forces of Hell and spreading the graces of salvation throughout the world.

Thus Mary's position became more and more evident to the minds of the faithful and the Church looked back to Calvary and remembered that when He was dying, Jesus, Her Son, turned her "fullness of grace" into a great maternal love for all mankind.

From that day onwards Mary would not merely pray for her children and fellow human beings, she would not merely plead with God as do the Saints. No—as a mother, and with the authority of a mother she would act, and, in perfect conformity with the Will of God, command, as she did at Cana. True, God took her from earth. Her Assumption into heaven, though it took her away from us, did not leave us without her influence. Rather, in the Light of the Beatific Vision, the needs of even the least among us would be more effectively made known to her. It was but the beginning of a greater world-wide reign from above.

From there, with a mother's interest, she has looked down upon us; with a mother's anxiety she has rushed to protect us in an hour of danger; with a mother's sacrificing love she has actually come down—down in supernatural manner—to the very ground we tread.

So-every rock, every tree, every blade of grass hallowed by the touch of her feet has become sacred and blessed with undying memories—Pontmain, La Salette, Lourdes, Fatima—the world is blessed with them.

Where she desires, there we have built her shrines; where she has said "Come and visit me," there we have flocked to her feet. The Vision may have passed, but its passing has left a perfume of sanctity to linger in memory of a Mother's Presence. It is not a relic of a past event but a living actual font of grace and power.

The never ending throngs that, with the blessings of the Church, tread the paths of Our Lady's Shrines in all parts of the world; the miracles of healing, of the body, but especially of the soul; the mighty chain of united prayer that day and night ascend from her shrines to heaven; the multitudes from all the nations that leave her shrines determined to lead better and holier lives—are not all these facts irrefutable proof of the Divine Seal on the custom of pilgrimages and of Mary's unfailing power to lead men to the feet of God.



THE MYSTICISM OF G. K. CHESTERTON

By BRO. ANTONINUS M. DELANEY, O.P.

O NE critic of Gilbert Keith Chesterton said after an attempt to portray his subject: "I see him towering before me, a figure of portentous stature. . . . All that I have tried to write is inadequate." So it is with certain misgivings that we undertake to touch one aspect of the man.

Chesterton was a mystic. Now to many minds this word calls forth the picture of an emaciated medieval saint, or outside Christianity the equally spare figure of an Indian fakir. But by no stretch of imagination can Chesterton be made to



G. K. Chesterton

fit into any such picture. Yet to deny Chesterton's mysticism is to deny one of the foundations of his philosophy, and to lose the key to the understanding of his character. This, more than any other, is the quality that attracts his admirers, and repels those who dislike him.

What then does mysticism mean here? It is simply a certain way of looking at life. The way itself is not distinctive of Chesterton; many others have viewed life exactly as he did. But Chesterton's gift lay in being able

to express for us all that his view revealed. And he could give very good reasons why such a view was perfectly rational—even for grown-ups. His was the view of childhood. He never ceased to be surprised at things he saw; every thing caused in him an emotion akin to wonder—"the startling wetness of water excites and intoxicates me; the fireness of fire, the steeliness of steel, the unutterable muddiness of mud." He took nothing for granted and so he was never bored, for each time he saw anything he seemed to see it for the first time. And is not this in fact the most human way of approaching reality? For as Chesterton never tired of saying, although we can explain many things, we can explain nothing away. It is one thing to say grass

is green because a certain dye makes it so; that is an explanation, but it is not the ultimate explanation. Chesterton felt grass was green because it might have been red—perhaps a nearer approach to the true reason. G.K.C. went so far as to deny that this approach was mystical—for him. "A tree grows fruit because it is a magic tree. Water runs downhill because it is bewitched. . . . I deny altogether that this is fantastic or even mystical . . . this fairy-tale language about things is simply rational." So that if we insist on calling such a view of life mystical, we must conclude that it is but rational to be a mystic.

We may ask where Chesterton found all this. His reply is simple, 'My first and last philosophy, that which I believe in with unbroken certainty, I learnt in the nursery.' Because of such statements he was often accused of being flippant and childish. He was neither. He was one of the outstanding examples of a brilliant mind which retained all that was best of its youth. This wonder at reality, this perpetual surprise at existence is almost the wonder and surprise of innocence. Chesterton's first lovalty was for fairy-land, and when most people would have passed the region of fantasy, he returned to it, for he believed that "fairyland is nothing but the sunny country of common sense." Even before he came to realise the existence of an author he had come to look on life as a book, a fairy story far more wonderful than any which human effort could create. He wrote: "It was good to be in a fairy tale. The test of all happiness is gratitude; and I felt grateful though I hardly knew to whom." Here, too, we may see something of the humility of a big man who wanted "to sit at the feet of the grass." For him the wine of life was surprise. ·The proud man will never be surprised, for he knew it all before. "Hence it became evident that if a man would make his world large he must be always making himself small."

This then was Chesterton's mysticism, for mysticism seems the best word to use. And without considering it as characteristic of Chesterton, let us see if it is a true philosophy and worth studying. The world is wonderful; it must be, for

God made it. It is also inexplicable. Even in the physical order there are mysteries in the simplest of things. But when we remember that everything is held in existence by a Divine force, when we ponder on that Providence which clothes the lilies of the field and which marks the fall of the sparrow then we begin to realize that we are faced with something truly wonderful. For the universe, every part of it, is some faint reflection of its Creator, its beauty is a sign of His unutterable beauty, its glory an infinitely dim shadow of His. Everything is touched by Him as if by the wand of a fairy, and the whole world is Divinely bewitched. Nor is this mere idle fantasy, but facts which human reason can ascertain and which Christian faith has always taught.

Chesterton was well aware of the metaphysical foundation of what seems to many his fantasies. Some, misled perhaps by his language and by his almost flippant style, think that he moved in a dream-world, and that his "ethics of elfland" were applicable only to elves. Such an accusation shows a complete misunderstanding of the man and his thought. Chesterton had the privilege of being a grown-up who was also a child. He understood childhood without the inconvenience of ceasing to be a child. The tragedy of innocence is that its beauty is but rarely seen by the innocent. Children can never realize the glory of childhood, for it is a fleeting thing, and is past when its beauty is realized. Francis Thompson is an outstanding example of a man who appreciated the excellence of little children. But in his case, it was precisely because he was so far away from them that he loved them. It was the tragic love of one who could scarcely remember what it was to be a child; a pitiful, beautiful love that was a reproach and torture. "I met a child today, a child with great candour of eyes. They who talk of childish instincts are at fault; she knew not that hell was in my soul, she only knew that softness was in my gaze. She had been gathering wild flowers and offered them to me. To me, to ME! . . . How can these elves be to such men what they are to me, who am damned to the eternal loss of them?" Chesterton could never have written

such sentences, for he never felt the gulf between himself and the little ones; indeed the gulf was hardly there. One whose work on G. K. Chesterton shows alike his insight and admiration writes: "For I believe that Chesterton unconsciously distorted the doctrine of "becoming as a little child" to suit the exuberances of his character . . . who would, if he could, have equated the Kingdom of God with the nurseries of Heaven." Was it a distortion? For most men it would have been, but Chesterton was unlike most men; and perhaps the Kingdom of God IS like a nursery, for only little ones can enter there.

Up to this what we have been calling the mysticism of G.K.C. has been almost purely agnostic. He said so himself. But when he came to see the truth of Christian theology, and when at last he was granted the gift of faith, his mysticism became illuminated by that faith. How many of us fail to see these limitless and inexpressible beauties of Christianity and Catholicism! For how many has the faith ceased to be a living thing? Our little country has been justly proud, not alone of its fight to keep its religion, but of the way in which that religion permeated the entire life of its people. But to many it seems that the poetry of faith is slipping from us and that the romance of orthodoxy has ceased to be a romance. Chesterton, however, did not allow his faith to remain a lifeless thing. His faith lit up his world, and he began to see the reason for the strangeness of the universe. He had known the story, and now he knew the author. Christianity gave meaning to his childish intuitions and he saw where the heart of the mystery lay-"the Christian pleasure was poetic; for it dwelt on the unnaturalness of everything in the light of the supernatural." Fr. Vincent McNabb did not hesitate to call Chesterton holy, precisely because of this realization of the presence of the supernatural.

We might never have realized the mystic in Chesterton had he not also been a poet. For not every mystic has the gift of being able to represent his vision; that is the work of the poet. Chesterton, with his wealth of poetic experience, painted what he had seen. Master of paradox as he was, he could express the most profound truths in language as forceful as it was beautiful. In one of his finest poems he echoes St. Augustine:

> For men are homesick in their homes, And strangers under the sun, And they lay their heads in a foreign land Whenever the day is done... But our homes are under miraculous skies Where the yule tale was begun.

And again we can see his wonder at the greatest paradox of all as he writes.

To the end of the way of the wandering star, To the things that cannot be and that are, To the place where God was homeless And all men are at home.

This is the same wonder which he kept all through life, but now he found in his Faith an infinite source of wonder. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the part played by the supernatural in the life of Chesterton. His profound mind having found at last the source of truth, saw that truth reflected in all the world. His faith, too, had all the simplicity of a child's, combined with the deepest realization of what that faith meant.

Much could be written concerning Chesterton's devotion to Our Lady, which finds its best expression in the poems which have her as their subject. In her, Chesterton the troubadour found a glorious Lady to whom his songs might be addressed. Few have sung her praises as he has done. His poem, "The Return of Eve," is a magnificent song of the Immaculate Conception of the new Eve who was to be the instrument of man's redemption. These are the closing lines:

And men looked up at the woman for the morning When the stars were young,

For whom, more rude than a beggar's rhyme in the gutter, These songs are sung.

These give but a faint idea of the beauty of the whole poem, and they are for us also an indication of the humility of this great mind before the purity of the little Galilean maid.

And with this we will leave him. We have attempted to show Chesterton's attitude to life, to the world and to the supernatural, an attitude which, for want of a better name, we have called his mysticism. If any man deserved the title "great," it was he. Great in mind, in heart and in humility, he lived his life in all the simplicity and glory of childhood. Staunch defender of truth, gallant knight of Our Lady, he used his powers only for what was good, and when he died the world was the poorer for his passing.

Courtesy of "The Watchman."

At one of the moments when Catholics would be accustomed to hear the clear tinkle of the bell of the Sanctus there was heard a sound that must be almost unique in human history. It was as faint as the sound of a far-off sheep bell and as weak as the bleat of a sheep; but there was something in it that was not only weighty but curiously hard; almost dead; without the resonance that we mean by music. It was as if it came out of the Stone Age; when even musical instruments might be made of stone. It was the Bell of St. Patrick; which had been silent for 1500 years......From far away in the most forgotten of the centuries, as if down avenues that were colonnades of corpses, one dead man had spoken and was dumb. It was Patrick; and he only said: "My Master is here."

From "Christendom in Dublin."

THE OLDEST SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES

By K. M. RABB



Oldest Schoolhouse in the U.S. St. George's Street, at City Gates St. Augustine, Florida.

I NEVER tire of driving down San Marco boulevard, busy highway from the north, through the old city gates of St. Augustine, Florida.

This morning, driving through the gates and down narrow St. George Street, a new bronze tablet caught my eye on a tiny wooden building, the old building most recently opened to visitors in

St. Augustine. According to the tablet, this is the "oldest building of wood in St. Augustine, erected during the Revolutionary War by Juan Genoply, said to have once sheltered the City Guard. At a later period used as an English-speaking school-house."

The tiny wooden structure, flush with the narrow street, has solid wooden shutters held back by wrought-iron shutter stops in the shape of shells; there is a wrought-iron knocker, and entering, one finds the atmosphere of the school created by a group in the corner of the fireplace—wax figures of a school-master at the desk, and a group of children on rude wooden benches. The tiny doors have H and L hinges, the timbers are all hand-hewn red cedar; the floor was once of irregular stone blocks and one can see a bit of this in the closet under the stairway and which served as a place of punishment for unruly pupils.

The wide fireplace, with its wrought-iron and irons, was

filled with wood in the early days by the pupils who on cool days each brought his bit of firewood. On the mantel stand two large globes in wooden frames and an old clock without a case. The first schoolmaster lived upstairs, with his brother, said the custodian, who is believed to have been a guard at the city gates. The tiny staircase from the main room leads to the attic room above, lighted by little dormer windows. It, too, has a stone fireplace, and some pieces of old furniture. From the east window one looks over to the old fort, near by.

A few steps back of the house stands the old kitchen, with huge stone chimney, wide fireplace and stone floor. This is well stocked with very old utensils, a copper kettle in which to make guava jelly, a large clumsy toaster of iron which would hold several slices of bread at once and which swings on a pivot that both sides may be toasted, indicating considerable ingenuity on the part of the unknown craftsman. In a rack on the wall are displayed old hoes, axes, etc. Over the mantel hangs a gun and a long corncob pipe with very long, curving stem.

This garden was in the range of Oglethorpe's battery, said the custodian, and often his cannon balls fell in the garden. Many of them, dug up from the garden, are placed about the walls. The axes and hoes, old shoes, and knee buckles, dating back to Revolutionary days; huge Spanish keys, which surely could not have been carried nor hidden successfully from a burglar; queer old ink bottles said to have been used by the schoolmasters, and many other relics are displayed in cases in the schoolroom.

According to the custodian, the Juan Genoply who built the house, was one of three Minorcans who escaped from Governor Turnbull's colony at New Smyrna and walked seventy miles through the wilderness to St. Augustine to ask to be allowed to found a colony there. The house was built close to the fort for protection.

This house is fenced from the street by a reproduction of the old stockade and in the fence corner stands a lamp post of early days.

Driving through the city gates, built of coquina rock, in 1743-almost two hundred years old-our party halted before the old red cedar schoolhouse that is of itself and its contents most interesting indeed. It is thought to be at least three hundred years old. It shows its age, but is in a fair state of preservation and has a pretty garden around it. The building houses many early relics and is preserved in its original condition as nearly as possible. In one corner is displayed the old school, or a class consisting of five scholars, and a "dunce" on the dunce block. Behind the desk sits a figure representing the first teacher, a Mr. Genoply. The figures are all lifelike, and the teacher wears a pair of spectacles dug up on the grounds. Many of the relics and objects found on display have been unearthed on the premises. Under the stairway, leading to the floor where the teacher made his home, is a dungeon, or dark room, where scholars were shut up for punishment. . . The writer was interested in reading some framed letters from bona fide pupils of the old school. One declared her mother made her attend to keep her out of the sun, as she was black enough already.

"COHAEREDES ET SODALES FAC SANCTORUM CIVIUM"

Time, whose relentless years press on,

Taking our friends of old,

Leaves us awhile to search for friendship's Warmth On earth, and find it cold.

For there are secrets locked in every heart Known only to a few,

Memories not lost, but to be shared again
In heaven with those we knew.

Robert Wilberforce

CALL FOR HEROINES

By REV. STEPHEN J. McDONALD, O.Carm.

OUR day is here, Catholic women and girls, Public life needs you. To each one of you it might be said, your destiny is at stake." Thus spoke the Holy Father, Pius XII, some time ago to a large group of Italian women. The women of Italy had recently received the right to vote. But his words were addressed to the Catholic women of every race; and the information they carried regarding woman's dignity, her true role in society, and the wide scope of her powers, was directed to the men of the world as well as to the women. He had in mind those men particularly who are attempting to piece together a new social order from the rubble of the glory that existed before World War II. He did not outline a new hierarchy of standards to fit the enlarged sphere of women; neither did he flatter them with congratulations on the achievement of "emancipation." But he would have them know it was because of the hopeless dismay and confusion of thought now epidemic in this man-made world that statesmen, in desperation, have called them to an enlarged share in the responsibility of government. This new participation of women in public affairs was called by the Holy Father "Their Day." He did not mean a day of increased leisure or of wider self-indulgence, but one of increased responsibilities calling for intensified effort. "Your entry into public life," he continued, "came suddenly as a result of the social upheavals which we behold on all sides. But it does not matter how it happened: you are now called upon to take a share in the labor of restoring order." However he would have them know their summons to play a major role in the mixed-up drama of human affairs did not issue from the strategy of statesmen, but from the providence of God.

When the Holy Father told the women it was "their day," their opportunity for great achievement, there were before his mind visions of other "days", or roles outlined for women in the radical programs now being experimented with by the earth's most powerful nations. He saw Communism fashioning

a "day" in which woman was to be a mere automaton of the state, whose simple, drab assignment was to slave and breed and die, her miserable lot not relieved even by the hope of a better after-life. He saw the Nazis lowering woman's role to that of a mere producer of soldiers for the support of an aggressive Godless state that labelled religion's moralities as weaknesses, and its conventions superstitions. His vision extended also to America, where women have held the right of franchise for a quarter of a century, and where it was freely predicted they were to purge out political, economic, and social disorders from town, state, and nation, and usher in a golden era of law. morality, and high ideals. He saw that the forecasts had been wide of the mark, and the much vaunted expectations had gone into unlovely tailspins. He saw that outside of introducing flowers and ribbons into legislative halls and executive offices, and perfume into voting booths, feminine political leaders had spent less time in weaving womanly virtues into the social, political, and economic pattern of the nation, than in using their "emancipation" as a warrant to adopt men's low standard attitudes. He saw the waves of divorce sweeping over the nation had not been halted, but rather speeded up, since the introduction of woman suffrage; also that women may now disregard some of their sex's time-honored conventions without losing caste; and that, though America is out-paganing the pagans at their lowest, there is heard no nation-wide outburst of indignation from the leadership of enfranchised women. He has been informed that our cities are actually dying out, and would soon be ghost-towns if new citizens were not recruited from the as yet unsangerized farms. Indeed, he saw the nation's highest culture, refinement, and education being lured to destruction by the Pied Pipers of genocide—a new name for an old-type misfeasance, called in the Scriptures "a hateful thing."

The core of the Holy Father's address to Catholic women was an earnest plea for cooperation in drawing on the inexhaustible energies of the Mystic Body of Christ to meet the instant threats to the Church and to society made active by the tensions of the present global crisis. Of course, he has infallible

assurance from the omnipotent Saviour Himself that the Church will emerge gloriously from today's trials, and, as his predecessor predicted, will write up greater triumphs than ever before in her nineteen centuries of life (A prophecy as frightening, indeed, as it is comforting, implying that the tests she is to meet will be severer than any heretofore recorded). But his deep concern centered about the roles to which Providence has assigned himself and those committed to his care. His plea and prayer, therefore, were that none might fail to contribute a full share towards the Church's assured conquests, and that none might collapse during the trials of courage and endurance.

For the Church is not like earthly organizations whose members are held to unity by badges and annual dues. It is a life, not in a figurative, but a real sense. It is carried to all the members through the arteries of the Mystic Body, the sacraments, and prayer. Catholics, therefore, are not merely members of Christ's Church; they themselves are the Church. Pope Pius knew that the women he was addressing were as truly a part of the Church as he himself. He knew further that in all ages Catholic women have revealed facets of the Church's divine energy that astounded its masculine teachers and rulers. He remembered how the Immaculate Mother and her women companions accompanied the Saviour, ministering to Him and His Apostles as they journeyed over the rugged highways of Palestine, not turning back even from the ascent to Calvary, or from its shame. Indeed, as all of us, he had in his memory a vivid picture of the Saviour's closing hours on Calvary, deserted by all except three women and one man-John. He remembered that there is no record of a traitor amongst all the women who believed in Him; also that in every year of the Church's existence her faithful daughters have re-enacted those roles of tireless, incorruptible loyalty; and that their unwavering faithfulness has, in every age, brought refreshment, gladness, and new courage to the hearts of Popes, bishops, pastors, and lay champions of Christ; and, finally, that they are doing the same today over wider fields and in greater numbers than ever before.

But he knew also that such is not the record of all the

Church's daughters, or even the majority of them. He is fully aware of the widespread, erroneous belief that the Church's needs are amply cared for by its Marthas and Marys and its clergy. It was to correct that mistaken opinion that he and his predecessor have urged that every member of the Church be enlisted in some form of Catholic Action, it being impossible for the consecrated women, brothers, and clergy, and a minority of the laity to attend adequately to the numberless details of service in the Saviour's earthly kingdom. He is therefore deeply desirous that every woman, of every rank and class, contribute a full share towards unfolding the Church's exhaustless potentialities. In particular, he wants them to concentrate on building Christ's standards and ideals into the home, it being society's most important school, the source and nursery of new citizens as well as of new recruits for Christ's Kingdom.

Implied in the Pope's words, "Your destiny is at stake," is the postulate that it was God Who outlined woman's destiny, as truly as it was He Who fashioned the delicate fabric of her soul, her mystically potent gentleness, the magnetism of her smile, as the cogency of her tears. That she is now suddenly projected into the wild currents of political confusion is not the accidental drift of a purposeless tide or evolution, or the blossoming of a man-made plan of growth; it was due to the merciful goodness of God Who is sending to the "masters of creation" a specially designed creature, with a built-in allergy to the unfit and unclean in human thinking, as sensitive and sharp as that of man himself to physical odors and filth, and geared to a persistent straightforwardness that speeds as on a beam to the foci of problems, without aid of inconstant compasses or lumbering logic. The Holy Father knew that when woman's natural endowments are supernaturalized, and implemented with the Gifts of the Holy Spirit, there are developed new Catherines of Siena, Teresas of Avila, Bernadettes, Margaret Marys, and Mother Cabrinis-not to copy and repeat the careers and achievements of these superwomen, but to be powered by the same Omnipotence, to be the exponents of new phases of the Church's divine life, and of Heaven's own strategies for the screening of order out of earth's confusion and snarls.

It was not unlikely that the address of the Holy Father will become a magna charta of womanhood, just as the Leonine Encyclical became that of labor. It brings no new doctrine; but it summarizes the Church's attitudes based on woman's special values and endless potentialities. These are values which both women and men had lost sight of since the jettisoning of conventional decencies in the fevered rush for "emancipation."

In relaying the words of the Holy Father to the women of England, Archbishop Griffin of Westminster said: "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world. Do not let others rock that cradle and deprive you of your power and influence in the world. In your hands rests the future of this country." We can only add that the future of America and Canada, too, as that of every nation, rests with her who is the heart of the home.

Courtesy of the Carmelite Review, Tenafly, New Jersey.

BEHOLD-AT THE DOOR

I heard the knock—I never dreamed He was abroad, and it was late And I was busy, so it seemed The proper thing to make Him wait—Or leave. I really wouldn't know! If He had only called my name! I heard the knock—I heard Him go The only time He ever came

Grace Stillman Minck

NOTRE DAME DE PUY

By BENJAMIN FRANCIS MUSSER

Wind is in the cedar, wind is in the pine, The high mountain wind is heady as wine, A soft wind takes you to the ancient shrine.

Adhemar, her Bishop, on winds of the dawn, Journeyed to Jerusalem with Godfrey de Bouillon: Winds of Crusade cross carried him on.

The Salve Regina, with Adhemar's glose, Brought to Le Puy, where the prayer wind blows, A thorn from the crown that the Christ-King chose.

A thorn from His crown, the crowning addition To the shrine where His Mother's first apparition In Gaul, like a great wind blew contrition.

And high on the peak, where the wind blows chill, And deep in our hearts, where her love lies still, She leads us on pilgrimage through Life's uphill.

THE CORONATION

By FREDERICK LYNK, S.V.D.

Now, O wondrous and moving scene
Even Prince Michael steps aside
Solitary stands heaven's queen,
God's own daughter and mother and bride,
At the foot of the golden throne,
Till her divine and only Son
Bends down to the beloved one
And in loving filial grace
Kisses her virgin mother face.
Kneeling, her queenly head bowed down,
Weeping she feels the royal crown
Placed upon her virgin brow,
That in the Father's unending love,
Hovering o'er her the Spirit dove,
She shall wear through eternity now.

INFINITY SPURNED

By GRACE STILLMAN MINCK

Mankind has come to need so many things
Of his own making, he forgets what God
Created for him; when the skylark sings,
Or young green fingers thrust above the sod,
(Such miracles as Saints might wish to wear)
Reactions of his mind, in semaphored
Near-consciousness, may claim a listless share
Merely to add it to the motley horde
Of all the flotsam and the jetsam he
Is buried under. Such infinity
As God has fashioned for him—earth to sky—
Is hazy background to his spirit's eye.

THE CRIMSON SHOWER

I saw a shower of roses in a wood
A cascade of wild roses in a dell
Drenching a rock's breast, like a shower of blood
Transformed to crimson leaves by miracle.
Then thought I of another crimson shower
Outpoured upon Gethsemane's green sod—
My Saviour's blood—each drop a ruddy flower
Blossoming from the holy veins of God.

P. J. Coleman

VIOLETS

'Tis meet that violets humble be, And bow their purpled head, For Christ in purpled mockery Was not with glory wed.

C. Corcoran



ALUMNAE OFFICERS

 \mathbf{OF}

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

1950 - 52

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Editor's Note:

We regret to go to press without "Here and There with the Alumnae" written by Mary Callahan. Some time ago Mary met with an accident which necessitated her staying "put" in a cast. We hope she will soon be able to be around again.

"Looking Back" came in from New York, where Doris Canfield Hanlon now lives. We hope to have her again with us in the "Lilies".

LOOKING BACK

In 1911, in Toronto, my mother walked me firmly up St. Alban's Street. That is, she didn't exactly walk me, she sort of dragged me. I was about to become the world's most reluctant entry into boarding school.

Up until that time my education had been extremely sketchy. I was a child of the theatre and though capable of memorizing long roles from "Little Eva" to "Willie" in "East Lynne," my brain turned to stone at the sight of simple fractions. It does to this day. Simple indeed! When my mother turned me over to Sister Placida, then mistress of Juniors, I followed her desolately to the dormitory. The stairs were my tumbril and the little white bed the block on which I laid my head. I was eleven years old.

In 1914, when I left St. Joseph's for good, I wept bitterly. The years had been incredibly happy. I had made a rapid adjustment from hotel rooms to class rooms. The change from adult companionship to that of youngsters of my own age fascinated me. I discovered that children were charming even though they showed a rather backward tendency to read the Elsie books instead of spouting off Portia's courtroom speech at the drop of a listener. Incidentally, the nuns discouraged all show-off outcroppings in me. My public appearances on the rostrum were restricted to the class play held at the end of term. Nor was I given the best part! This was invariably taken by a prize pupil of Miss Morrow, the elocution teacher. I will refrain from criticizing the wisdom of such easting at this date. (That sniff you just heard was me.) In those primly innocent days the students engaged in no competitive sports. In the evening we danced with each other in the auditorium. The "one step" was just coming in and was considered rather daring and a ven to Tango was a subject for the confessional. The gymnasium was a courtesy title given to a large, bare room used chiefly for mending on Saturday mornings. A darning egg was the sole athletic equipment. From eight until ten we gathered there under the supervision of Sister Agnes, a gentle, English nun who headed the art department. If one had no mending (any bright girl knew enough to file it away under her matress), it was pleasant to just "sit" and plague sister with questions about England. In latter years when England, through frequent visits, became an old story to me, I somehow always associated the placid English countryside with those lazy mornings in the gymnasium and the

soft voice of Sister Agnes. And, in a way too, with those

undarned black stockings reposing under my matress.

Somewhere the ghost of the little girl who was I must be looking frantically for a lost veil while the line forms for chapel. Surely I will hear the echo of a timid voice asking the privilege of carrying Sister Mary's clock to the music room. I will remember the sightless eyes and deft hands of Sister Florence as she handled the switch board. That bright smile belying the scolding tone will be Sister Edna admonishing the girls for referring to Monday's dessert as "St. Joseph's Mystery." I wonder what was in that dessert! There was a legend in my time that the meringue covering concealed a time bomb that would instantly kill the first person who dipped into the stuff. As far as our table was concerned the whole thing was a meringue mirage. No one believed in it. No one even approached it.

In June of 1914 the last undying vow of friendship had been made. Parents collected their daughter and visa versa. My bags were packed and my tickets to San Francisco pinned inside my purse with a ten dollar bill and a St. Christopher medal. The convent interlude was over. I was back in show

business.

Doris Canfield Hanlon.

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS

Kensington

Rumble and Carty, of Radio Replies Press, St. Paul, Minnesota. Some of the Alumnae may be interested in them. "The Jehovah Witness" deals with the leaders, doctrines of a sect which has expanded in America and Canada since the First World War. Charles Russel, a draper of Pittsburgh, founded the movement in 1872. His follower Judge Rutherford (a lawyer never a Judge) was a better proselytizer, but altered many of the teachings. The present head is Nathan Homer Knorr. Changing the name of the organization has deceived the public and refutations have constantly to be reiterated. The witnesses, "Bible Christians" everyone of whom regards himself as a minister claims exemption from military service, oppose religion and government. They deny the existence of Hell and the Trinity. Their teachings on Christ the Resurrection and the

immortality of the soul are vague and grotesque. Recruits to their ranks are drawn chiefly from uneducated lapsed Christians. 1874 is given as date of the second coming of Christ, misinterpret the Apocalypse in their talk of a millennial reign and look for the end of the world in 1974 or 2914. What a pity that the devotion of those who give all their free time to distributing the "Watch Tower" or similar leaflets is wasted on a cause which is such a fantastic parody of Christianity!

"The Adventists" also deny the existence of Hell. They are descended from a sect founded by William Miller (1782-1849) an American farmer who preached that the Pope is antichrist and that the present state of the world would end in 1843. When this prediction published in his paper "The Signs of the Times" failed to come true his follower Hiram Edson re-interpreted Miller's prophecies to mean that in 1844 Christ entered the inner sanctuary of heaven to cleanse it and not the earth, and to invesigate the records of all mankind. The Millerites broke into many divisions, one of which was the "Seventh Day Adventists" established in 1860 by Joseph Bates and Mr. and Mrs. James White. Unlike Miller they attach importance to observance of Saturday instead of Sunday. Theoretically they are vegetarians devoted to health foods. They practise baptism by immersion. A basic doctrine is that the coming of Christ is imminent as soon as the "investigative judgment" of mankind is finished. The prophetess of the group was the hysterical epileptic Ellen G. White (died 1915) whose brain was diseased as the result of severe head injuries. The Adventists hold that after the final judgment Satan and the wicked will be annihilated and that the Holy City on earth will be ruled by Christ and 144,000 Seventh Day Adventists.

.....You should have been at Euston Station (London) last week. Its grim environs were gay with the tumult and excitement of many children who wore on their arms bright red badges of the Irish Red Cross. About 120 London children were returning from a camp in Glencree, Co. Wicklow, where they had spent a happy month. This trip to Ireland was the fulfilment of a promise made 100 years ago. Mostly they were the great grandchildren of Irish men and women who were driven by the Famine to earn their bread in London slums. They meant to go back but the years slipped by with meagre yield and hopes unrealized. These children of East

London were not really strangers to Ireland. Their journey was the joining of a broken link and now they have made good the breach of years. The escorts (Catholic Children's Care Workers Association), the body which had organized the visit said that in a day the children had settled down to the ways of the land of their forbears. Each of them had put on weight. The pallor of the smoky city had been replaced by the rich brown of the Irish countryside. Their spirits were high after the glimpse of Fairyland. They had been re-united to the life of the country which should have been their own, and the Irish hospitality they would never forget.

C. Walker

Chicago, Illinois.

have a branch of the Spanish Opus Dei, "secular institute" here. It consists of professional laymen and is one of the first secular institutes recognized by the Holy See and is regarded as a new "form of religious life." The Chicago branch is under the direction of Father Joseph Muzquiz from Madrid. Father Muzquiz says that "the work appeals to those who wish to continue employment but also to lead a saintly life." Members are not required to live at headquarters but must lead a strong life of meditation, prayer, humility and apostolicity. Members take temporary or perpetual, private not public, vows. They are expected to spread the cheer of God in factories, offices and homes. Headquarters are in an old three story building with chapel and in the vicinity of the University.

E. Printy

..... We are working on the National Religious Christmas Card Contest sponsored by Barton-Cotton, Baltimore Md. The Grand Prize is \$700; 30 Awards with value of \$2500 and 600 Saving Bond Certificates. There are three design categories: a complete card; a picture; and a border to be used on the card. Previously prepared art work may be submitted and members of the staff are eligible. Wish us luck! Are there any other members of the Alumnae who would wish to compete in the movement to raise the standard of Christmas cards?



DIAMOND JUBILEE

On March 19th Sister M. Lidwina and on May 3rd Sister M. Clotilde celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of their entrance

into the Community of St. Joseph.

Anniversaries are milestones along the highway of life. They are remembering places where man stops for a moment to look back upon the road that stretches far until it loses itself in distant haze, with yesterdays here again with all the tender associations and recollections and joys and heartaches. Anniversaries are to be treasured and they are occasions to be observed with festal gladness.

So it was with our Jubilarians; but we refrain from recounting their various works of sixty years in the services of Christ, for the greater part of the fruit of their zealous and manifold labours through the years is known only to God. We, who see but part join with them in humbly thanking the Divine Master who called them in early youth to religious life. May the years go happily on for our esteemed Jubilarians until the final Jubilee Day arrives to crown their work!

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT TORONTO

March 19 was marked by the celebration of the ceremonies

of Religious Reception and Profession.

That of Profession, conducted by Reverend D. A. Lord, S.J., who had given the Preparatory Retreat, took place at Six A.M. in the presence of the Community only. Eight novices pronounced their First Annual Vows, and during the Mass celebrated by Father Lord, thirty-seven Sisters renewed their Annual Vows.

The Reception was held at Nine-thirty. The entrance of the white-robed brides with their dainty train-bearers followed by

the attending elergy was impressive.

After the singing of the Veni Creator by the Choir, Rt. Rev. F. V. Allen, the officiant, assisted by Rev. L. J. Hickey, brother of one of the postulants, blessed the new Habits. Father Lord then gave the sermon in which he reminded the Congrega-

tion of the characteristics of the Sacraments-the outward sign and the inward grace. Referring to the event which they were witnessing, he showed that they might find in it the same two marks, although a Ceremony is not a Sacrament. mind the symbolism which Our Lord often used in His teaching and which the Church continues to use, he briefly made clear that the bridal raiment, and the approach of the young brides to the altar indicated their deep love for the One for whom they were to renounce all earthly beauty and satisfaction, while the heroic readiness to follow Him, to win souls for Him, would be shown in the exchange of the present adornment for the simple Habit of a Religious. He congratulated the parents of the young ladies and pictured a future for their favoured daughters. of complete devotion to Christ in the person of His little ones, the poor, the sick, the aged. The parents themselves should share in the hundredfold return for this life of sacrifice.

Turning to the young ladies he expressed the conviction that nowhere in the world at that moment was there anything greater being accomplished than that which they were doing by giving themselves wholly to God, and then in a prayerful wish for the years to come, he reminded them that they could never fail to find strength, happiness and courage in doing all things

as close companions of our Divine Lord.

The ceremony continued with the solemn routine questions and answers, and when the Right Reverend Officiant gave permission for the reception of the Habit, the bridal procession left the Chapel. On the return of the new Sisters, they expressed their joy in the transformation, were given their names as Sisters and knelt to receive Monsignor's blessing. Holy Mass was celebrated by Reverend L. J. Hickey.

Those who were received with their names in religion follow:

Miss Loretto Hickey, Toronto, (Sister M. Laura Anne) Miss Ellen Leonard, Toronto, (Sister Mary Loyola)

Miss Dorothy Debono, Toronto, (Sister M. Josephine) Miss Elizabeth Knox, Toronto, (Sister Teresa Mary)

Miss Gwendolyn Smith, Toronto, (Sister M. James Francis)

Miss Pauline McCabe, Colgan, Ontario, (Sister M. Charlene)

Miss Margaret Vickers, Winnipeg, Man. (Sister M. Francine)

Miss Sheila Trainor, St. Gregor, Sask (Sister M. Bernardine)

The following Novices made their First Annual Vows:

Sister M. Dorothy Neider (Regina, Saskatchewan) Sister Mary Louise Brooks (Toronto, Ontario)

Sister Mary Cabrini DiCintio (Toronto, Ontario) Sister M. Michele Nantais (Toronto, Ontario) Sister M. Brendan Doherty (Albion, Ontario) Sister Mary Ernest Midghall (Toronto, Ontario) Sister Mary Hermine Nagel (Weston, Ontario)

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL

On January 31 seventy-five probationers received their caps at St. Michael's Cathedral. The caps were presented by Reverend John Brennan, Chaplain, assisted by Margaret Varley, Theresa Arbour, and Patricia Morrison, student nurses. Following the Nurses' Act of Consecration to the Blessed Virgin Mary, Reverend John Fullerton, spiritual director of the Ontario Conference of the Catholic Hospital Association, addressed the students, relatives and friends. Benediction was given by Very Reverend B. Kyte, Rector. The singing was under the direction of Right Reverend E. Ronan.

Among those receiving caps on January 13, were former students from St. Joseph College School: Mary Beaudoin, Ethel Gantner, Helen Marie Grady, Lois Hand, Marion Hinch, Catherine Lawlor, Pamela Maclachlan, Rosemary Monfred, Barbara McDonald, Joan McRae, Lena Natele, Juanita O'Hearn, Joan Rivard, Lynette Taylor, Joan Thompson and Carroll Proudlove and from St. Joseph's High School in Barrie, Margaret Carroll, Margaret MacDonald, Bridget Maloney and Anne McBride.

Sister Jeanne has been appointed Director of Nursing Service at St. Michael's Hospital.

The new residence, opposite the Cathedral, which provides accommodation for 107 students, combined auditorium and gymnasium, dietetic laboratory, science laboratory, classroom and demonstration room, is expected to be ready for September.

There were 3,142 babies born at St. Michael's Hospital during 1951. The number of visits to the emergency during 1951 was 30,192 and to the Out patients Department 82,726.

Twenty-two probationers started the nursing course in January. Former St. Joseph's High School and College School Toronto students include Irene Conroy, Rita Faragher, Jean Sheehy, Elvira Vanderbilt; from St. Joseph's High School in St. Catharines, Donna Ruscia and Lorraine Rastin.

St. Michael's Hospital was officially opened on July 2, sixty years' ago.

Eighty-eight students were graduated, May 27, at Convocation Hall. Former students of St. Joseph's College School include; — Mary Louise Purvis, Leora Baker, Ethel Carrie, Rosemary Ellard, Christine Heenan, Bernadette Kelly, Lenore Kennedy, June Marie Koster, Yvonne Mohan, Judith Mosteller, Mary Eleanor Murray, Catherine M'Gonigle, Margaret Noble, Rita O'Grady and Sheila Walsh.

* * *

The First year Students held their annual Uniform Dance on February 22.

Sister de Sales of St. Michael's Hospital set the Nursing Paper for the R.N. October examinations, attended on Conference on Civil Defence and acted as convener for an Institute on Psychiatric Nursing sponsored by the Ontario Conference of the Catholic Hospital Association at St. Michael's Hospital January 22-25, 1952.

In her later years in the United States Mother Cabrini often acted as her own contractor.

One of the most striking circumstances in this woman's life is that she never waited until she had all that she needed before setting to work. She usually had nothing, or next to nothing; yet when she saw a piece of work which demanded to be done, she at once started operations, confident that the necessary means would be supplied by Providence—as they always were. Of what cautions men call prudence she did not have a particle; she had instead an inexhaustible supply of real prudence, which is trust in God. Shy and retiring as she was by natural disposition and though not at all what is called the executive type, she came to show herself an immensely capable business woman. But though she was a notable organizer, she was the reverse of a cold statistician.



ST JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

On April 18, the Classical Association of America, in Convention at the Royal York Hotel, held a tea at St. Joseph's College, sponsored by the University of Toronto. Professors of Classics from all over the United States and Canada enjoyed to the full the hour of relaxation in the midst of their busy schedule. A number of last year's graduates, in Spring costumes, served. In the vote of thanks which was tendered to the Sisters of the College at the final business meeting, the statement was made that our girls were "as refreshing as the refreshments."

THE HERO

he stands midway between the stars and all created good an idol on a pedestal of dreams he is the pivot for the wheel of life to turn and catch in its revolving speed another soul and heart he stands upon the lofty heights unseen except for eyes that looking on him thus are blind to see the idol clay feet.

Anne McGinn, 5T2

Our best wishes to former fellow-students who have accepted the call to follow the Master.

Gwen Smith, who received the habit in our chapel on

March 19, and is now Sister James Francis.

Teresa Meraw, who received the habit of the Sisters Adorers of the Precious Blood, Toronto, on Monday, April 28.

Helen Harber, who made First Profession with the Sisters of the Cenacle, Lake Ronkonkoma, N.Y., on Easter Tuesday.

Teresa Houlihan, who made First Profession at the Dominican house, Marywood, Grand Rapids, Mich.

GRADUATION BANQUET

On March 20, the Graduation Banquet in honour of the graduating class of 1952 took place in the Common Room of the College. Joy and festivity marked the occasion, although, in the case of the graduates, the thought of leaving the College and their friends, both staff and students, brought a feeling of nostalgia (anticipated, but none the less real), that persisted amidst the gaiety and laughter.

The Programme was as follows:

PRAYER FOR THE POPE

Patricia Lippert

THE QUEEN

THE UNIVERSITY: Carolyn Gratton, 5T2: Rev. L. J. Bondy, C.S.B.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE: Therese Bauer, 5T2: Rev. E. B. Allen, C.S.B.

THE FACULTY: Anne McGinn, 5T2: Rev. J. W. Dore, C.S.B. THE GRADUATES: Ludmilla Graczyk, 5T3: Betty Jane Fraser, 5T2.

SENIOR WILL: Mary Dunn, 5T2.

SOPHOMORE PROPHECY: Hermine LaRouche, 5T3.
Toastmistress: Elizabeth Boyle, 5T3.



PROW (left to right): Mary Anne Boyle, Ann McGinn, K. Kendall, Betty Jane Fraser, Julie Landriau, Joan Osborne.

COND ROW (left to right): Dorothy Caszas, Janice Warie, Angela Melady, Gabrielle Salix, Mary Grieve, Elizath Fraser.

IRD ROW (left to right): Alice IcGovern, Vera Cobitz, Anne Marie Freene, Therese Bauer, Ruth Allor, lary Buckley.



FOURTH ROW (left to right): Mary Dunn, Carolyn Gratton, Lorraine Poulin, Marie Aprile, Helen McCabe Katherine Somogyi.

FIFTH ROW (left to right): Heler Dewan, Catherine Schenck, Hope Handa, Miriam Kelly, Agnes Raday Joan Garvey.

SIXTH ROW: Barbara Johnston.

GRADUATION EVENTS:

Wed., June 4, 10 a.m.—Graduation Mass at St. Basil's Church for all graduates of St. Michael's College.

2.30 p.m.—Conferring of degrees in Convocation Hall (Pass Course).

5.00 p.m.—Reception and garden party at St.
Joseph's College for graduates of the
College and their friends, followed
by Benediction in the Convent chapel.

Fri., June 6, 2.30 p.m.—Conferring of degrees in Convocation Hall (Honour Courses).

ATHLETIC TEA

The Athletic Tea was held at Loretto College on March 23. Miss A. E. Parkes, Women's Athletic Director of the University presented the University awards, and Joanne Smith, President of St. Michael's Women Athletic Association, the St. Michael's awards. Our congratulations to the girls who won the following distinctions:

Senior "M":—Betty Jane Fraser, Elizabeth Fraser, Angela Melady, Therese Bauer, Kay Schenck.

Junior "M":-Miriam Kelly, Philippa McEwen.

Third "M":—Beverleigh Deeth, Barbara Hawken, Janet Fraser.

Senior "T":—Betty Jane Fraser received a citation, in as much as she had already won her senior University letter.

Junior "T":-Therese Bauer, Elizabeth Fraser.

Third Colours:—University Award:—Angela Melady.

UNIVERSITY AWARDS

Carolyn Gratton, St. Michael's Women's Representative on the University of Toronto Students' Administrative Council, and Kay Schenck, one of our outstanding athletes, have been notified that they have been chosen to receive the Honor Award of the Students' Administrative Council, in recognition of their contribution to the undergraduate life of the University. The award will be presented by the President of the University in the quadrangle of University College on Commencement Day, June 4. Congratulations! We are proud of you.

SODALITY

The last Sodality meeting of the year was devoted to a talk on Our Lady and the approaching Feast of the Annunciation. God's choice of little ones as His instruments and the importance of being something rather than doing something was called to our attention; her ordinary daily life was to suffer no change; Christ was to be born in ordinary circumstances because each one of us must echo Our Lady's "fiat" in our own lives, and let Christ be born in us through the ordinary things of daily life. Mary did not proclaim the presence of God within her; she waited for God to tell it, a model for us when we are misunderstood by those who are dear to us. Mary accepted the silent, unobtrusive life that was to be hers during the life of her Son on earth, the discomfort and inconveniences of the journey to Bethlehem and the flight into Egypt, but there was no discontent; her "fiat" was a life-long one. So, too, should ours be.

Most appropriately the Feast of the Annunciation falls during Lent, when we honour Our Lady as the Mother of Sorrows. When Mary pronounced her "fiat" she accepted not only the honour of the Divine maternity, but the life of sorrow she knew by the Scriptures to be its necessary consequence. The horrible thought of what was to happen to Jesus never left her from before His birth till the hour of the crucifixion, but we never hear her say: "What have I done, what has He done, to deserve this?" Mary fathomed the mystery of suffering, a mystery the world has never fathomed. Must not the remembrance of Mary, who saw the innocent Lamb of God betrayed, reviled, crucified, make us feel ashamed at our want of courage to endure a small share of what, in our case, is due us?

St. Joseph's College.





BELGIUM: My Native Land

Belgium has been an independent kingdom since 1830. The idea behind its creation was a defensive one directed against a possible invasion by the Germans.

Since the days of the Roman Empire the Belgians have asserted their courage, stubbornness and initiative. Julius Caesar said; "De tous les peuples de la gaule les Belges sont les plus braves."

and the Roman General's nearest defeat was on Sambre, in south Belgium, at the hands of the Nervii.

The Kingdom has developed prosperous cities like Brussels, its capital, Antwerp, one of the world's greatest sea-ports; Louvain, noted for its Catholic University; Ghent and Bruges, with their fine lace-making and crafts and their art galleries. Also the short pleasant sea-coast has summer resorts and sandy beaches. Water-loo, not far from Brussels is where Napoleon was defeated in 1815. The English have erected there a large Lion mounted on a pyramid of earth, and the creature's eyes are turned defiantly towards France.

The population of Belgium is composed of two races: the Flemish, who speak Dutch, inhabit the northern province, and the Walloons, who are French-speaking, inhabit the southern province. The standard of education is high and there is a long-established and fine culture.

I was born in Belgium and I have lived there most of my life. I am very proud to share, through my mother, in the nationality of a most progressive country, one truly Catholic, and a happy and pleasant land to live in.

Belgium, my loved homeland, I salute you!

Beatrice Bonus, Grade IX-A, S.J.C.S.

A CHANGE IN PLANS

My heart thumped heavily as I scurried in and out of crowds on my way home. Mother would be waiting. Mother was always restless until the house was alive again with her children. "Wouldn't Mother and Daddy be happy for me?" I exclaimed to myself. Jim and Bob would be happy too, for they already knew the joy that would soon be mine.

I was so excited, for to-day, our teacher had told us that our First Communion day was near.

I recall how Sister's kindly eyes had met mine and she had warned, "Now don't you get chicken-pox or something."

I was certain that I would be there to lead the procession to

the Table of the Lord. Alas! If I had known then of the heart-breaking moment when the doctor was to announce that I had the measles!

I was extremely ill. So ill, that I only recall faintly what went on. Great joy came immediately after my recovery. I was unable to make my First Communion with my class, but later I knelt at the altar railing near my Mother. I was the happiest girl in the whole wide world.

Mary Ellen McCrohan, XI-A, S.J.C.S

LILIES

Sisters of St. Joseph's Convent

The "Lilies" is a magazine published by St. Joe's, It tells about events and news of anyone who shows Some interest in the work and hardships of our Sisters dear, And shows our thanks to each of them each day throughout the year.

The work and kindness of these nuns are known from coast to coast,

And any girl who knows them personally will surely boast, For there are not so many who are lucky just to know Such good and kindly sisters as the ones at Old St. Joe's.

Anne Bednarz, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

TRUE DEVOTION TO MARY

One Monday morning the auditorium was filled to capacity and the girls looked attractive in their uniforms. Father Charest was coming to give us a lecture on "The True Devotion" to Mary. He gave us his ideas of what he thought True Devotion was and how we could practise it. The girls listened attentively. A senior girl introduced the speaker and a girl on behalf of the school thanked him. He gave us holy cards with prayers consecrating all we do to Mary. Father Charest told us that in everything we do, we should ask ourselves if it would be what Our Blessed Lady would do.

Helen Sheridan, X-D, S.J.C.S.

HOLIDAYS

What did the holidays bring? For some it was "sleep." Those wonderful mornings that we would wake up and be able to turn over and go back to sleep.

Others stayed up to help with the "spring house cleaning."— Such ambitious people scrubbed floors, cleaned windows and paint-

ed. It was a different type of work from school work.

We all enjoyed a few leisure hours reading, eating and indulging in sports but, best of all, we did not have to study and do homework.

Jane Ann Wilcox, X-D, S.J.C.S.

THE GAME

There was a roar, a breeze, and then silence. I've never seen the room empty half so fast as it did that fateful Tuesday. In a matter of seconds we were clamouring around the lockers, losing our books, coats, snowshoes, etc., with a simply bewildering speed. I myself lost a shoe, and when finally I made into the Gym to get my "marching orders" I wore one oxford and one running shoe under my galoshes. But time and tide wait for no man—speed was the keynote of the following hours. After tearing through the cafeteria in a most unladylike style, piling into the waiting buses and fighting savagely for a place to sit, stand, or kneel, we sped off to the "new high school" to witness our coming (we hoped) triumph. That ride was a short one. Before we knew it, we were trooping into the imposing structure that could not, of course, approach the real St. Joe's for beauty, utility, interest and general value. Brown uniforms lurked in odd corners, unfamiliar halls stretched grimly long. We discovered that we were being ushered by devious routes to their combination auditorium and gymnasium. We have separate ones,-which fact we were careful to impress upon our strangely-clad neighbours.

Soon the team (our team, of course) was in place on benches along the walls. We picked out the girls we knew well and yelled encouragement at them, in sweeping, nervous statements. Then

the game began.

I won't describe it. It must suffice to say that although there were doubtful circumstances (what did some man once say about a drowning person clutching at a straw?) the ride home was long indeed and strangely quiet. A few unquenchable souls made silly remarks about "only a game," "better luck next time," and all the rest, but the songs by which we worked up our spirits to sing were subdued. To put it mildly, all I remember is the sensation of a heavy girl adorning my cap and another caressing my right ear.

Ah, well-it was only a game.

Janet Somerville, Grade X-D, S.J.C.S.

TRIP TO FLORIDA

We were ready to leave on a beautiful July summer-day.

Our first stop was Bradford, Pennsylvania. The next morning we started out early for Atlantic City and arrived there in the latter part of the day. We spent a week there, and enjoyed ourselves on the five mile board walk. Our next stop was Washington. The enormous buildings and the absence of wires above the ground add to the appearance of this city. In Washington we saw President Truman speaking to the people. Not far from Washington is George Washington's home which we visited. The temperature was one hundred and sixteen in the sun. When we reached Florida it was cooler than the central states. We spent most of our time there. Everything was new to us, the giant palms, the banana trees, orange, grapefruit and cocanut trees. Daytona Beach is one of the best beaches in Florida.

We had a wonderful trip, St. Christopher must have guided us the three thousand miles.

Patricia Sullivan, Grade X-D, S.J.C.S.

A MOVIE

Recently I saw the movie, "With a Song in My Heart". It was a heartwarming story of a girl named Jane Froman, who had a lovely voice. She was just becoming a great star on Broadway, when World War II broke out. So she decided she would go overseas to the American troops to sing for them and try to cheer them up. But on her flight overseas, the plane crashed and she was seriously injured. Although she recovered, she was not able to walk. But, after many operations, she could walk with crutches. Again she went back overseas to finish the job which she started so long ago, only this time on crutches. The soldiers cheered and admired her even more than they had before.

Patricia Walsh, Grade X-D, S.J.C.S.

THE EASTER PARADE

This year the annual Easter fashion parade was held a week after the customary Sunday.

On April the twentieth the temperature soared with the spirit of the marchers while the sun enjoyed itself immensely at the spectacle. 80,000 people were seen trodding the board-walk in their Easter finery.

Mothers and daughters were dressed alike while brothers sported the trend in men's styles. The girls appeared in their usual elaborate hats, consisting of bird-cages, rabbits in nests and so on. Cars jammed the busy streets while board-walkers strolled from one side of Sunnyside to the other. All Toronto turned out for this gala Easter celebration.

Joyce Roth, X-D, S.J.C.S.

EASTER GIFTS

Easter Sunday morning after Mass I came home and found five of my sisters in the kitchen, gossiping about Easter outfits. My nephews were eating eggs and Jackie, my nephew, said there was an egg in one of the boxes for me. I opened the box and saw a big chocolate egg. In another box there was a rabbit. Only this was a real one! Pete, a white rabbit with a black stripe down his back. Jackie thought he was like a skunk, but skunks are black with white stripes. We keep him down the cellar in a little cage and sometimes he goes into the coal bin and that is the end of being white. I give him carrots and lettuce. When we try to put him in his cage at night, he starts a-hopping. He was scared even to walk at first, but now he can jump quite high and manages to get to the seventh step of the cellar.

N. Visconti, X-D, S.J.C.S.

MISSING THE EXAMS

I've heard about people getting sick and missing examinations, but I never thought it would happen to me. It really was accidental. When I discovered I would be confined to my bed for the exams. I felt sorry, because I had wanted to see what my marks would be,

especially in history, as I had made a bet with my father that I would pass. After the first day I realized that if I had gone to school I wouldn't have known a thing on the paper. Later I found I was right.

K. Rush, Grade X-D, S.J.C.S.

BASKETBALL COURT

After I let my overworked brain recuperate from the drudgery of study, I decided to have a basketball court. I still must have been in a daze from the Maths exam. The construction of the basket was a simple task, I thought, until I crushed my finger with a five pound hammer, cut my wrist, and practically sawed my hand off. But, after two days basket was finished, a masterpiece in my own estimation. Now came the problem of where to put it. I thought of the back of the garage. So, armed with hammer, screw driver, and ladder I attempted to finish what I had begun. Almost at the top of the ladder I slipped, and fell, twisting my ankle. I limped into the house wishing I had never heard the word "holidays."

Marilyn Stinson, X-D, S.J.C.S.

HIVES

A slight swelling on the body caused by an allergy is the definition which the Webster dictionary gives for hives. But they are mean looking bumps similar to a bee sting and they itch like a mosquito bite. If you scratch them they get worse. And if you had any appointments before hand they have to be forgotten, that is, unless you want everybody to stare at you while you are keeping your appointment.

One attack lasts about twenty-four hours, unless you get a penicillin shot. Then it lasts only twenty-three hours. You get them when you least expect it, or when you least welcome it—Saturdays, Easter Holidays, the day of the Easter exams, the night of a big dance, and similar circumstances.

L. Sannella, X-D, S.J.C.S.

A HIKE

It was 9 o'clock Wednesday morning. I was still in bed, listening to the radio. Suddenly, during the chorus of "Candy Dancer's Ball" I heard the phone ring. By the time Mom had answered it I was out of bed, still half asleep looking for my clothes. I heard Mom say, "I think I hear the patter of feet upstairs. I'll get her". I knew it must be me, so I ran down to the phone. It was a friend telling me about a hike she had planned, and would I come? Sure! So 10 o'clock saw us off pedalling to Malton Airport 12 miles away. We arrived by a quarter to 12. There we watched the planes land and take off. We saw a R.C.M.P. arrive, a few planes of the United States Air Force land and take off and then saw a jet-leave. Later we rode, ate and got lost on a back road. By 4 o'clock we were home. All sunburnt and sore in a few places, we had a good time.

Odette St. Jacques, X-D, S.J.C.S.

WHAT THE EASTER HOLIDAYS BROUGHT FOR ME

One day, my brother and I decided to play catch with the baseball. He is older than I and more experienced. We had been playing for about ten minutes and the streets were already ringing with our laughter when the elderly gentleman who lives next door came to supervise. Between the two of them I was razzed through the entire game. They called me every baseball expression they could think of which implied I was no Babe Ruth. Examples of these are, "chicken arm" and "a swing like a rusty gate". If you could have seen me, you would benefit by the humour more so. As we played and I had "warmed" up considerably, I incomprehensibly missed a throw and the ball rolled to the other side of the road. A small boy passing picked it up and threw it to my brother on the far opposite side of the road. What this incident did to my confidence may be compared to what Samson did to the Temple.

Mray Lou Zingrone, Grade X-D, S.J.C.S.

MONDAY MORNING WASH

The first Monday of Easter holidays and what comes up but the washing. Deciding to get over early, I, got up at 8 o'clock. I gathered the clothes, going from room to room. In the boys bedroom I found dirty socks under the bed, shirts on the bureau and other things elsewhere. Then I laboriously descended the stairs with a large bag of clothes. The next step was to fill the washing machine and wipe up the floor where most of the water was emptied. I managed to get the first batch of clothes churning. After about ten minutes was the wringing in which I narrowly escaped losing a few fingers. Then I proceed to hang them on the line which is the easiest thing about washing. I finally reach the bottom of the pile. Again I began spilling water on the floor in emptying out the machine. Completing that job I wiped up the floor, hung out more clothes, wiped the washing machine, sat down and to groan at the thought of to-morrow's ironing.

Giseles Tardy, Grade X-D, S.J.C.S.

MY REWARD

The most important thing during the holidays was work. I scrubbed the veranda! I got out the pail and brush. I put soap in the pail and filled the pail with hot water. The spray on the tap suddenly jumped, stopped so it seemed. But I was drenched from head to foot! I started again, to proceed with this serious mission. Without mishap I filled the pail and carried it out to the given place. By this time I was quite aware of my mother's dependence on me and I decided to sacrifice my free time to do her will. I began to scrub, scrub, and scrub. By the time I was dead tired I still had half to do. Then, something dashed in front of me—it was the Great Dane belonging to the people next door. I had to use my self-control to stop from beating him, for, after going through mud, he left all the debris on my clean, scrubbed veranda. With a weary smile I finished my chore, but, I received a reward—I was allowed to go out that night.

Sally Thorpe, Grade X-D, S.J.C.S.

HOLIDAYS

It was the Easter Holidays! How I had waited for them, but when I awoke Friday morning I was in no hurry to rise; I even wished that school was back on its orbit. I was miserable for the whole morning thinking, thinking of that afternoon. Finally the moment came when mom called, "Mary, you can wash the floor now." I don't mind the washing of the floor but its the waxing and polishing that goes with it.

Soon I was on the floor scrubbing it with warm water and clean-smelling soap suds. It didn't take me long and again I found myself on my knees waxing—this I dread most of all for I cannot spread it evenly; but, after a struggle I finally finished. The polishing was easy, but it took muscle which I didn't have. There I was

finished.

As if a cloud had been lifted I cheerily put everything in its place humming a tune while doing this. Then a thought struck me. It wasn't such a hard day after all. And it was Good Friday!

Mary Schumacher, X-D, S.J.C.S.

HITCHHIKING BY A HITCHHIKER

The only fast way to get home is by our thumb. That is

hitchhike.

Everyone knows how to hitchhike; it is easy. Just hold your thumb out when you see a car or truck coming along. A smile will get you a ride faster than will a long face. When you get in the car or truck, try conversation with the driver or passengers. Talk about the weather, school, or any interesting subject. When hitchhiking, one meets interesting people. For instance, I met a man who just returned from Sault Ste. Marie. He told me about his trip, and I learned a great deal.

When nearing your stop, tell the driver where you would like to get off. Thank him for your ride and be on your way again.

It is better for two people to hitchhike, than one person.

It's really fun. Try it sometime.

Janet Zardo, Grade XI-C, S.J.C.S.

JOYFUL HOLIDAYS

I arrived home full of glee ready for anything, so I thought. Thursday passed without events, until I was returning home from choir practice with my sister. As we neared home I broke into an unladylike joy-trot, when suddenly my face came in contact with that slimy substance known as — mud. While my sister picked up the fragments of a jar of mustard I ruefully examined my ruined nylons and bleeding knees.

When my mother saw this mess of blood and mustard, she imagined all sorts of things (gangrene and yellow jaundice being most prominent). My sister traced out the iodine while I clamly messed

up the floor with haemoglobin, H20 and mustard.

Water revealed a half-inch cut on my knee, for which my mother promised to see that I should walk, from then on.

A. Laux, Grade X-D, S.J.C.S.

HOW I CLASSIFY PEOPLE

People, people, people, everywhere you turn you see them. You cannot get away from them, so instead of running stay and face them.

People can be nice! The people I enjoy the most are those with a sense of humour. Money, good looks and rank are nothing. A person with a sense of humour cannot help but have a pleasing personality.

You find often that people who are good-looking and have plenty of money are boring. They often are self-centred. A person who is always wrapped up in his or her own self cannot possess a sense of humour because he is always trying to make a good impression on someone else and never has time to act in a natural manner. The person with a sense of humour is always welcome in a group and is more popular than the one with money, looks and rank who has no personality at all.

Rosemarie Plante, Grade XI-C, S.J.C.S.

I TRUST

Dear Jesus help me find the Light which burns so bright In darkest night. Pave the way so I can see When I whisper tenderly I place my trust in Thee.

Some souls may have been led astray And face with fear the break of day Yet others find their way in life With faith in God there is no strife, Just say I place my trust in Thee.

Believe in Him who is so good and kind But always keep within your mind Six words and nurse them carefully, Say them even prayerfully, I place my trust in Thee.

B. J. Schreider, Grade XI-C, S.J.C.S.

HAIR STYLES OF 1952.

The girls of the eighteen hundreds have every reason to be proud of themselves in their choice of hair styles. The short bob which was all the rage then is back on the streets of our modern world once again. The chignon is favoured for evenings by the girls with the longer tresses. The coming in of the pony tail cuts down on your amount of hair setting. Three times a week should be found sufficient, unless you run into a rain storm.

Of course, we musn't forget the fortunate few, who were blessed with natural curly hair. These people set their own hair styles, and no matter what it be, it always looks nice.

Joan Faragher, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

EASTER HOLIDAYS?

Holidays they call them. Often times I wonder what the true meaning of this is, for they always have work days mixed in.

Easter Monday, the perfect day to sit back and rest! But — not for me. Mom didn't say a word but went to the cellar and brought up the scrub pail and rags, then up to the second floor to the bathroom. I knew she wanted company, so I changed to old clothes and started to scrub the walls. I never realized the walls were so high until then. To reach the ceiling I first of all tried the bathtub for height but it did not make me tall enough; then I tried the step ladder. I was now able to reach the ceiling but what a reach to the wall!

My reaching was not in vain for when finished, there was a

noticeable change in our bathroom.

I really was going to enjoy being away from school for a week but after my hands were sore and my back ached, I changed my mind, because holidays—as they call them—are always work days for me.

Peggy White, X-D, S.J.C.S.

HOW YOUNG PEOPLE CUT CORNERS

Young people have a tendency to cut corners. This action has been practised since the fall of Adam and Eve. Of course we don't really break God's laws and commandments. Most of the offenders when confronted with such facts will strongly oppose such a thought. It may be that we come to Mass at the Gospel and leave after Communion. We really attended Mass. Promise to say the family rosary, a voluntary action in its own right, but it becomes a promise when we consent to do it faithfully. But then we only made the last decade. There was something else to be done first.

In every room there are girls who rush in at the last bell, sit anxiously through their classes and are the first ones out at night. They attend school but do they really learn. God gave us a chance to be educated at a Catholic High School. Many do not receive such opportunities. Do we make the best of ours? How many times has mother done the dishes alone while we dressed for that all-special evening out. Poor mom struggled on into the night. Many of us fail to realize the mother's position in the home until tragedy strikes and God takes her with Him to that much earned reward in heaven.

The question arises. "Am I one of these cutting corners and if so what am I doing about it?"





Vatican Gallery

-Sassoferrato

Our Lady of the Rosary

ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL

BOYS AND GIRLS OF CANADA

In this present day and age, we Canadian Catholic boys and girls have much to be thankful for. While millions of people, God's children, are starving to death, dying from disease, lack of proper care, etc., in Europe and far-off Eastern countries, we in Canada are enjoying many privileges of life—we have our parents, our home, our school, our friends, and our modern conveniences such as movies, radio, television, etc. There is talk of a third world war. This must and can be prevented by our prayers, and it is our duty and privilege as Catholic boys and girls, future citizens of Canada, to prevent another world crisis. Let us pray often to Our Dear Lord, thanking Him for our numerous blessings and begging His mercy for world peace.

Barbara Reynolds, Form III, S.J.H.S.

OUR CLASSROOM

All the classrooms in St. Joseph's High School are attractive,

but ours, 9-B, is the best of them all.

We sit at very modern desks, finished in a blonde shade. The light from the large windows is augmented by fluorescent lighting. Two tone walls of grey and green raise our spirits on even the dullest day.

The patroness of our room is Our Blessed Mother, under the title of "Our Lady of the Cape", and her beautiful statue graces

a niche near the window.

The spirit of the girls in 9-B is a wholesome one. Lively competition, good fellowship and friendliness prevail, all under the guidance of our teachers, whom we revere and respect.

Sheila Swalwell, IX-B.

IN DEFENCE OF DOGS

How many times will people say: "Well, after all, it's just a dog." Just a dog; what an understatement, what an insulting way to speak about a member of the incomparable canine family!

People that do not know dogs rarely have a liking for them. The usual remark is, "Oh, I don't like that dog, it's such a big thing", or, "What a vicious-looking one too." Then again there are those who will say, "Isn't that the cutest dog? Such a friendly-looking dog." The only reason that people pass such flattering remarks, on dogs, which are usually small breeds such as spaniels, terriers and even sporting-hounds like the beagle, dachshund, whippet, is because the dogs look as though they are not ready to bite. Seldom do you hear flattering remarks paid to the brave dogs that hunt with men, such as the retriever and the bloodhound or dogs that work for a living, like the Dobermann Pinsher, collie, and the German Shepherd, the latter commonly known as the

"police dog" and who is used for "the Seeing Eye."

In the great canine family many qualities are common to all breeds of dogs—speed and staying power; ferocity and strength for fighting; indolence and placid home-contentment; gentleness and fidelity for the boudoir.

Scientists quarrel as to whether the dog has any reasoning powers. Let them quarrel. Those who have grown up with dogs, have been taken out as children and led about by them, who have been saved from injuries and from drowning by them, have been tricked and deceived by their cleverness, have been loved and worshipped and benefitted by them—they know.

There is something to admire in every dog. Each one has its faults, but did one ever betray its master or mistress? When did the affections of one ever grow cold? Those of us who possess dogs know that there is no better companionship than that of these faithful dumb friends and still you will hear the remark "It's just a dog."

Joan McKay, XIII, S.J.H.S.

A TEEN-AGER COMBATS THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL

To be a teen-ager might be called a privilege and in another sense it mightn't. It might be a privilege because on the shoulders of the teen-agers of this day lie the responsibility of tomorrow, and yet in another sense it could be a tragedy, because teen-agers of today have to face three obstacles in their quest for peace, and these terrific opponents are the world, the flesh and the devil.

The world is the second worst enemy in the teen-ager's quest for God, because it is continually offering or holding out allurements to attract young people away from happiness, which is God, who is Love itself.

The flesh, our worst enemy in our quest for happiness, is present with us at all times. Since the fall of our first parents the flesh has always been prone to evil.

The devil, a cunning opponent in the teen-agers quest for true happiness, is especially strong in this modern age. We don't often hear of obsession and possession today, but nevertheless the powers of darkness seem to reign in the world today.

But all teen-agers have the powerful weapons of prayer, the sacraments, and the Holy Sacrifice, with which to combat successfully the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Margaret Egan, IX, S.J.H.S.

JANE AUSTEN'S ELIZABETH

When we first meet her, we find her very lively, full of fun and possessing a dry sense of humour which she retains during our entire friendship with her. She possesses a spirited, playful, natural temperament, delighting in anything ridiculous. One would not call her lovely and she certainly would not win a contest for her beauty, but just become acquainted with her and

you would give her every prize possible. She is bewitching, entrancing and fascinating. Unselfish is she towards her beloved sister Jane and her other rather insignificant sisters. The more she sees of the world the more dissatisfied she is, and as a true philosopher she realizes that people are as uncertain and fickle as the sun which is friendly and bright one day and the next day hides behind dark and threatening clouds. Her major dislike is ostentatious show of wealth, particularly of Lady Catherine de Bourgh with whom she displays by her intelligence in conversational spars that she is on the same if not higher level. Her predominant fault is speaking exactly what she thinks and it is by the breaking down of this prejudice that she realizes her love for Darcy, another person whom we are introduced to by Jane Austen.

Perhaps now you realize that this friend of many, and one of the most satisfying heroines in fiction is none other than Miss Elizabeth Bennet, heroine of Jane Austen's novel, marked by ease and natural domestic life, "Pride and Prejudice."

Gay Adam, XIII, S.J.H.S.

ON MOTHERS

Mother, one small six-lettered word but bearing such a tremendous meaning that the ages of time neither increase or decrease its significance, for it is always "mother." It is a word familiar to all of us. It is a word that is perhaps used more than any other throughout a day, and yet it is a word that can scarcely be defined for no dictionary could contain or fully express the meaning of "mother."

How often do we pause and realize all our mothers do for Do we return their complete unselfishness and selflessness? Today when the modern cry is "a good time" we sometimes forget

our mothers and think only of ourselves.

Saturday dawns with bright promises for that all-important Mother will perhaps go shopping and leave us in charge. "Why of course, Mother, you go right along. Don't worry about a thing." A little music might help to brighten this housework. Off in a dream we forget about baby, who, while sailing boats in the tub, is also flooding the bathroom.

We are an inconsiderate lot. In one minute we can disrupt the entire house. That bed we could make if we just took an extra minute, those pyjamas draped over a chair, idle bobby pins, combs, lipsticks and creams. Are you guilty? How indignant we often are when checked for our misconduct. "Why is mother continually finding fault with me?" "Why?" Simply because she loves you. There is an old Spanish proverb which says, "He who does not love the faults of those he loves, does not love."

Mother, just mother, mother who continually picks up after us. Mother, who is up long after we are asleep mending and making lunches. Mother, who gives up that new spring hat so we may have one for that special occasion. This is mother, your mother and mine. Helen Izzo, XII, S.J.H.S.

IN THE BEAUTY PARLOUR

Gay chattering resounded throughout the Beauty Parlour. Teen-agers, young ladies, ladies not so young, mothers and grandmothers were discussing the means of enhancing their natural beauty. Idly I listened to the bits of conversation that drifted to my ears:

"I wonder what shade I should have my locks tinted. Would 'Bronze Beauty' or 'Chestnut Red' be preferable," said one middle-aged customer to another.

"I'm afraid I can't tell you that," answered the sweet-faced, Irish grandmother. "As for me, I intend to retain the colour the good Lord first gave me—then I'll have no worries about two-toned effects, and my bank book will be much fatter."

When I eventually made my exit from the "Salon of Artificial Aids to Beauty," the first lady had almost decided on the "Bronze Beauty"—not quite, but almost.

Joan McKenna, XI-B, S.J.H.S.

OUR LIBRARY

The Weston Library is conveniently located on Main St. north of the shopping district. The building is a handsome addition to Main St. with its green lawns and beautiful landscaping.

When you open the door you may go up a few steps to the adult section or go down a few steps to the new children's library which opened last month. It is a warm, bright room with soft, pastel-coloured walls above low book shelves. Rows and rows of new books, gay in reds, yellows and blues, are arranged there. Some stand so that at a glimpse pictures within invite closer examination. Others are spread out on tables opened at pictures with small groups of children pouring over them. Children come and go with books under their arms, full of excitement over their new library and for new books. Two or three are consulting the librarian at the desk about "renewals", others wander from shelf to shelf searching for adventure, romance, mystery or humour.

It would be hard to estimate the great benefits that have come and will come to the children of Weston through their new library.

Mary Ann Calnan, IX-A, S.J.H.S.

SHOES

Black, white, red, brown, satin, kid, suede. All were shoes. in a row in the cupboard of sixteen-year-old Carol. Each pair told its own story.

Carol looked at the first pair on the shelf. They were her oldest shoes, four years to be exact, and had been worn very few times. It was a sunny day in late April when Carol walked up the aisle of the Church as a child of God and returned as a soldier in God's army. There white kid shoes had carried her that day to the enrolment desk of God, on her day of Confirmation.

Sitting beside these shoes was a dainty black suede pair. What

a lovely day it had been when her older brother Jack was married. That was two years ago last Christmas. Carol thinks of the little

Jacky running around now and what a pet he is.

"Mustn't daydream," said Carol to herself. As she turned away she saw one brown shoe. They had just a slight suggestion of a heel. "I can't go now." And she began to reminisce. She just had to have a pair of shoes with a high heel because he was six foot tall and she, five foot two. It was her first date. "Home by eleven," her mother had said. She had tried so hard, but eleven-thirty she arrived. It had been raining that night and Carol slipped on some mud and "swoosh" into the puddle she went. Norman had ordered a taxi but it had taken so long to arrive. She reached home late, soaking wet and her new shoes ruined. Her mother had thrown them out but Carol managed to save one of them just to remind her of her first date.

At the end of the line were two traffic lights, her new red high-heeled shoes. Her mother had said just a cuban heel, but somehow they didn't seem to fit—just somehow. So here were her high heels. She had been a little wobbly at first but this morning had been her fourth time wearing them and she now

walked like an expert. Well, nearly.

"Carol!" her mother called.

"Coming." Carol closed her door, her door of fond memories.

Gay Adam, XIII, S.J.H.S.

WHAT MY RELIGION COURSE THIS YEAR MEANS TO ME

Our Quest for Happiness or the Story of Divine Love sets for our goal this year the special practice of the virtue of Faith. The book puts us in action and directs us to our goal by explaining to us what we are aiming for—Eternal Happiness—Heaven and its joys. To find this happiness we must serve God and man here on earth to the best of our ability. This is my quest. To help us with our quest the book outlines the chief means that we use to accomplish our quest of drawing closer to God. It points out that Faith is necessary for salvation, what we should believe and why and how our beliefs influence the action of our everyday lives. It urges us to practice humility, prudence and fortitude and to learn to live our faith by the fervent daily practice of it.

Mary Ann Calnan, IX-A, S.J.H.S.

IS CHIVALRY DEAD?

Today is the age of inventions, tomorrow the age of wonders. The world of scientific miracles is here to stay, bringing comforts and pleasures which would make great-great-grandfather blink in amazement. Yes, these are the days of progress, but alas, has the old practice of chivalry been frightened away by modern manners.

Gone are the good, old days when ladies were treated like the finest china, and manners were not only recognized on special occasions but also at home. Young people showed the respect due to their elders and also to each other. How gratifying it must have been to be greeted with hat in hand and a low bow, or to be helped carefully out of a carriage as though one's escort feared for our health at such a long step. How unlike today when one finds on a crowded street car the seats occupied by the male species and youngsters, while women and elderly people stand. We don't have carriages, but even so the young man of today is liable to ask the girl waiting primly for him to help her out of the car, "Well, what are you waiting for?" Perhaps we are too severe with the opposite sex. Could it be that the robust, athletic girl of our generation gives the boy no chance to perform small courtesies for her?

What is the solution, or first of all what is the cause? With some it may be selfishness, but with most just plain forgetfulness. Perhaps it's just as well that the chivalry of older days is dead, but it must be replaced by a spontaneous sincere chivalry. We won't grow careless if each one remembers that all are made by God and demand the respect and courtesy due to Him.

Natalie Walsh, XIII, S.J.H.S.

FRESHMAN YEAR

This was my freshman year in the study of religion. I feel I have benefited mainly in my outlook on religion. Little had I realized, in my ignorance, the amount of knowledge connected with

this study. My finite mind studying an Infinite Mind!

The name of our religion book this year is Our Goal and Our Guides. Much different from the catechism used in lower grades, which was a question and answer type and therefore it was all straight memorizing, this book this year is in more or less story form. I am now learning how to combat the world, the flesh and the devil. Though it will take time, I'm mastering the fundamentals of self denial. This book accents faith and tells the story of the Divine Love that led God the Father to create us, and then, how His overflowing love redeems us. The Holy Ghost has been more vividly explained than ever before. We pray to Him to enlighten us in studying our quest. Since September I've had my eyes opened to a beautiful and wonderful world. I hope the others who are studying this religion course with me, have benefited from their freshman year as I have.

Anita DeCarli, IX-A, S.J.H.S.

INDIA

India to most students means a land of mystery and adventure, another "Arabian Nights." Take a short trip there with

me, and see just what adventures it holds.

I, Joseph Hill, reporter for the "New York Times", was sent to India to do a series of articles for the paper. I left New York on the third day of July, and arrived at Bombay a few days later. From Bombay I went by rickshaw and boat to a little village, Tampoco, in the interior. It was a backward country which saw few white people, and did not take kindly to them. I had come for a novel story, and instinct told me that such a story could

be obtained here with patience and good luck.

The first two days of my stay were uneventful. I spent most of my time getting acquainted with the village. On the third day a friendly boy told me that during the night there would be a sacred procession up the mountain to the cave of the Snake god. The village wanted to appease his wrath and to ask him to bless the crops.

At moon-rise the ascent began, and in a few hours we arrived at the mouth of the cave. The priestess entered and charmed the snake out into the open square. The rites demanded that she kiss him on the head three times. The snake watched each movement with beady eyes, waiting to strike.

The natives then proceeded to place fruit and animals in the cave. The deadly cobra spread its hood once more, then returned

to the cave.

As I returned home I could not help musing on the fact that a country and a people, living in the twentieth century could be so pagan and barbarous.

Dianne Borron, XII, S.J.H.S.

CAMP

"So this is Camp!" As we rounded the bay in the large inboard motor boat I caught my first glimpse of Camp Brachnell on an island in Kashe Lake, ten minutes by boat from land. The island seemed to rise in the centre and on the top was the main lodge. Among the trees I could see neat little tents. A large sign, in Old English style had been tacked to one of the trees. It read "Camp Brachnell", and I thought to myself, "I'm going to like this." As we neared the dock a sudden sense of fear swept over me; I felt a stranger in a new country. "What would the other campers be like?" How long would it take for us to get acquainted? Would we get along? Should I have applied for the councillor's course?" These questions were whirling through my head as we came slowly to a standstill. I paid my boat-fare and picked up my suit-cases. The dock was suddenly alive with friendly, smiling faces for all the Quickly my uneasiness campers had come to welcome me. vanished; I was among friends. I thought to myself, "Yes, I really will enjoy myself."

Norah Coyne, XII, S.J.H.S.

THE SHOE

A shoe, according to the dictionary, is an outer covering for the foot. But it is more than that. The shoe has a history from the time of the stone age right up till now. It has survived fires and floods, war and peace. Generation after generation the shoe has changed and developed.

The man of prehistoric time made a crude wrap-around affair

for his foot to protect it. This covering was made from the skin of an animal. This custom has survived and in the present age, even alligator and snake skin are used.

The shoe at the time of the early Romans, and up to the time of Our Lord's life, was a light leather sandal much like that worn during the summers of the present day. During the Middle Ages and the time of the famous French courts, the shoes were made of soft leather, covered with silk or satin of pastel shades with pointed toes and large silver buckles. Now in our time the shoe seems to be based on the ancient styles but much exaggerated.

Today, by looking at a shoe, one can almost tell a person's character without looking at her face. A real alligator shoe, with a four inch heel, platform sole and straps wound around and around, indicates its wearer to be an overdressed, fashionable young woman. A black heavy boot, well worn and covered with mud—a laborer or a farmer.

And so the shoe has walked the path of history to the twentieth century, and has firmly established its presence in the everyday life of man.

Laurel Grimsdale, XIII, S.J.H.S.

SPRING

What can compare with the beauty and freshness of spring? The days grow longer, and the buds on the trees swell as the sun shines with increasing warmth. Across the sky, white, fleecy clouds lazily drift, while high up in the apple tree, Robin Redbreast pours out his little heart in notes of joy and happiness. The twittering of the sparrows comes from the willows along the creek, and the plants are pushing their tiny heads through the brown earth, eager to get their first view of this beautiful world. Then, at the close of day, just before darkness envelopes the scene, the sky is aglow with a beautiful sunset.

Do we ever stop to consider that through God's provident care, this wonderful awakening is renewed every spring?

Carolyn Mealing, IX-B, S.J.H.S.

AN EXCITING MOMENT

A tie score and three minutes to play! Our opponents seemed to suddenly pull themselves together with an air of determination, which meant that victory was their goal. In a wild skirmish, they obtained the ball and deftly scored a basket.

Our casual-looking team seemed glued to the floor; it was a disheartening moment. Then the unexpected happened. They suddenly became alert. With a grim "do or die" look on each face, they cleverly got possession of the ball, quickly passed it to the forward, and it gracefully floated into the basket, just in the nick of time before the last whistle blew.

Relief spread throughout the crowd as the game ended in a tie, and the student body gave a long, resounding cheer to celebrate a good work, well done.

Yvonne Robichaud, X-B, S.J.H.S.

STUDYING FOR EXAMS

Every year about this time, queer shivers begin to run up and down my back, as I realize in a few weeks the final examinations start, and the big question arises, "To pass or not to pass." Each year I firmly resolve to study hard and get a decent mark for a change. A noble resolution, but something always happens. The weather is warm and sunny, but studying in the open air is impossible for me as I always fall asleep. Then studying inside is hard too, as visions of a cool blue lake and a tall tanned lifeguard always seem to appear. The delightful aroma of hot brownies and chocolate chip cookies don't help, but serves to bring me downstairs to the kitchen, until, with my mouth full of cookies I reflect "I hope I manage to skin through again this year."

Joanne Housley, XII, S.J.H.S.

ST. JOSEPH

Hail great St. Joseph, Patron and guide, Always be near me Ever at my side.

Teach me to lead A good moral life, Help me through sorrow, Through pain, and through strife.

Dear glorious St. Joseph, I ask of you, Take me to heaven, To see God too.

Carol Dwyer, XI, S.J.H.S.

When I set out for school each day Without my homework done, I can feel my spirits sinking, Just like the setting sun. What will surely happen Is the sixty dollar question, But I must not think about it You know, my indigestion. When I'm called on in the classroom I rise to meet my doom, Where's your homework? Haven't got it, Pauline child leave this room! My mind then goes a-flutter, I now commence to stutter, Oh! I'm in such a plight, But I'm sure I'll do my homework To-morrow night.

Pauline Ramsperger, XII, S.J.H.S.

"PRAYER TO JESUS"

Dear Jesus, protect me from this world Troubled as it is today Fold your gentle arms around me Safeguard me in every way.

Be with me from dawn to night Help me always do what is right Keep a fire within my breast Burning always with holiness.

Keep me firm and ever strong
Teach me never to do wrong
And when I leave this earth, Dear Lord
Show Thy mercy as my reward.

Barbara Reynolds, XI, S.J.H.S.

LUNCH TIME

When our bell goes for lunch at eleven twenty, books snap shut as if a spring had been released. Bored faces light up and tongues begin to move rapidly. Desk tops fly up and down and a mad dash is made for the door.

In the halls lockers bang and girls hurry to their lines. From the cafeteria comes the clatter of dishes and the pungent odor of cooking. Once in the cafeteria everyone rushes to obtain their favourite table.

Lunches are eaten quickly and everyone goes to the gym. The present rage among the girls is square dancing and soon the record player is going. This fun lasts until ten or five minutes to twelve and then the bell rings, classes are resumed and quiet again prevails in the halls until three.

Joan Cryer, XII, S.J.H.S.

PEOPLE IN THE MORNING

As you stand on a corner in the morning waiting for the bus or streetcar, did you ever look around and see interesting people?

You always see someone rushing for a streetcar, the business man who grabs for his morning paper, and the young boy taking his last puff on a cigarette before boarding the streetcar.

There is the chronic complainer talking of how bad the streetcar system is, and the fuddy duddy lady fumbling for her ticket at the last minute.

People going into restaurants for a cup of coffee to wake them up, girls coming home who have been on the night shift.

Then there are the school girls and boys revealing to everyone on the street that they haven't their homework done or the place they intend going that weekend.

Perhaps the odd time you might even see a quiet man or woman taking their time and minding their own affairs. Standing on a street corner you never see two people or things alike.

Miriam Smith, XII, S.J.H.S.

WEDDING DAY

The sun came up in early morn,

To-day was a day ever to be remembered,
With no time free to feel forlorn,

My life this day shall be rendered
As spouse of Christ, Our Blessed Lord,
And foreigner to pleasures of this world.

First in dresses silk and white,
Brides all beaming in given place,
The return in serge black as night,
And souls overflowing with heavenly grace.

Given a new name of Sister Mary,
The girl does now fully realize,
She is dead to the world and pleasures around her,
While to happiness and prayer is very much alive.
Jacqueline Shaw, X, S.J.H.S.

THE GROTTO

If you are not able to go to France to see the statue Our Lady, at Lourdes, you may some day be able to see a replica at Ste. Adolph de Howard, in the Laurentian mountains.

The little town of Ste. Adolph is a perfect setting for this shrine as it is surrounded by three small beautiful lakes, named Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

To reach the shrine we go to the foot of a small mountain and there we look up to the shrine itself.

Its beauty is enough to spur us on to the climb we are about to take. We cross a grassy field, and reach the rugged stone steps which turn and twist upwards. At the top is a small altar set deep in a rock. Mass is said here at a time of pilgrimage. A few steps on we look high up at a beautiful image of the Queen of the Holy Rosary looking lovingly down at a kneeling statue of Bernadette beside us. In Bernadette's hand is a bouquet of fresh flowers which she holds up to Our Lady. These flowers are kept fresh by pilgrims. The look of love between Our Lady and Bernadette is an inspiration, so we kneel with Bernadette and recite our rosary. Regretfully and silently we descend. When we reach our car we take one last look. The shrine has been illumined, bringing out clearly every detail of the grotto.

Through the quiet of the night, we hear the bell of the parish church sounding the curfew and we turn homeward, talking of the beauty we have just seen.

Kathryn Harris, XII, S.J.H.S.

A DUDE RIDES

We arrived at Circle M Ranch about three o'clock on a weekday and we were the only people brave or crazy enough to ride out on such a day. The man brought the horses out and saddled them. I saw a horse that I wanted for the ride but Peggy started towards it. There was a 'battle royal' for the horse. The man found a solution. He flipped a coin. Peggy called it heads but it turned up tails. Yea! I got the horse.

Blizzard, the horse, and I started off. As we plodded down the trail it seemed as though I was on a rolling ship. We went down by the river to the ford. Blizzard who has a will of his own wanted to cross it. The only way I could stop him was to turn his head so that he saw that the other horses were not crossing the river. We then went up Gravestone Hill and were afraid to ride down. The hill looked so-o-o steep.

As we turned back we came across another gate which led to the stables. Mike, Doris Jean's horse took the bit in his mouth and headed for home. I tried to stop Blizzard but I also went home with the horse.

The ride was over. I got off my ship and started in a rolling walk back to the car. I wonder if the horse to-day feels as I do.

OH! MY ACHING BONES.

Hilda Keens, XII, S.J.H.S.

A TEEN-AGER COMBATS THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL

The world, the flesh and the devil are the three concupiscences which hinder us in our quest for the Beatific Vision. We must overcome them. But how?

First, find out just what they are and how they tempt us. The world, those opposed to Christ and His principles, slaves of concupiscence and those absorbed in the concerns of this life. We do not recognize the tactics of the world because they are all around us. The world holds out allurements to pride, vanity, love, power, desire for riches, display and fine dress.

The flesh or in other words ourselves—our five senses leads us to commit sin because we often desire to do what is forbidden. We look, hear and see what is not always the best thing for us.

The devil, is always thinking up tactics to tempt. His hatred for God and his jealousy of us cause him to tempt us. Vigilance, self-denial and prayer will help us to overcome these temptations, but we always run into obstacles, and failures are frequent.

but we always run into obstacles, and failures are frequent.

Scientists like Edison and Bell didn't decide to make an electric light and a telephone and then create it. They had many failures but when they finally produced their inventions or reached their goal they were filled with supreme bliss.

So it is with us, if we keep striving we will produce our inventions, in other words, reach our goal—The Beatific Vision. What supreme bliss!

Joan Duda, Grade IX-A, S.J.H.S.

A FIRST TRY

At last we had saved enough to try horseback riding.
When we arrived at the ranch we piled the groom with questions—were the horses wild? Did they kick? Were the saddles

English or Western? After we had exhausted his knowledge we looked the horses over, declaring most of them to be ready for the glue factory, then on mounting them, we showed ignorance by mounting from the right side heedless of the cold stares of the groom. As we bumped out of the corral we heard the groom say to a stable boy, "When those horses come in, put them in the barn; after those girls get finished with them they won't be worth sending to the glue factory."

Our spirits slightly dampened, we continued till we started to cross a creek. In the middle my horse started to paw the water. "Look out," someone yelled, "that's the horse that likes to roll over," but too late, I already had had a ducking. We went on riding letting the horses chew grass whenever they got the urge. The leader spurned his horse on posting nicely but the rest of us were bobbing along in our saddles like a bunch of jack-in-the-

boxes.

When we got home we were so stiff we were barely able to stagger to the car. "Did you enjoy yourself, dear?" Mother asked me as I came in the door. My answer was a smothered groan, "Where's the Absorbine Junior?"

Doris Jean Moher, Grade XI, S.J.H.S.

WISHFUL THINKING

If I was a baby, an innocent cuddly, little infant, how happy I would be! No cares, no worries, unless mommy would forget my feeding time. Then would I set up howling and wailing, until little mommy would come rushing in and fondly pick me up.

If I was a toddler, a mischievious, quick-tempered rolly-polly how happy I would be! I'd vex dear mommy, that swift discipline would be my fate. Oh goody! Mommy isn't looking so I'd scramble to a chair, dig one hand into the butter, and the other into the sugar. I'd put salt and pepper into the tea-pot, then climb onto the table. Somehow, I'd lose my balance only to be caught in the loving arms and smothered with hugs.

If I was a school-girl, a pig-tailed, fun-loving little miss, how happy I would be! I'd trip to school, seek some pals and rush around, playing ball, skipping, or old-mother witch. While in school, I'd pay attention, but once in a while I wonder whether or not someone had noticed the pretty, new frock. On the way home, I'd make a visit to the church, and try to keep from giggling.

If I was a grown-up, a prudent, loving wife and mother, how happy I would be! Settling disputes, preparing meals, making some sacrifice, or bathing the baby; these I would gladly do,

knowing that this was what God intended.

If I were a grandmother, a white-haired, kindly, old soul, how happy I would be! I'd rock myself to sleep, reminiscing some phase of my lifetime. I'd spoil the kiddies, petting them when the rightfully received a good licking from my infuriated son, giving them cookies before supper. But coming back to the present, I am none of these people, but am just as happy with the fourth stage of life—youth.

Catherine Richardson, Grade XI, S.J.H.S.

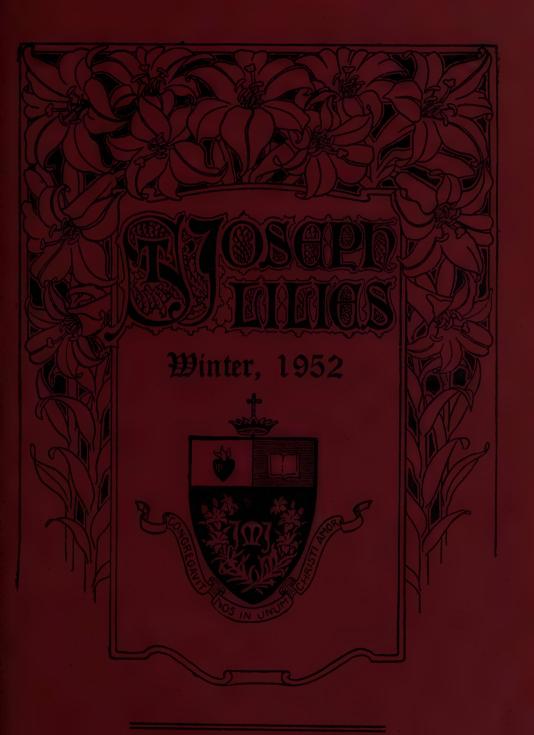
INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

ST. JOSEPH LILIES

JUNE 1952

A	Mc
Acme Farmers Dairy Ltd V	McManus & Stronach XI
В	
Bank of Montreal III Blue Ribbon Ltd. V Borden Co. Ltd. The XIV C Canada Coal Limited X	N Neilson Limited. Wm
City Wide Taxi Ltd XV	Our Lady of Mercy Hospital XV
E Eaton Co. Ltd. The Outside Back Cover	P Pigott Const. Co. Ltd VI R Regiopolis College XII
Guaranty Trust Co. of Canada III	
	g
H Hall, C. R. XI Hardie & Co. Ltd. G. A. XI Hayes & Lailey VI Heintzman & Co. II Hickeson & Co. Ltd. E. W. XIII Higgins & Burke Ltd. X Hughes, Agar, Mays & Steen III	St. Joseph's College and College School I St. Joseph's Hospital II St. Michael's Hospital IV Silverwood Dairies Ltd. XIII Simpson Co. Ltd. The Rob't. VIII Swift Canadian Ltd. XVI T Tip Top Canners Ltd. VII
Hall, C. R. XI Hardie & Co. Ltd. G. A. XI Hayes & Lailey VI Heintzman & Co. II Hickeson & Co. Ltd. E. W. XIII Higgins & Burke Ltd. X Hughes, Agar, Mays & Steen III	St. Joseph's College and College School I St. Joseph's Hospital II St. Michael's Hospital IV Silverwood Dairies Ltd XIII Simpson Co. Ltd. The Rob't VIII Swift Canadian Ltd XVI
Hall, C. R. XI Hardie & Co. Ltd. G. A. XI Hayes & Lailey VI Heintzman & Co. II Hickeson & Co. Ltd. E. W. XIII Higgins & Burke Ltd. X Hughes, Agar, Mays & Steen III J James Co. Ltd. The F. T. VII	St. Joseph's College and College School I St. Joseph's Hospital II St. Michael's Hospital IV Silverwood Dairies Ltd. XIII Simpson Co. Ltd. The Rob't. VIII Swift Canadian Ltd. XVI T Tip Top Canners Ltd. VII U Underwood Limited XI
Hall, C. R. XI Hardie & Co. Ltd. G. A. XI Hayes & Lailey VI Heintzman & Co. II Hickeson & Co. Ltd. E. W. XIII Higgins & Burke Ltd. X Hughes, Agar, Mays & Steen III J James Co. Ltd. The F. T. VII	St. Joseph's College and College School I St. Joseph's Hospital II St. Michael's Hospital IV Silverwood Dairies Ltd XIII Simpson Co. Ltd. The Rob't. VIII Swift Canadian Ltd XVI T Tip Top Canners Ltd VII





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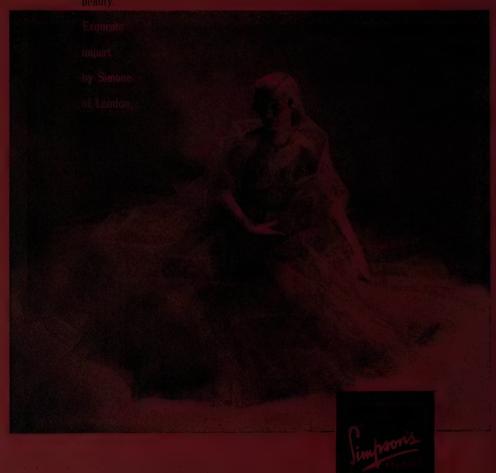
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CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE-	
NATIVITY OF OUR LORD—	
By Sandro Botticelli	188
GREETING	189
BETHLEHEM	190
BELIEVE AND BE SECURE—	
By Reverend V. F. Kienberger, O.P.	195
SALAZAR OF PORTUGAL	200
SALAZAR—	
By Stephen Roche	201
CONGRESS AT BARCELONA—	
By the Rt. Rev. Patrick Temple, D.D	210
WHEN IN ROME—	
By Doris Canfield Hanlon	214
WAYS AND MEANS—	
By Pat Daly	216
A CONTRAST OF TWO SCHOOLS OF ART IN THE	
SCENE OF CHRISTMASTIDE—	
By Sister M. Leonarda, C.S.J.	222
NEW INFORMATION ON EARLY DAYS	230
POETRY:	
A CHRISTMAS OFFERING—By Brian O'Higgins	231
MARY, SWEET MOTHER OF MINE—	
By Brother Reginald, C.SS.R.	232
MARY'S BABY—Saemas O'Sheel	233
MADONNA AND CHILD	234
COMMUNITY:	238
ALUMNAE:	
LIST OF OFFICERS	239
NOTES	240
EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS	242
COLLEGE:	240
BACCALAUREATE EXERCISES	246

NOTES 247
COLLEGE SCHOOL: NOTES 254
ESSAYS: 255
Janet Somerville, Marie Reeves, Danute Scepavicuis, Odette
St. Jacques, Helen Sheridan, Lorraine McCool, Mary Mc-
Cormack, Patricia Rooney, Joanne Theobald, Patricia
Drolet, Patricia Sullivan, Birute Gugaitis, Anne Workman,
Janet Lennox, Anne Moore, Doreen Hanley, Marcella Mac-
donald, Barbara Heffron, Doreen Murphy, Bernadette
Crudden, Eleanor Cain, Barbara Jaworski, June Williams,
Rosemary Koner, Mary Hambly, Barbara Ihas, Kathleen
Maloney, Carole O'Brien, Suzanne Scott, Alecia Ann
Glover, Ramute Aleksa, Marion Kish, Joan Gatto, Ann
Sawyer, Mary Spiegelhalter, Anna Mae Barnett, Therese
Lawrence, Martha Holmes, S. C. Warle, Margaret McRae,
Natalija Salkauskis, Margaret Garvey, Joan Gatto,
Margaret Morris, Mary Baker, Edna Andrews, Beverly
Bolster, Judy Foley, Mary Lou DiRocco, Marie Duffy,
Helen Anne Walsh, Lidia Barju, Moira Somerville, Rena
Giacomini.
MADONNA DEL VELO-By Carlo Dolci (1616-1686) 275
HOLV NIGHT By Conneggio

St. Joseph Lilies

Published Spring, Summer and Winter Subscription \$1.00

Checks and Money Orders should be made payable to ST. JOSEPH LILIES

Address:

SUBSCRIPTION EDITOR, ST. JOSEPH LILIES St. Joseph's Convent,

89 WELLESLEY STREET W. TORONTO 5, CANADA





Nativity of Our Lord

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. XLI

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1952

No. 3

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST

THE return of Christmas time turns us to our devoted alumnae, our general readers, and our generous patrons to wish them a Merry and a Happy Christmas.

The Merry Christmas of our emotions is most infectious as heralded by pealing bells, carols, gifts, pageantry and festive board. The least favoured of us fall under its spell as it gilds with transient mystic light the hovels of the slums and the stately mansions of luxury. A Merry Christmas is at least better than no Christmas.

But we wish especially to our alumnae and friends the Happy Christmas that the angels sang to the shepherds over the bleak hills of Bethlehem. It is angelic and supernatural like the angels that sang it, it is delivered to the spirits of men, epitomized in the deep gift of divine peace: peace with God the supreme Arbiter of human affairs and destiny; peace with ourselves and our turbulent and conflicting emotions, and peace with our fellow men.

This is the Christmas Peace that comes from the skies and is the burden of the Angels' song.







Bethlehem

H OW WONDERFUL are the ways of God in the great mysteries of religion as well as in the little secrets of nature! Even the stupendous mystery of the Incarnation and Birth of Our Lord has been accomplished in such a simple way that it is only the proud and the cold-hearted who have rejected the Divine Babe, while the lowly ones of earth have made Him their very own. All God's works, even the flowers of the field, are mysteries to us, but they are mysteries of His love, and nowhere has that love been manifested in a more winning way than at the Crib of Bethlehem.

A God coming to us as a little Babe—only a God of infinite love could conceive such a consoling mystery.

The present cold, selfish world is indifferent to the spiritual, and still the Christmas Card of the little Babe lying in His narrow crib sends a thrill of joy through the hearts of old and young. "And thou Bethlehem Ephrata art a little one among the thousands of Juda."

The five miles of white road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem are devoid of scenery, but two small parties passed along that road and have made it sacred for all time. The first party was a village carpenter and his young spouse, who were travelling from Nazareth to Bethlehem for the enrolment or census decreed by Augustus, the first Roman Emperor. The second consisted of at least three noblemen from the lands further east, who had come in search of the new-born King of the Jews. This lonely road is something more than a mere highway leading to a wayside country town. Emperors, kingdoms and powers that were to fashion world's history came into contact here for the first time.

A successor of Augustus was to send his builders along this road to erect the first Christian basilica in honour of this Babe of Bethlehem. Herod's Kingdom of Judea shall pass away quickly, despite the tyrant's carefully laid plans of murdering this new-born King, "but out of thee (Bethlehem) shall come forth the Captain that shall rule my people, Israel."

Augustus decreed the census for the purpose of imperial taxation, but little did he dream what his empire would gain from this little town. Like another modern empire-builder, he believed only in his own star; if he, like the three really Wise Men, could have been guided by the star of another, his great political work would have received the touch of true inspiration. Yet, Augustus realised that his empire-building would be in vain unless he could revive the old Roman respect for law and morals. He wanted the sanction of a religion but could find none; his attempt to revive the old native paganism proved a failure, and he detested the sensual cults imported from the East, not on political or religious grounds, but because they were enervating the officer caste of the Roman army.

How strange it all worked out in God's hands; a religion was to come out of the East that was to vivify the Roman Empire, and while the first Western Emperor was carving out subject provinces and colonies, a little Babe in His narrow crib was founding the imperishable empire of souls. The first humble pair from Nazareth who passed along this road were not thinking of empires or armies, but of the birth of their Child in this far-away Judean town, where probably they hadn't a friend.

The Gospel story of the Nativity is so simple that it must have been written down almost exactly as it fell from the lips of the Virgin Mother, but tradition and Christian piety have woven it into our present lovely idyll of Christmas Night. According to our story, Mary and Joseph left Jerusalem for Bethlehem in the fading light. It was snowing, and bitterly cold. St. Joseph was walking and the Blessed Virgin was riding an ass, and they were nearly the last of the travellers.

They entered Bethlehem in the early darkness and asked for lodging at the inn or hotel, but were driven off on account of their poor appearance. They wandered through the streets begging timidly for lodgings, but no one would take them in. Then, helpless and hopeless, they hurried out of Bethlehem and went straight to a quarry, a short distance away, and there at last they found shelter in a cave or hole in the rocks.

Another party, the Magi, rode along this road under the pall of night. Theirs was the most romantic ride in all history, for they were the outriders of the great Gentile host that were to advance in spirit or in person to the humble throne of this new-born King. What startling chapters in this world's greatest romance! The sudden appearance of the new star and their first trial of faith in far-off lands; their swift, silent ride through the shadowy desert; their majestic entry into Jerusalem; their disappointment there when no one had heard of the new-born King; their astonishment when they were told to search for Him in the insignificant little town of Bethlehem.

They, too, swung out along this road in the darkness, for even their beloved star had disappeared in the spiritual mists of Jerusalem. They rode slowly and silently; their speculative eastern minds pondering on mysteries, their stately camels treading the soft snow as noiselessly as their native sands, and only the tinkling neck-bells ringing out a call that has echoed down through the course of ages. They passed a well, and looked at it with the interest of desert men, and lo! there was their beloved star scintillating over the waters. It is only an unsupported tradition that has marked out this well as "the well of the Magi," but the incident is so beautiful that it must be true. They went on to complete their trial of faith. They found a poor couple's Child instead of an earthly prince: they found Him in a cave of a poor friend's house instead of in a palace; they saw Him there as lowly and as helpless as any little babe, but their faith was equal to it all: "And falling down they adored Him."

It is no wonder that Bethlehem is a strange town, for it has been swept away by many a storm, and each has left its

mark on this low ridge. As the birthplace of the Saviour, it was venerated by the early Christians, long before St. Jerome began his hermit life close to the Baby's Crib. In order to desecrate it and make a mockery of Christianity, the Roman Emperor, Hadrian, built a temple to the impure lovers, Venus and Adonis, over the shrine of the pure Mother and Child. Constantine the Great, after his conversion to Christianity, cleared away the pagan temple and built the first Christian basilica directly above the Cave of the Nativity. This Roman Church, the oldest in the world, still remains, though, naturally, it has been considerably altered by the repairs and renovations that had to be made in the long course of centuries.

Under the feeble successors of Constantine in the Eastern Empire, and under the fierce Moslem invaders, this holy place dwindled away into a mere Moslem hamlet. The Crusaders revived its glories. Baldwin, the first King of Jerusalem, was erowned here in the dilapidated Constantine Basilica. The sacred building was repaired; the shrine became once more a place of pilgrimage; the town grew in importance, and the descendants of the Crusaders lingered on here, long after they had lost Jerusalem and the other Latin principalities. Even to-day the Bethlehemites are of mixed Crusader and Arab stock, and that is why the people, not the town, remind the traveller of Southern or Moorish Spain.

They are far lighter-coloured than the inhabitants of other Palestine towns, and their friendly greetings and their curious dress especially the nun-like garb of the women, recall the great paintings of European mediaeval towns. In the narrow streets of Bethlehem is the Church of the Nativity. Three huge Convents, Latin, Greek and Armenian surround the church and almost completely obscure the external view.

The one devotional spot in Bethlehem is not in the church, but in the grotto beneath it, where the Saviour was born. A long flight of dark steps leads down to the grotto; it is no longer a cave, for masonry and decorations have completely altered its original appearance. This grotto is, naturally, one of the Holy Places, and Greeks Armenians and Latins have

legal rights here. This is the earliest Christian shrine; an unbroken tradition has marked it out as the birthplace of the Founder, and even when Calvary was the site of a pagan temple after the fall of Jerusalem, and Nazareth was the refuge of Jewish fanatics, the holy cave was revered by the scattered Christians of Judea.

The grotto is now divided into three parts; on the right at the foot of the stairs is the Chapel of the Nativity; on the left, a little lower down, the Chapel of the Manger; then, lower still, the Altar of the Adoration of the Magi. The Chapel of the Nativity is resplendent, marble lining on the walls, smooth cement floors and steps, flaring lamps, gaudy ikons and rich embroidery. Oh, how strange they all seemed in the lowly stable where the little Saviour was born!

There is, however, one decoration or memorial that is very impressive; a hollow has been made in the pavement and a diamond star has been inserted, around which is written in Latin: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." So it was here He came in darkness and silence while the midwinter stars were shining above! The place is lowly still, despite the surrounding pomp, and pilgrims can become little children again here and pour out their hearts to the Great Child, the "Light that shineth in the darkness," and down in this cave nearly forty steps from the outer world one realises that the true light is here and the darkness is above.

A few more steps to the left lead to the Chapel of the Manger. Jesus, Mary and Joseph, the earthly Trinity, had been here. Over there in a narrow crib one could almost see a lovely little Baby, His baby fingers outstretched to clasp us all and lead us on; his baby cries appealing for sympathy and love. Bending over Him was a young, girlish Mother, smiling, loving, adoring, and near by a grave, silent man, pondering on the wonderful ways of God. Angels were singing above; shepherds were speeding on here from the neighbouring fields; messages of love were passing between heaven and earth. "Glory to God in the Highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

BELIEVE AND BE SECURE

By REV. V. F. KIENBERGER, O.P.

HE value of faith is heightened by the security it bestows upon the believer in quest of the "reward exceedingly great." Faith is still mighty in the life of the world. "Jesus saith to them: Do you believe that I can do this unto you?" They say to Him: Yea, Lord. Then He touched their eyes, saying: According to your faith be it done unto you. And their eyes were opened" (St. Matt. ix 28). Faith is the soul's sustained search for eternal life. Catholic belief is a systematic method of saving souls. Writing to his disciples, Saint Paul has clothed the thought thus: "I know Whom I have believed. and I am certain that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." (2 Tim. i. 12). In the martyr's breast burned the fire that the King of Martyrs came to enkindle. In catacombal days as in our own period of life, faith aids the soul in its upward flight from the valley of indifference to the security of possessing God. "Thy faith hath made thee safe: go in peace." Page the yearning of the first Christians. To keep oneself unspotted from this world was the vocation of the followers of Jesus as outlined in the Gospel. The purpose of faith is evidenced throughout the Scriptures: "Lay up for vourselves treasures in heaven. Where thy treasure is, there shall thy heart be also" (St. Matt. vi. 20). The martyrs' minds treasured the heroic example of the faith of the patriarchs. Saint Paul kept alive these thoughts in his epistles. "He (Abraham) looked for a city whose builder and maker is God. They (the patriarchs) desire a better country, that is, a heavenly (one)" (Heb. xi. 10, 16). Christians of all centuries have girded themselves for flight. Their antiphon during earthly pilgrimage is summed up in the words: "We have not here a lasting city, but we seek that which is above" (Heb. xiii, 14). The Christian follows the Lord Jesus in the role of a "wayfaring man turning in to lodge" (Jerem. xiv. 8).

With the simplicity of Job's faith, every levite evaluates truly the things of earth. His sole desire is perseverance in good. One compelling thought, to be worthy to bear the Eucharistic Christ in a burse on his breast. With Jesus Hostia as buckler to his heart he eclipses the glory of the high priest in gorgeous vesture with the bejeweled "Urim and Thummim." Faith in the Blessed Master is the authentic mark of union with Jesus.

The sacred period of prayer before the Mercy Seat finds its replica in the hours the Apostles spent with their Rabboni after the Resurrection. During those forty days the Lord of life and death held sequestered court. "He upbraided them with their incredulity and hardness of heart, because they did not believe them who had seen Him after He was risen again" (St. Mark xvi 14). The reality of the Resurrection forced the disciples to believe. They pledged to write their credo in the divinity of Christ's mission in letters of their own blood. The reality of Jesus in the Great Sacrament is the well-spring of fidelity. We are fearful of our own frailty and indifference. Yet we trust in the Lord. "He that is a searcher of majesty shall be overwhelmed with glory" (Prov. xxv. 27). Thus near the King we partake of His power. Attendant angels bear to our Liege-lord our prayer-scrolls, inked in the heart-well of anxiety and sacrifice. Our personal trials are forgotten in the possession of Christ Our High Priest. In the Holy Sacrament He shares with us His glory as well as His abject state. We feel His power: we sense His helplessness. The Master pitying our weakness shares with us His glory. We proffer sympathy as we interpret the heart-scalds that come because worldings are pledged as votaries to gods of their own fashioning. "My people have done two wrongs: they have deserted Me, the fountain of living water, and have digged for themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that hold no water" (Jeremias ii. 19). Senseless creatures, possessing sufficient light to comprehend God, shield their eyes from the light and embrace the borderland of shadows and doubt and sin.



"Jesus saith to them: Do you believe that I can do this unto you? They say to Him: Yea Lord. Then He touched their eyes, saying: According to your faith be it done unto you. And their eyes were opened."

In the Holy Sacrament the Blessed Jesus is the true Light of light. With confidence we look straight into the Sacred Eyes of Jesus. If there be flinching we know that the dust of worldliness circumscribes our vision. Perhaps we feel unable to gaze into the Face of the Master much after the fashion of the lad who has not learned well his lesson and fears the anger written upon the teacher's countenance. Our wistful trust in Jesus offers human hearts that assuredness which is the result of the gift of faith. Our perfidies, our infidelities, our moments of cowardice, no longer upbraid our timid souls. At least we Holy Name men have not forsaken the Master. So we fear no condemnation as was spoken of the unbeliever: "Let his confidence be rooted out of his tabernacle, and let destruction tread upon him like a king. He shall drive him out of the light into the darkness, and shall remove him out of the world." (Job xviii, 14).

Hearken to the words of Jesus: "Be not faithless but believing" (St. John xx. 27). Gaze upon Jesus Hostia and in that vision endeavor to behold the Divine Teacher. Go back through twenty centuries of time and visualize Nazareth and The people seek His doctrine. His words are plain: "Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father" (St. John ii. 23). His miracles, His personality, His preaching captivate. On the mountain slope He blessed five loaves. The bread does not diminish in the hands of His disciples until five thousand are fed. A blessed miracle telling faintly of that mighty, continuous marvel of the Holy Eucharist, that Heavenly granary, feeding all nations of every century with the Wheat of the Elect. It would seem that the people who had witnessed the multiplication of the five barley loaves sought Christ as their King from material motives. The Master reproached them: "Amen, amen, I say to you, you seek Me because you did eat of the loaves and were filled" (St. John vi. 2). Our Lord desired belief. Though He had compassion on the multitude and their famished state, He would not encourage idleness by a continual supply of Manna to sustain their souls. This they clearly understood. They knew that the Great Teacher was promising them His own Body as food and His own Blood as drink. And they trusted Him, pitying those "who walked no more with Him" (St. John 6: 67). They remembered the holy assurance, "Believe in the Lord your God, and you shall be secure" (2 Par. 20: 20).

PRAYER FOR A ROBUST FAITH

By GRACE STILLMAN MINCK

No weak-kneed penitent, O Lord,
No fearsome spirit, mine:
Let my soul know it can afford
Only the Christly-fine;
Instill within me such sure love
As angels know, who sing
Exultant psalms of praise, above,
To glory in Thee: KING.





SALAZAR OF PORTUGAL

As Minister of Finance he brought Portugal from bankruptcy to balanced budget. His achievement in economic construction, political organization and social welfare have made Portugal almost independent of international finance. Few can refuse to admire the personality of Portugal's Prime Minister, whose modesty, simplicity of life and unselfish devotion to duty stand out as a model not only to his countrymen but to all politicians and statesmen.

SALAZAR

THE MAN - HIS POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY

By STEPHEN ROCHE

STALIN is an ex-seminarist, so is Salazar, but there the resemblance ends. The former abandoned his vocation to dethrone God, the latter to enthrone Him in the private and public life of his people.

To understand Oliveira Salazar, it is necessary to recall some of the phases of the moral and intellectual formation of the son of Antonio d'Oliveira and Maria do Resgate. In his childhood, he was a pupil at the primary school of Santa Comba, but very soon his father withdrew him, and confided him to the care of a poor old school-teacher, Jose Ribeiro. That was the period of his life in which Salazar tasted all the joys of living under the paternal roof. This period of his youth will ever remain fresh in his memory and taught him the primordial role of the family in life.

EARLY DAYS

In October, 1900, at the age of eleven, after private tuition received from Abbe Joao Marques Pimentel, canon of the Cathedral of Viseu, he entered the seminary of that town. He remained there eight years, during which he finished his studies in humanities and philosophy, to be followed by three years of theology. It was during these latter years at Visue that he began to be familiar with the thought of St. Augustine and of St. Thomas and the great pontifical encyclicals of the period. Nothing then astonishing that Catholic sociology was held in high esteem at Viseu and that Salazar should early become impregnated with the great principles of this science as he had none other than Doctor Frutuosa da Costa, a distinguished sociologist, as his professor.

It was at this period that he visualized his real vocation. "I will be better able to serve the Church and Portugal," said he then to one of his school-fellows, "as a layman rather than as a

priest." The service of his country he considered a real vocation "which demands to total donation of oneself going even to the sacrifice of the joys of family, to be all entire to the work to which the soul is called by God."

To his biographer, Antonio Ferro, who remarked to him one day that his life of solitude seemed in contradiction to his principles on the family, he replied: "The contradiction is only apparent. One can extend the idea of family to the country entire. And, although many may not be of my opinion. I believe that finally one cannot say why one follows such and such a direction in life. As far as I am concerned, I know and I am certain of one thing, and it is that if my mother was not dead, I should never have been a minister. She could not live without me, and I could not work when I knew she was worried. I have at home a little girl, no blood relation of mine. She has just had the measles and has had such a high temperature that one night I have had to get up five times to see how she was. It is evident that I was unable the next day to furnish the ordinary dose of work." Insisting, then Antonio Ferro asked him: "Have you not sometimes the ardent desire of founding a home and family? Do you live happy in this eternal dialogue with yourself, in complete solitude? And Salazar replied: "There are works which demand an absolute devotion, a total gift of oneself. When it is so, there are certain temperaments, which give themselves unconditionally."

A MAN DEDICATED

Attracted by this new vocation, Salazar in 1910 began his law-studies at the University of Coimbra and had none other for his fellow-lodger in the Rua des Grillos than Manuel Gonzalves Cerejeira, to-day Patriarch of Lisbon. During eighteen years they lived together in the same house in the old University City. On November 4th, 1914, Salazar passed brilliantly his doctorate in law. A year later, while he followed the lectures of Professor Marnoco at Sousa, the latter became seriously ill, and Salazar was called to replace him in the chair of political economy and finance, where he remained until 1928, when

he was called to Lisbon as minister, while his friend Cerejeira was named at the same moment coadjutor archbishop to the Patriarch. It was to General Carmona, then President, that Salazar owed his appointment as Minister for Finance. Another than he would have hesitated because, at that moment, Portugal was a bankrupt state. However, in the course of one year he had so succeeded in his task that General Carmona thought he could not do better than confide to him the cause of national restoration in naming him chief of government.

It was at Viseu that germinated the ideas which he sought to mature at Coimbra and realise in his life as minister and chief of government. "It is necessary to reform," he repeated times out of number in his conferences while still at the College of Via Sacra, but "what one must reform first of all, is man. . . ." "What an extraordinary work it is to reform a character, an individual, an intelligence, a will," and probably visualising the work he would be called on to accomplish one day, he said: "It is ideas which govern and direct people. Great men alone have great ideas. And we have no great men because we cannot form them with the actual methods of education."

Was it a mere coincidence or an act of Providence that at the moment in 1919, when Lenin and the ex-seminarist Stalin were forging a so-called Philosophy of atheistic materialism, the other ex-seminarist in Portugal began to proclaim and defend its opposite? "We are witnesses of a struggle of civilizations. So many blind do not see it." To be victorious in this conflict of ideas, he understood the necessity of making a political philosophy in defence of spiritual values against the growing wave of materialism. "We declare 'policy'; we are partisans of this policy. We think that nations are about to waste their moral patrimony and to exchange against a plate of lentils, the great spiritual heritage which centuries have bequeathed them. If the world does not know a long period of idealism, of spirituality, of civil and moral virtues, it does not seem that it will be possible to surmount the difficulties of our time."

SALAZAR IN ACTION

He wished, then, that the State direct "thought" as it directs economy. "Let us hold the reins of Government." he wrote, "but only to direct the intelligence and the will of Portugal." At the beginning of the regime, he replied clearly to a question put to him. "Has the new Portuguese State an idealogical doctrine; in other words, does it admit the truth of a certain doctrine, and is it ready to defend it?" "Yes." he said. "in the certitude that alone the pretended Liberal State would be capable of adopting an opposite attitude." And he adds: "Liberalism in the absolute sense of the word, does not exist and has never existed; from the philosophical point of view, it is an absurdity and, in the political order, it is a lie." Insisting on this idea, he proclaimed: "The State is by itself, and whatever may be its form, a political construction derived from a system of fundamental concepts. From that flows logically all the rest. And as it is of the essence of power to seek to maintain itself. there will be always a number of principles that the State will not allow to be discussed; that is to say, on the subject of which liberty does not exist." Insisting on this idea, he had already proclaimed "truth has its rights in regard to error. The state, as regards truth, has its duties." In rejecting the errors of the French Revolution, which wished to make "the individual" the basis of everything and not "society," Salazar tried to relate the individual to the family, to natural groups as the parish, etc., and to professional groups: trade unions, corporations etc. Here is, on this subject, how he exposes his ideology or rather the Christian ideology which he wishes to revive.

THE STATUS OF THE INDIVIDUAL

"A society, comprising the family and all other groups which are formed and spontaneously are organized in the bosom of the nation, to give life to man and to perpetuate his species, to defend the interests of his profession, to add to his moral formation, to promote the development of his intellect. In this society an element, the man who comes from it and who belongs, to it, has a right to his independence, a man endowed with

liberty, not because it is a source of his improvement; a man, who, without being absolutely good or bad, is capable of good and evil, for whom virtue is the result of an effort and a struggle, vice an abandonment to the natural forces of evil. Human institutions are not for this man so many chains to break, but a barrier to the excesses of liberty, a protection against the frailties of his nature, a guide for the hesitations of his conscience, a help for the accomplishments of the superior law which he ought to obey.

"That is why God has instituted Power. If He has confided it to his mandatories, it is in order that the law should be marked with the seal of His authority, that it should be just, that it should have no other end than the realization of the common well-being.

"Neither despotism of the State, nor demagogy of the people, but a perfect equilibrium between a necessary authority which does not depend on human passions, and a social law which does not vary with the movements of public opinion."

EDUCATION

These great principles being posed, since the State is "a doctrine in action" not only will it not disinterest itself in its own ideology, but Salazar judges that it has even "the obligation of defending it and propagating it; "for if the State is considered on certain points as the repository of truth, its neutrality would be inconceivable. Indifference in regard to a principle is equivalent, in fact, to the negation of this principle, and, very often, silence is as culpable as error."

The family, which is by nature the first of the organic political elements of the Vocational State, will be the first school which will form the child's mind and will indicate to him the sound ideas of the new spirit which Portugal ought to reforge. And, in fact, the ideology of Salazar is no way tainted with statolatry, this modern heresy of totalitarian States; on the contrary, he recognizes that the State is not the educator par excellence, that function belongs primarily to the family, with whom the State collaborates, and takes its place only when the

family ceases to exist or is incapable of doing its duty.

After the family comes the school which, in the mind of Salazar, is the "sacred forge of souls." The doctrine taught in the school will be that of the State. "It would be ridiculous, in fact," writes Salazar, "that the State should be afraid to teach its doctrine to the new generations."

According to the belief of the dictator of Portugal, "the spirit fashions and transforms men more profoundly than material force." Also in view of accomplishing the revolution in peace, which consists before all in reforming the mentality of the people, the State ought to continue, after the school age, the intellectual and moral formation of the citizen. What will the essential principles of this formation be? "In this respect, we do not demand very much," writes the former professor of Coimbra. A sense of Fatherland and of national solidarity: family, authority and hierarchy; spiritual value of life and respect for the human person; obligation of working; superiority of virtue; sacred character of religious beliefs.

THE FUNCTIONS OF THE PRESS

The newspaper will be one of the most powerful instruments destined to this formation of the mind of the citizens, for the Chief of Government considers it "as the spiritual food of the people," and because it is so, an eye must be kept on it as on "all food." Here the State will practise the system of "guided thought," just as it does in propaganda, which it employs in the education of the people and to which two functions are assigned: "Information first, political formation after." If there were complete liberty of the Press, if that was not also guided, Salazar justly remarks that it would be the cause of veritable catastrophes. "An inconceivable liberty of the Press as to foreign affairs," he writes, "an incredible case in treating international questions, foreign nations and governments, finally undermines relations in falsifying facts and in imagining interpretations. And often it happens in a very short time that the question is no longer what it was, but what the newspaper

says it is, and diplomats lose precious time in trying to dispel misunderstandings caused by the Press."

The State, according to Salazar, ought not only direct in a positive way the mind of the people through the Press, but also combat the virus of the myths and of the great heresies of modern times. And, among these myths, the notion of "equality" held in certain democracies. By this doctrine, declares Salazar, the levelling process "would begin from below, neglecting the natural inequalities and legitimate and necessary hierarchy of values in a well-ordered society." And, in fact, although the mind of Salazar may be open to the largest reforms in the economic and social domain, he will combat those which ignore the principle of the hierarchy of values and interest.

Finally, in summarizing all his ideas, he makes his political confession to his people: "We are against all internationalism, against Communism, against Socialism, against uncontrolled Trade-unionism, against all that diminishes, divides, dissolves the family, against the struggle of classes, against the Godless and those without a fatherland, against slave-labour, against a merely materialistic conception of life, against force as opposed to right. We are against all the great heresies of our time, all the more so that we have never had the proof that there existed one sole place in the world where the liberty of propagating such heresies has been productive of good; this liberty, that is accorded the barbarians of modern times, serves to undermine the foundations of our civilization."

TRUE LIBERTY

In reflecting on the various aspects of Salazar's ideology which we have just explained, some will be tempted to ask if liberty still exists in a country directed by such principles. To this objection, one can reply that not only liberty exists, but that it exists there under its most perfect form, for it is more perfect to be able to choose between various benefits than to be able to choose between good and evil. Also the new Portugal

gives only liberty for truth, justice and order, and no longer for lies, injustice and disorder. In other words, no more of this Liberalism, source of so many contemporary miseries. Salazar will say, himself, one day: "Liberty ought to be diminished in proportion as man progresses. The primitive man in the obscurity of his forest, was free in the literal sense of the word. but he is far removed from the modern man, who in the streets of his own town ought to obey the traffic signals and to stand on one side or another. It is in that that progress exists. We ought then submit to the hand of authority, for it alone knows how to administer and protect our liberty. The liberty that individualists seek and demand is only a figure of speech, a literary fancy. But a liberty guaranteed by State and maintained in order by authority, therein is the sole liberty which can alone conduct us, not only to the happiness of the individual, but to that of humanity."

When I visited Portugal nearly a quarter of a century ago. it was a bankrupt State. Its revolutions and changes of government were as frequent as autumn leaves, and political and administrative corruption the rule. Train services were completely dislocated and to travel by road out of the question, because roads did not exist. There were no inns or restaurants except in the two great centres of Lisbon and Oporto. There were only two classes as in Spain to-day, the very rich and the very poor. The Church was shorn of all its dignity, a mere skeleton of the past. The religious orders were expelled bag and baggage. All churches were closed at 3 p.m. Odds and ends of aged priests might be met with in little Repository shops smoking interminable cigarettes and discussing all and nothing, while their younger brethren generally had to work at some secular employment during the week to have the wherewithal to live. And now, what a change; what a revolution I witnessed this summer past. A stable government under the wise guidance of Oliveira Salazar, a man of simple tastes and leading a simple life. He wears no uniforms, does not indulge in rhetoric and lives in a humble apartment. Such is the political Chief of

State, and the Spiritual Chief is none other than his old classmate at Coimbra, Cardinal Manuel Gonsalves Cerejeira, under whose wise guidance the Church of Portugal has emerged from the catacombs.

Portugal has had a great past; one can reasonably hope it will have a great future.



APPARITION OF OUR LADY AT FATIMA, Cova de Iria, Portugal

CONGRESS AT BARCELONA - 1952

"He hath received Israel His servant."

By THE RT. REV. PATRICK TEMPLE, D.P.

G OD has truly visited us and given us an ineffable reception, beyond His promises and prophecies. This was the thought that was uppermost in my mind at the Thirty-fifth International Eucharistic Congress. For indeed, our sublime Sacrament of the Altar is the Divine King's banquet in which He gives us as tokens, no other than Himself, changing us into His majestic being, uniting us into one sublime body—one race, one nation—the new Israel that Mary sang about.

At Barcelona on the western side of the Mediterranean, my thoughts flew frequently across to the eastern shore and back to the days of Christ. It seemed to be much easier to live again with Our Saviour at Nazareth, at Capharnaum and at Jerusalem. It appeared difficult to visualize the youthful Jesus, looking toward the "Great Sea" from the hills of His native town. It was easier than usual to picture the scene in the synagogue that overlooked the Lake of Galilee where He promised us His Flesh and Blood. It was also easy to visualize the Last Supper and Our Lord offering Himself in sacrifice and giving us the priesthood and the Mass.

Moreover, at this International Eucharistic Congress one's thoughts were with Our Blessed Saviour in His edifying example as He yearly attended the Passover Festival, joining with Israelites from near and far to commemorate the liberation of the chosen people from the bondage of Egypt. The thrills of those pilgrims of the far off days must have been soulstirring, yet, what were they—compared to our thrills at Barcelona. Here, foreshadowings and figures were replaced by stupendous realities—our very contacts with the source of life, light and truth, God Himself. Where are the ecstasies and joys and delight compared with these?

The special feature of this Thirty-fifth International Eucha-

ristic Congress was the mass ordination of 850 priests. The effect was indescribable, for this combined both the Last Supper and Pentecost. The sight of groups of young men, prostrate around twenty-one altars and twenty-one bishops with the immense gathering in the arena replying to the Litany of the Saints—this brought tears in every eye. I found myself saying "This is Our Lord's messianic kingdom that He outlined in the synagogue at Nazareth—when He visited there during the public ministry. For here, the stupendous spiritual gifts and powers are handed out to such great numbers for the unbinding of the bonds of satan and for the liberation of slavery from sin, for the restoration of life and light, for the union with God and the enjoyment of His blessed sight—every Eucharist depends on the Holy Priesthood.

Besides the main purpose of offering thanksgiving to Our Blessed Lord for the gift of Himself in the Holy Eucharist, there was a special intention proposed for this Thirty-fifth Congress, namely, peace. Special exercises in which parents of large families were honored, for, as Cardinal Spellman stressed in his address-"Home life is the barometer of a nation-as home goes-so goes the nation." Likewise, labor unions and working men had their day for addresses and devotions. All seemed to lead up to the climax of special supplication for international peace. This was Benediction service held in the esplanade of Holy Family Church, whose curious, gigantic towers seemed to combine all styles of every race and At this service in which the Papal Legate presided. an international effect was created in the recitation of prayers in fifteen different languages. At this service, indeed, throughout the Congress, our persecuted brethren in the iron curtain areas were remembered. The leaflet of the Alliance of the Creed was distributed. The purpose for an organized system of prayers was outlined in ten different languages. Indeed, we were reminded more than once that as at the last Eucharistic Congress at Budapest, it seemed most unlikely that Hungary was so soon to be engulfed in a Red terror, so, too, countries that seemed safe and secure like America should prepare for assaults and attack.

A congress, even an international one, must to a great extent, take on the complexion of the country in which it is held. Certainly this is true of the Thirty-fifth Congress. Barcelona has many wide avenues whose several lanes are enclosed with lines of trees. Over one of these picturesque avenues took place the closing procession of the Blessed Sacrament with the final Benediction at the plaza appropriately named "Pius XII." In this procession which was almost exclusively of men—a sight of special edification was the forest of banners of Nocturnal Adoration Societies. Of course, the community singing was highly commendable.

A lesson in faith and charity was given by the Spanish people at the Congress. They charmed us with their kindness and patience. Along with this politeness and kindness, there was displayed on all sides—personal dignity and modesty in dress and behavior. I became convinced of the fact it was their individualism that prevents the Spaniards from being regimented despite the dictatorship and keeps alive their provincial traits in spite of their common language. I came to the conclusion that it was the Spanish innate personal dignity and the high value they set to the individual soul that makes them patient and, besides explains the historical phenomena—their treatment of Portugal and their Spanish colonies. Namely, they did not resort to extreme measures to exterminate one and hold on to the other.

America's debt to Spain was brought home to us by the magnificent life-like statue of Christopher Columbus on the Passeo De Colon. We were reminded of what we all owe to Spain by the visit of Cardinal Spellman to the island of Majorca—a hundred miles distant from Barcelona. On this Island the four Apostles of California were born. It is needless to add that our first churches, first bishops and first martyrs were Spanish. Would it not be conducive to our mutual benefit

-if Spanish countries and ourselves cultivated closer relationships.

It was most fitting that the day after the Congress, a special pilgrimage was made to Our Lady's shrine at Montserrat—thirty-one miles north of Barcelona. Here, public thanks was offered to our Blessed Mother at the Spanish national shrine for the successful congress and the graces and blessings that descended on all pilgrims and extended all over the world.

TABERNACLE VEIL

Like swaddling clothes by Mary made, Like shroud and myrrh wherein she laid Her Maker and her Son, Still is He veiled, even is He From sight of His Humanity. Yet is He still that One

Who wore the seamless robe, Who wore Mock-royal purple and Who bore The rope and bloody crown.

Veiled on His altar throne, Faith's eye Can see Him glorious, and from high Love meets Faith bowing down.



WHEN IN ROME

By DORIS CANFIELD HANLON

I left the Albergo (hotel to you) and caught a bus. I was off to see St. Peter's in Rome.

In Milano, I had wept over the fast fading masterpiece of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, painted on the wall of the Refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie. In Florence, I stood in awe and amazement before the statue of Michaelangelo's David. But now I was in Rome! And Rome meant to me the Church of St. Peter.

It was on my own. No guided tour for me. I had my Baedecker in one hand and a small English-Italian dictionary in the other. No use following sheep-like behind a guide and listen to him drone on and on in practically unintelligible English. "He travels fastest who travels alone." So, I travelled alone, asking nothing of no man. Would that I had!

The crowded bus spilled me off, along with dozens of other tourists, in front of the great plaza that fronts St. Peter's. And then my heart stood still. I approached the cathedral with humbleness and pride. Humble that circumstances had permitted me to be there. Proud that my Catholic background had made me a part of this great monument to Christianity. I had no sooner entered the church when a verger approached me. He insisted that I leave at once. I immediately became the complete tourist and a very indignant one. I ups to him and says "Why?" He ups to me and says "because the neck of your dress is too low and the sleeves of your dress are too high."

It was an extremely hot day in Rome. Believe me, Rome in mid-summer makes you wish you had decided on the African Congo for a cool holiday. I took a quick look at my costume and realized that no matter how hot it was in Rome, it would be a pretty cold day in St. Peter's before they would let me in if I didn't do something about my dress.

In my purse I always carry plain pins and safety pins. Just in case of fouled up zipper or a veil gone with the wind. I retired to the plaza to escape the accusing eye of the verger who had now assumed an heroic, if slightly ridiculous, THEY SHALL NOT PASS pose. Having long black gloves with me I attached them to my short sleeves with safety pins. But the gloves weren't really long enough and it was only by half raising my arms that I was able to accomplish the trick at all. It was a very awkward position indeed and made me look rather like a person constantly appealing to heaven for help. At this point I was.

My neck-line presented another problem. What to do! "I have it," I said. (Being very quick at ad libbing a reply to any question I ask myself). I looked at the cardigan I was carrying. I had planned that in the cool of the evening I would see the Colliseum by moonlight. Hence the cardigan. Quickly I put it on backward and sallied back into the cathedral. My arms were still raised in that strange supplicating gesture and I was slightly stooped due to the odd fit of the sweater when worn backward. But, I was well covered from head to toe and the verger didn't even recognize me. No wonder—I looked like the hunchback of Notre Dame!

I saw everything that there was to see. I went up into the Dome and saw the glory that was Rome and down in the crypt and saw the glory that IS Rome. Before leaving the church I stopped in front of the ancient bronze statue of St. Peter, and, in line with the holy pilgrims, I kissed the toe of that Great Fisherman. It may not have been sanitary, but it was very satisfactory.



WAYS AND MEANS

By PAT DALY

HERE are our children" Mother Superior was saying as she ushered her visitor into the room. The children looked up disinterestedly. Visitors usually gushed over or ignored them. But this one was different—tall, immaculate in white flannels and with a friendly smile. The children smiled back.

"We have ten little ones here under school age," Mother Superior continued, "When they are seven they go to St. Paul's school,"

Her companion glanced about. Hilary More took in every detail—the few toys on the floor, shabby furniture here and there, and at the far end of the room a life-sized statue of the Holy Child, the patron of this Home.

He and Clare had dropped in after tennis. Clare had wanted to see Father John—about himself he guessed—and he tagged along so he could drive her home afterwards. Right now, while she was in Father John's study, he was undergoing the doubtful pleasure of being "shown around" but Mother Superior was gracious and there was nothing dull about this roomful of lively youngsters.

A spirited dispute was raging over the prior rights of a book and Mother Superior excused herself to settle it. Hilary dropped into a chair and immediately found himself ringed with children ready to make friends. He took the nearest one on his knee which happened to be Nancy, small, square and very important. She established herself as Mistress of Ceremonies and proceeded to give him a thumb nail sketch of everybody present.

That little boy in the big chair was Ronnie. He had been ill and didn't walk very well yet. The doctor said he would walk better if he would try harder but he was afraid of falling. And Tommy wouldn't let any of them go near him. Tommy was the freckle faced lad who waited on Ronnie. He

had skipped out of the study as Clare went in.

The two children, apart from the rest, were Jimmy and Joan, newly arrived, forlorn, shy, clinging pathetically to each other. Their eyes were enormous with the mute inquiry. Would they like it here? Hilary felt a hopeless longing to personally fix all the tragic situations like this. It was this trait which made his newspaper columns so humane and so readable.

Nancy, however, was turning the battery of her conversation upon himself and Hilary was obliged to attend until the return of Mother Superior with a torn picture book, when the audience was gently dispersed.

The visitor who had had a grand time, bade a gay farewell and left, with Nancy wondering why "that nice man" thought her name was Baby Snooks.

* * *

In Father John's study Clare was talking with her life long friend, her eyes troubled and unhappy. Father John was old, and he had all the wisdom and understanding of one who has long served as "another Christ."

"So he can't come any farther" he said gently.

"Oh Father," Clare was close to tears. "He has really tried. He's read all the books you gave him. He thinks it's all fine and splendid but he can't see that it's the only religion. I don't know what's holding him back. Sometimes I think he's afraid of something!"

Father John leaned across the desk. "It's the last step across the threshold, Clare. Hilary has come as far as knowledge can bring him. The rest is pure Faith." He arose. "There is a novena starting to-night to the Holy Child. I want you to make it for Hilary and leave the rest to Him. He dismissed her with his blessing and Clare was smiling again as she met Hilary and Mother Superior in the hall.

A gangling youth was on his way in—young Adams, the town's scape-grace, no less. They heard his voice: "Father, I got the job," as the door slammed.

Hilary reflected that Father John had no lack of visitors.

Reverend Mother saw her guests to the front door and turned her attention to the torn book. This would just have to be mended again. The children had so few toys—and mostly second hand ones at that. She wished sometimes there was a little money left from food and clothing. But there never was.

. . .

The Novena that night was crowded. During the pause in the prayer of Petition, Father John in the sanctuary could picture the individual requests rising like incense, each one a tug at the Paternal robe for attention.

"Little Jesus", Tommy was praying "Please make Ronnie learn to walk right before I have to go away to school."

"Holy Child" whispered Clare "Let him see."

"Please" said young Adams "Help me to make good. If I do, this job'll be "permanent!"

Reverend Mother's lips moved silently. "Thou wast also a Child once" she reminded. The wonderful soul was praying for material things.

Father John was saying conversationally: "I know You will find ways and means."

* * *

Early on a morning some ten days later, a solitary figure stalked the deserted side streets. The perfection of the morning was wasted on him—for Hilary More was the most miserable man on earth. Last night Clare had told him, gently but finally, that since there could be no mixed marriage and he couldn't see his way clear to becoming a Catholic, it would be easier for both if they stopped seeing each other altogether. He had been surprised, then hurt and bewildered. How could she blame him for something he couldn't help. He had really tried—he had really wanted that Something her faith possessed—was it his fault it was beyond his grasp? Intent on his problem he didn't notice the little tricycle until his foot

struck it and sent it spinning down the walk. It was one of ten on display in front of a shop. He retrieved it apologetically.

"That's all right, Sir" a young boy popped out the door. "You didn't even scratch it."

"I just wasn't looking where I was going" Hilary explained "Glad I didn't do any damage." He returned the boy's smile and his memory jogged. "Didn't I see you at the Holy Child Home the other day?"

Young Adams beamed. "Yes Sir. Over a week ago it was. Didn't remember you for a moment." He added "Nice bunch of kiddies up there. And they don't have much." Hilary was smiling at the recollection of that lively group when his eyes fell on the tricycles and his brain registered a coincidence—ten tricycles, ten children. An idea was born.

"I don't suppose they have anything like this" he said to young Adams nodding toward the display and young Adams shook his head, rather surprised. The other was murmuring to himself and the clerk held his breath as he began to get the drift. Hilary was remembering a scrap over a worn out picture book. That clinched it. "I'll take ten of them" he said and young Adams breathed again and went into action like a first class salesman. Five minutes later Hilary was on his way leaving the boy with a bill in his hand. It had been his own idea to put the toys on display out in front. And he had sold ten of them, just like that. Creepers, wouldn't the boss be pleased! Young Adams knew then and there his job was "permanent."

Hilary was remembering rather belatedly that he had done all this without consulting the higher authorities. He hoped there would be no objections. There weren't. At noon he got a telephone call from Reverend Mother herself. Ten little tricycles had been delivered with his card. His generosity was highly acceptable and much appreciated. Would he care to come to the convent this afternoon when the children would receive them? Hilary didn't want to go there or any place else where he might meet Clare but Reverend Mother

was insistent. She would expect him at two-thirty, she said, and rang off.

Father John's study overlooked the playground. Clare, rather white and strained, came in that afternoon to find Father standing at his window enjoying a ringside view of some pandemonium in the yard below. She came across to join him and her eyes went wide.

In the yard were ten gaily coloured tricycles and ten rapturous children were giving vent to their feelings in wild shrieks. Among the interested spectators was Reverend Mother's tall figure; she was chatting with Hilary More of all people! They were clocking a race as Clare looked out.

The children were coming pell mell down the length of the yard. Tommy was slightly in the lead. Nancy was just behind. Dignity completely forgotten, she was bent on winning that race. Two tricycles collided and the riders went down in a laughing heap. It was the two little new comers. This place was lots of fun! They liked it. But best of all was Ronnie. He was in the midst of it, yelling with the rest, peddling fiercely with the good foot and sometimes without volition, using the weak one. He had forgotten about pain.

There couldn't be ten people having such fun anywhere in the world—except perhaps Mother Superior and Hilary More. The children were flocked round them. The clamour was terrific. Nancy, who had Hilary by the hand, managed by some remarkable feat to make herself heard. In a high pitched tone she paid him the supreme compliment.

"Mister More! They're BRAND NEW!"

Fortunately, no one noticed that Mother Superior's eyes were wet.

. . .

Hilary found Tommy bent over the red trieyele that was Ronnie's. He was fastening something beneath the handle bars. "It's a Holy Child Medal" he explained "Ronnie won't fall now." The others got down for a closer inspection. "You mean" Hilary stated, "that this will keep Ronnie from falling off the trieyele." Tommy laughed "No, course not! but the

Holy Child will. He takes care of everything. And besides he sent the bikes!"

Hilary looked into the clear young eyes level with his own, so sure, so believing and found there what he wanted so much. Faith—that someone "looked after things," Who made all the tragedies in the world understandable, Who saw to it that men could have Himself—and children have toys.

Clare and Father John, still at the window, saw him striding across the playground and something about the way he came, told them. They knew, without words, that Hilary had taken the last step.

THE CHILD

She lit a candle small for Him
Before Whose Face the suns are dim.
And her long-hoarded penny spent
To make more bright His firmament.
Dearer than planets that He planned.
He deems that gift from a babe's hand.
Above the singing seraphim
He hears a child's voice praising Him.

Felimy Fidilier.



A CONTRAST OF TWO SCHOOLS OF ART IN THE SCENE OF CHRISTMASTIDE

By SISTER M. LEONARDA, C.S.J.

THE noblest qualities of beauty to which the human face or form can attain, whether in the order of "beauty made visible or beauty made articulate," may be regarded as a product exclusively Christian. From age to age among Christian people changes in artistic realism have brought about corresponding changes in the portrayal of the likeness of Christ. Artist after artist has stammered out through Art's halting tongue his ideas of the Man God in the many scenes of His mortal life.

We have reproduced a copy of a picture now in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence—"The Adoration of the Magi," depicting perhaps the most extraordinary incident in the early life of our Saviour. From the third century this subject has been set before us in every style of Art, in every form, in every material.

St. Matthew is the only Evangelist who mentions the event and he does so, briefly; hence the subject has been treated in varied ways and staged from extreme simplicity to most gorgeous splendour.

It was in 1504, after working for a whole year on it that Albrecht Durer, then in the height of his power, finished this masterpiece. It is still in an excellent state of preservation and so must have been entirely executed by his own hand and with the greatest care.

On the left of the picture sits Our Blessed Mother looking the happiest of German mothers and holding on her knees the enchanting naive Babe, Who smiling, eagerly stretches out His tiny arms and leans forward to welcome one of the Kings. The latter, an aged, bearded man on his knees in adoration, offering himself and his gold to the Infant King, looks ecsta-



ADORATION OF THE KINGS. Albert Durer, 1471-1528

This gem of German art is now in the tribune of the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. It is not really typical of Durer's art except in simplicity. Durer was perhaps the greatest of the German artists, a man of striking physical attractiveness, great charm of manner and conversation. He left Germany only three times and it is thought that his visit to Italy, and his contact with Bellini, inspired him in the treatment of this subject. As a rule his pictures portray historical facts or picturesque effects rather than the religious spirit, but we venture to ask if this is not an exception?

tically happy. The hardships of the journey are now forgotten, for he has found the Infant Saviour. The other two Kings approach with reverence, various emotions depicted on their countenances. They carry beautiful, costly vessels containing their gifts of frankincense and myrrh and are clothed in robes, rich in material and design. The head of the central figure, who is standing, waiting his turn to adore, is quite characteristic of Durer. The wire-like hair is carefully drawn almost hair by hair and the position of the head is a favourite one with the artist.

The youngest King stands a little apart from the group. He is an Ethiopian, elegant and graceful, and although his face is of a swarthy hue, his hands are almost white, or perhaps he wears close-fitting gloves. A very beautifully drawn ostrich feather, probably used as a fan, is held loosely in one hand.

The whole composition shares the joyful spirit of the occasion, even to the flowers and plants and to the great stag beetle and the two white butterflies which are introduced into the scene. The contour of the group is accentuated by a background of high walls and the green of the mountain slopes all bathed in dazzling sunlight, and the conventional haloes are omitted.

In the distant background are the attendants with the trappings of travel and they too have caught the quiet joy of the picture. The white-veiled, fair-haired Virgin is draped entirely in blue, and has a wistful happy expression and seems entirely oblivious of the ox which is almost uncomfortably close to her veil.

Aerial and linear perspective are somewhat imperfect, but the technical treatment of the figures is delicate and carefully executed.

Durer, the greatest of German artists, was a skilled draughtsman and engraver. His visit to Italy exercised a subtle influence over him. The exuberance of Venetian painting inspired him, and doubtless elevated his German spirit and so enabled him to produce this, his first great masterpiece. In the last century it was presented to Florence, where it now shines as a gem of German art among the renowned pictures in the tribune of the Uffizi.

And here is another picture of the Magi-The Epiphany

or Manifestation of Our Lord-a favourite feast in the East.

The Gospels contain few details concerning the Wise Men, but subsequent ages enriched their figures with many beautiful legends. Gentile de Fabriano, living in the golden age of Christian iconography, revels in his subject. In it, he shows forth his genuine child-like piety and his yearning mysticism, in a scene of glorious pageantry, culminating in the simplicity of the Mother and the Divine Babe.

The picture offers a strong contrast to the interpretation given the same subject by Durer. Here we find a faithful representation of contemporary scenes, three above, and two below the main picture. (The lower part is not shown here).

The Blessed Virgin, completely enveloped in a large blue cloak, is seated in front of the stable with her head leaning over towards the Infant Christ, Whom she is regarding with maternal tenderness and solicitude. St. Joseph, missing in the preceding picture, is here at her side, while behind her are two young women, holding the gift which has just been presented to the Child by one of the Kings. The Infant smiles and lays His hand in blessing on the old man's head. The posture and facial expression of the kneeling King, who has laid aside his own richly-wrought crown on the Damascus rug, express faith, love, reverence and submission as he kisses the tiny foot of the Infant King. "He is a tiny Infant: and lo! as you may see He has neither royal diadem nor throne. What have you seen to make you pour forth your treasures and honour Him as King?"

The other two Kings hold their offerings and await their turn to present their homage. A dark skinned boy on the floor, removes the jewelled spurs of the youngest King—he has hastened to adore.

Then follows the retinue of the Magi and in this throng of about seventy figures on foot and on horseback of all ranks, of all ages, of all sizes, one is reminded of those popular festivals of the time. The figures wear the costumes of Italy in the fifteenth century, enriched with a few Oriental touches. Gentile de Fabriano has added to the "superb chargers" men-



ADORATION OF THE MAGI. Gentile de Fabriano, 1378-1427

We present here a copy of the Masterpiece, originally painted in the sacristy of the Church of the Trinity in Florence, probably at the request of Cardinal Adimari, Archbishop of Pisa. It is now in the Uffizi Gallery of Fine Arts of the same city. At the base of one side one may read:

OPUS GENTILIS DE FABRIANO

and on the other side

MCCCCXXIII MENSIS MAII.

In the Predella below (not shown) may be seen the Adoration of the Shepherds, the Flight into Egypt. The artist lived a long time in Northern Italy. It was probably when in Venice he had opportunity to observe the Oriental costumes of the time and witness the wonderful public ceremonial processions of that city.

tioned by Lattuda, an ox, an ass, dogs, birds, tigers, jaguars, camels and apes, the last mentioned having prominent position, for they were always included in the Milanese processions.

In the background we see a walled city with imposing gates. In one scene the Magi enter expectantly, and in the other they depart disappointed not to have found the new-born King. There is nothing in the foreground or background to suggest a city in Palestine but there is a slight resemblance to the Porta Romana and the Porta San Lorenzo of the Milan fortifications.

The three small scenes on the top represent, first, the vision of the star by the Magi, where we see shown the difficulties of travel by land and sea that await them. Secondly, the joyous hastening to what they think is the goal of their desires, and thirdly, their departure, to seek Him beyond Jerusalem.

Gentile de Fabriano here gives us harmony of colour and refinement of pose, equalled only by his skill in the use of gold. The head in the plain turban—a contrast with the jewelled crown of the youngest king—is his own. Members of the Quarateri family are among the crowd, and one of the faces to the right resembles Gregory IX.

The whole picture has a dazzling brilliancy of colour displayed in brocades, damasks, jewelled girdles, golden Arabic inscriptions and sumptuous trappings.

The movement is strong, and through waving lines and undulating surfaces, amid a seemingly crowded canvas of trifles and accessories, strange trappings, togas, and cloaks, the eye is led to the centre of interest. In charming simplicity yet with a reverent dignity on the throne of His mother's knee is the Infant King—the goal of the Magi.

"As others bow before Him; still my heart Bows lower than their knees."

Michael Angelo once remarked that Gentile's name was perfect harmony with the tone of his works. This picture convinces us of the justice of this observation. From the Blessed Mother herself to the humble servants of the Wise Men, even to the animals, the gentleness and tenderness of the artist is evident.

Perhaps a comparison of the two interpretations of the subject just treated may be interesting.

Durer is a realist—his is the prose of art. One might say he is a journalist or inspired reporter of actualities, for he concentrates on individual types which he links together by the rhythm of elegant phrasing of line. His Madonna is a Mother such as we may see—it is almost a portrait.

Fabriano represents the classical or the poetry of art. He belongs to the Renaissance. He is the Keats or Shelley of art. His Madonna is an impersonal type—an ideal figure.

Durer's crib is a real spot in a ruin that has actuality as if it had happened in a town in the north; he has real sunshine and clouds and shows the effects of time and age on the ruins. He gives us the details of architectural construction; the shadows and trees are natural and convincing expressions of the fact that he visualized from actual experience.

Fabriano made a symbol for a manger—a hole, and even that has little depth; he has no shadows, no expression of time, of day, of season; it has an impersonal, we might say an eternal quality.

The German painter has made the story live in the hearts of the people by making the scene somewhat austere, but actual and familiar—one easily understood by his countrymen of the North and in this picture he himself tells us he has captured some of the brilliant colour of the Italian School when he wrote, "They said I could draw but not colour, this picture proves that I can do both well-

The Italian painting is a product of the Renaissance. Included in the procession are officials and other prominent people of the times, gorgeously arrayed. The procession is really a buoyant rhythm, a basis for lines of movement used by the artist to the central interest, where all is simplicity—the Infant King, "Lumen de Lumine," throned on His Mother's knee.

We have two typical paintings here contrasted—of the idealistic purely classical style of art in the Italian painter on the one hand, and of rugged realism of the German painter, which approaches the Romantic School of painting that was to follow.

A picture or any other work of art is worth nothing except in so far as it has emanated from mind and is addressed to mind. We have given the same theme twice and some may think it monotonous, perhaps childish; but beyond the visible forms, there lies much that is suggestive to a thinking mind -a higher significance, a deeper beauty, a more varied interest than can at first be imagined. Statesmen, and even philosophers have missed the whole sense and large interpretation of the mystic as well as the Scriptural story, but well have the artists availed themselves of its picturesque capabilities. Here, in the early religious sense it is taken as the call of the Gentilesand how have they-we-responded? May we generously offer our gold of love, our frankincense of prayer and our myrrh of self-conquest to the new-born King and receive in return His gifts of ardent love, gentle meekness and perfect faith. Then we too like

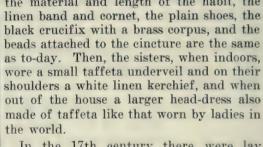
.... "the star-led Magi.
Christ in turn adoring
Gold, myrrh and incense to Him award;
Giving our hearts thus
To the new-born Jesus,
Come, let us adore Him."



NEW INFORMATION ON EARLY DAYS

Sister M. Clemenza C.S.J. of Erie, Pa., has communicated to us interesting material concerning the congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph in the early years. It is to be found in an old book, (1719), recently found in a second-hand book-store in Paris. As this "History of Monastic, Religious and Military Orders and Secular Congregations" was the eighth edition of the work, the information given must go back to shortly after the founding of the Community in the 17th century.

The first part describes the dress of the sisters. The prescriptions regarding the material and length of the habit, the



In the 17th century there were lay sisters who dressed like the choir sisters in all but the head dress and wore no crucifix.

An auxiliary society of poor young women, desirous of leading a religious life was affiliated with the Community. These lived in groups of three or four in houses of their own, but were subject to the superior of the nearest convent of the

Sisters of St. Joseph, and to its spiritual director. They were not bound to say the Office of the Blessed Virgin or the Office of the Holy Ghost or the Litanies which are still recited in the Community to-day. If they could read, however, they were free to ask the Bishop and spiritual director for permission to say these prayers in public or in private. The Associate sisters wore the same habit as the Sisters, but a white instead of a black veil and a smaller crucifix. They were trained by the Sisters and after a two year novitiate in their own houses, made vows. This branch has disappeared.

A CHRISTMAS OFFERING

By BRIAN O'HIGGINS

Dear Sacred Heart, I bear no gift of gold,
No frankincense I offer Thee to-night,
As did the Kings in Bethlehem of old,
When first the world was flooded with Thy light;
But O! I bring a gift more precious far,
More priced by Thee than all the gold on earth
As came the shepherds who beheld the star,
I come with LOVE to sing Thy glorious birth—

The love of one whom Thou hast often blest
And lifted from the midst of sin and death.

Whom Thou hast often solaced and caressed
And shielded from the tempter's fiery breath;

I come with FAITH, unharmed by stress or storm,
A faith kept strong by Thy untiring care,
A faith Thy generous friendship has kept warm
When wily foes its fervour would impair.

I come with HOPE—a lamp to guide my feet,

To where Thy smile a welcome gives to all,
To where Thy voice, than heavenly harp more sweet,
Our wandering souls would rally and recall;
May my three gifts of Faith and Hope and Love
Be dear to Thee, O Sacred Heart to-night,
And one day open Heaven's Gate above
To let me dwell in everlasting light!



MARY, SWEET MOTHER OF MINE

BROTHER REGINALD, C.SS.R.

When the sky blushes red 'neath the finger of dawn, An the stars with less brilliancy shine, While the birth of the morning is golden and dawn, Oh Mary, Sweet Mother of mine.

I would bring thee my prayer at the peeping of light, Where the beauties of nature combine, That the hours of my waking find grace in Thy sight, Oh Mary, Sweet Mother of mine.

Let me place in Thy keeping the deeds of to-day, And may ever action be Thine, Accept my poor heart in its weakness, I pray, Oh Mary, Sweet Mother of mine.

Then grant me, each moment, to know thou art near,
In Thine arms may I safely recline,
Be Thou my Protector, my Hope and my Cheer,
Oh Mary, Sweet Mother of mine.

So when the dark shadows of evening shall fall, And daylight begins to decline, Then let me but linger to hear Thy last call, Oh Mary, Sweet Mother of mine.



MARY'S BABY

By SAEMAS O'SHEEL

Joseph, mild and noble, bent above the straw: A pale girl, a frail girl, suffering, he saw; "O my Love, my Mary, my bride, I pity thee!" "Nay, Dear," said Mary, "All is well with me!" "Baby, my Baby, O my Babe," she sang. Suddenly the golden night all with music rang.

Angels leading shepherds, shepherds leading sheep: The silence of worship broke the mother's sleep. All the meek and lowly of the world were there; Smiling she showed them that her Child was fair. "Baby, my Baby," kissing Him she said. Suddenly a flaming star through the heavens sped.

Three old men and weary knelt them side by side,
The world's wealth forswearing, majesty and pride;
Worldly might and wisdom before the Babe bent low:
Weeping, maid Mary said "I love Him so!"
"Baby, my Baby," and the Baby slept.
Suddenly on Calvary all the olives wept.





MY GIFT

O lowly Babe! O Christ-Child, King!
Receive, I pray, the gift I bring
I have not, like Wise Men, of old,
Treasures of incense, myrrh and gold.
Accept O Lord, my humble part.—
The adoration of my heart.



Congratulations to a zealous and learned Dominican, Very Reverend Vincent Ferrer Kienberger who recently was installed as Preacher General. We are honored in having him as a contributor to our Lilies.

GOLDEN JUBILEE

St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake was the scene of rejoicing on August 15, 1952, the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of Sister Ursula.

The High Mass was celebrated by Right Reverend Monsignor J. H. Ingoldsby, D.P. In his sermon Reverend Father P. J. Kirby stressed the wonderful privilege it was to have spent fifty years imparting to the little ones of Christ the religious formation and the secular instruction necessary for their future lives. Sister Ursula had the happy faculty of leaving a lasting impression on the minds of her pupils, and it was often a touching sight to see a proud father bringing his son to visit the former's old teacher.

Many former pupils and friends took advantage of the occasion to offer their grateful remembrances and good wishes. Prayers and good wishes made this milestone in Sister Ursula's life a happy memory for the future.

Congratulations to Sister M. Redempta, Sister M. Dosithea, Sister M. Trinita, Sister M. St. Norbert, Sister M. Eymard, Sister M. Vianney, Sister M. Cecilia, Sister M. Amelia, Sister M. St. Ivan, Sister M. Rose Agnes, Sister M Vincentia, who on August 15th celebrated the Silver Jubilee of their Profession. Ad multos annos!

On August fifteenth, Ceremonies of Profession and Reception took place in the Chapel of St. Joseph's Convent.

At 6 a.m. the Rev. L. J. Klem, C.S.B., received the Final Vows of the following Sisters: Sister M. Bonaventure Sand-

ford, Mimico, Ont.; Sister Mary Leo Bouchard, Kerrobert, Sask.; Sister M. Germain Desroches, Penetanguishene, Ont.; Sister M. Therese Ann Cadieux, St. Eugene, Ont.; Sister M. Patricia Roddy, Toronto; Sister Anne Marie Carey, Toronto; Sister Mary Magdalen Nestman, Toronto; Sister Mary Gerald Douglas, Toronto; Sister Margaret Marie O'Boyle, Toronto; Sister M. Genevieve Sauriol, Toronto; Sister M. Bertilde Kelly, Port Credit; Sister Rita Marie McLean, Kirkland Lake, Ont.; Sister M. Edna Kuntz, St. Catherines, Ont.; Sister M. Lucy Campbell, Toronto; Sister M. Jeanne d'Are Desjardins, Terrace, B.C.; Sister Carmel Marie Nelson, Toronto.

Sister Marie Black, of Toronto and Sister Leo Therese

Moreau, Anton Mills, Ont., pronounced First Vows.

At 9:30 a.m. Right Rev. F. V. Allen, assisted by Rev. J. Stapleton, C.S.B., officiated at the Reception Ceremony. The procession of the clergy was followed by the young ladies, to receive the Habit, attired as brides and attended by little flower girls. Following the singing of the Veni Creator and the blessing of the Religious Habits, Fr. Allen spoke, drawing a parallel between the vocation of the Apostles and that of those young ladies. He congratulated the parents and relatives on the honor in being so closely connected with one who had been singled out by Our Lord even as the Apostles in His own lifetime.

The Ceremony of Reception being concluded, the candidates left the chapel to return clothed in the Holy Habit and were given their names: Miss Irene Butler, Burin, Newfoundland, now Sister Mary Alacoque, and Miss Frances Palmer, Toronto, now Sister Mary Herbert.

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL

Cardinal McGuigan blessed and dedicated the new nurses' residence on Shuter and Bond Streets, and presented a golden key to Premier Frost who officially opened it and was guest speaker for the occasion.

The new seven-storey building of red brick and stone, is 116 feet by 55 feet, and harmonizes in architecture with the hospital. It has terrazzo floors and pastel painted walls, along with window drapes, floor rugs and modernistic upholstered furniture of durable type.

On the ground floor is the combination gymnasium and

auditorium with spectators' gallery where the opening was held. It is fully equipped for recreational and dramatic purposes and may be converted into a large tearoom by stowing away nesting chairs. There is an adjacent kitchenette. Gym facilities include showers and locker rooms and there are storage and trunk rooms at street level.

There is running water in every room and at either end of every floor ample bath and shower facilities, and launderette with drier. On each floor also are comfortable furnished sitting rooms with kitchenettes for snacks.

* * *

His Holiness, Pope Pius XII has been pleased to confer the medal "Bene Merenti" on two nurses at Sunnybrook Military Hospital, Miss Constance McCarthy and Miss Julia Montgomery.

The decoration is awarded in recognition of the devoted services they have given to the patients placed under their charge at Sunnybrook Hospital and in former years at Christia Street Military Hospital.

Sister M. St. Anne

On May 21st at St. Joseph's on the Lake, God called to Himself Sister M. St. Anne. Formerly Mary Ann Healy, a daughter of the late Richard Healy and Honora Keefe, the deceased was born in Hastings, Ontario.

Fifty two years ago she entered the Novitiate and the greater part of her religious life was spent in the classroom. She was an outstanding teacher, giving to her pupils with the knowledge she imparted, the inspiration of her own sincerity and intensity of purpose, and thus indirectly leading them to use their talents to the full. Engaged for a time in other important works of the Community, she brought to their execution an earnest fidelity.

The sufferings of the last years were accepted with patience that revealed depths of faith and prayer that had become part of herself. The Mass of Requiem was celebrated at the Mother House by Rev. W. J. Roach, C.S.B., assisted by the Rev. L. McCann, C.S.B., and Rev. J. Firth, C.S.B. R.I.P.

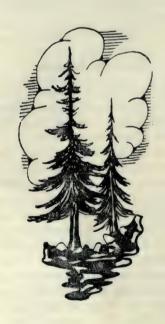
Sister M. Jane

On July 4, at St. Joseph's on-the-Lake, West Hill, Sister M. Jane went to her eternal reward.

Sister Jane, formerly Josephine Pauly, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pauly, was born in Hamilton. She entered the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph on August 14, 1888 and for 64 years led an exemplary religious life. Her first mission was at Notre Dame, a home for working girls, on Bond St., after which Barrie, Lafontaine and St. Catharines were privileged to have her services. Everywhere she endeared herself to all by her spirit of loving generosity.

The last fifteen years of her life were spent at St. Joseph'son-the-Lake. Sister was pre-deceased by her sister, Sister Clementine, and was the last surviving member of her family.

The Solemn Mass of Requiem was sung at the Mother-house on July 7. R.I.P.





ALUMNAE OFFICERS

OF

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

1952 - 54

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The Reverend Mother General of the Community of St. Joseph
Past President — Miss Virna Ross

President
Miss Mable Abrey

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Mrs. G. Macey

Mrs. A. Contway
Mrs. C. J. McCabe

On September 25, 1952, a successful bridge, fashion show, homebaking sale and raffle was held at the Concert Hall of the Royal York Hotel by St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association. Mrs. C. J. McCabe was Convener for this event and Miss Mary Sue Magee was the Commentator for the Fashion Show.

The Annual Membership Tea of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association was held at St. Joseph's Convent on November 2, 1952, and was an outstanding success. The guests were received by Rev. Sister Mary Augusta, Miss Mable Abrey, President Mrs. Colin Grant, Convener and Mrs. J. R. McRae, Tea Hostess. The tea table was very attractively arranged and was centred with a large bowl of small yellow mums, silver candelabra and yellow candles.

CONGRATULATIONS:

Congratulations are due to Margaret Hynes Dunn on the arrival of a son; Terry Knowlton McCann, a son; Isobel Conlin Walsh, a daughter; Mary Fay Legris (Sudbury), a son; Joan O'Grady Gahan, a son; Pauline Cuthbert Nealon (Wilfred, Ontario), a daughter; Constance Herbert Weber, a daughter.

Also to Marie Adele Cozens married to William Alexander Fournier, October 4, 1952, at St. Thomas Aquinas Chapel. Shirley Ann Rosar to Thomas Luke Morrison—Our Lady of Lourdes Church. Mildred Hutter to Edward O'Brien at St. Thomas Aquinas Church, and Catherine Moran to Vincent Pellettier at Perpetual Help Church.

SYMPATHY:

Our sympathy to the families of John E. Sullivan at St. Joseph's Hospital, Peterboro, on Sunday, October 5, father of Mrs. C. E. Egerer (Hilda). William Francis (Frank) O'Brien, brother of Marguerite and Vera (Mrs. J. E. Tracey). Mrs. Murray Moher (formerly Lillian Gough.)

TRAVELLERS

Mrs. Clare Kelly LaBine was a recent visitor to Mexico. Mrs. Margaret Manley Hayes and Miss Mae Brennan were holiday visitors in Florida. Kay Hamill spent an enjoyable holiday in California and while there had a visit with Kathleen Meagher.

MISCELLANEOUS:

On the eve of the Assumption, August 14, Sister Mary Gerarda, (Loretto Welsh) of Toronto, was received into the novitiate of the Marist Sisters. The ceremony was held at St. Theresa's Convent in Bedford, Massachusetts. Another Toronto girl, Sister Mary Benedicta, formerly Margaret Tipping, was professed in this Society in February 1952. Margaret is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Tipping.

Sister Sheila Boase, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Boase, St. Catharines, Ontario, and graduate of the School of Nursing, St. Michael's Hospital, entered the Novitiate of the Religious Hospitallers of St. Joseph, Kingston, Ontario.

At the recent Centennial Celebrations of St. Michael's College the Conlin Family had their own re-union. The eight girls were on hand, with the exception of Frances who has entered the Sisters of the Cenacle. Laureen O'Brien Weiler of Port Arthur and Mary Kernahan Delane of Rochester were others present for the festivities.

Alice Scanlon, niece of Sister Brendan, is in the second year of Novitiate in Des Plaines, Ill., at the Mother House of the Sisters of Mercy.

Orehids to Miss Ray Godfrey on her promotion in the School of Social Work to Assistant Professor.

And to Miss Lois Marshall on her appointment to the Faculty of the Royal Conservatory of Music.

Mrs. J. W. Lyons (Anna Moloney) has fully recovered from her accident of more than a year ago and was able to attend the Membership Tea on November 2.

Agnes Costello Doyle is moving back to Toronto with her family from Winnipeg and will be residing in St. Margaret's Parish.

Maxine Dunn Fitzpatrick has moved with her family to 162 West Highland, Phoenix Arizona.

Mrs. Rita Hetherman Walsh, Summit, N.J. spent the summer holiday this year at Kahshe Lake, Muskoka. Glad you have made such a good recovery from your illness, Rita.

Irene Nealon also spent the vacation at Timber Bay, Muskoka and later at Martyrs' Shrine, Midland, Ontario.

Loretto Ann Mackle

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

.... We enjoyed every minute of our jaunt; so much to see, time seemed to fly by so very quickly. I managed to keep going but we were unavoidably delayed in England, so we had but two days in Dublin instead of the four planned. We loved it there, and that would be one spot I definitely would return to. We staved at Hotel Russell (owned by the same group as the Royal Hibernian), at Stephen's Green, and it was rather like a doll's house. It has recently been entirely done over and the interior is almost beyond description. We simply were loathe to leave. The weather, was not at its best the entire time we were there, but I did get around and saw quite a number of the places you mentioned. The Hotel was just a few doors from Cardinal Newman's Chapel, and his old home. I walked up to St. Kevin's Church, which everyone told me to see, and from there to the Carmelite Church, which everyone told me to see, and from there to the Carmelite Church on White Friars Street. We shopped here and there and felt our time in Dublin was all too short. We were routed to Belfast from Dublin which was the greatest disappointment possible. However, we only remained overnight, for which we were truly thankful.

Madlyne Heary Fergusson.

California Hotel, Champs Elysees, Paris, Aug. 18, 1952.

. . . . We came yesterday by plane from Switzerland and it was a fascinating trip over the peaks of the Alps, some of which were snow-covered. In Geneva it has been so much cooler it has been a pleasure to go about. We landed in time to see the "FESTIVAL OF GENEVA" which is quite a gay affair. They had dozens of small craft out in the lake and each in turn fired high into the sky, the most beautiful display of fireworks I have ever seen , and this along with sweet music lasted nearly two hours. Fortunately for me my room was situated directly in front and above this great display so I had an excellent seat free of charge. Next morning on my way to Mass I waded ankle deep in confetti which they had thrown about with great abandon.

Clotilde Prunty Carter

.... I enclose a tear sheet from the New York Journal American where I 'guest columned' for Mr. John McClain, the dramatic critic. The books you mentioned in your letter I have not yet read but most assuredly will. I have heard from Cecelia Ann Perez. New York is miserably hot and it is likely that she is spending some time in the country before leaving for South America.

And now I must write to my sister Jean (Canfield). She too was a pupil at St. Joseph's. One of the babies. Jean is married and lives in Florida. Sister Emmanuella (if she is still with you) would remember Jean.

Doris Canfield Hanlon.

"On Board S.S. Constitution."

.... We've had two wonderful days in Portugal. Yesterday we went to Fatima. I wish I could put in words my feelings. It was so wonderful. I wish everyone I know had the same privilege. A miracle occurred while we were there, while the Cardinal Spellman Pilgrimage was proceeding to the Basilica. A young man who has been paralyzed for five years, discarded his crutches and walked into the Church. No one knows how authentic it is, but the clergy seem to be of the opinion that those simple living people wouldn't fake it.

Cardinal Spellman received word early yesterday that his Aunt, Sister Philomena C.S.J., had died. He went as far as Fatima with us, led the Procession to the Basilica, and then flew back to U.S., and will rejoin us at Barcelona. He is wonderful! In addition to dispensing spiritual grace he's doing everything in his power to make the trip pleasant for everyone. He celebrates one of the three Masses each morning and distributes Holy Communion personally. Yesterday on the way to Fatima, he walked through the full length of the train, (twelve cars) and spoke to each group individually.

The "Constitution" is a lovely ship, the American Export Line deserves credit for the arrangements they have made for the Pilgrimage. The most luxuriously furnished lounge has been converted into a chapel for the entire voyage. The appointments are in perfect taste. We have an organ loaned by the Steinway Company, and young Father Duffy from St. Patrick's Cathedral, is Director of Music. There are eighty-

one clergymen aboard. His Eminence, Archbishop O'Hara, three Bishops, any number of Monsignori and priests. There

are two Carmelite Nuns with us. I'm surprised there are no others.

I was highly honored a few days ago, having been invited to lunch with Archbishop O'Hara. I thought I might be tongue-tied but he puts one at ease with him. He remembered very well, when I mentioned my cousin George Murphy who attended Notre Dame when His Excellency was in charge there.

You will be surprised to learn that Monsignor Temple is with us, also his brother, another Monsignor from St. Francis de Sales parish in New York City. I've spoken to Msgr. Temple a few times and I met him on one or two of the tours,

but he's usually busy reading or writing.

To-morrow, we arrive in Cadiz and make the trip out to Seville, after that Barcelona and the Congress. Sister, I made no attempt to contact your friend in Lisbon, we didn't get back from Fatima till about nine o'clock last night; in the morning, there was a tour of Lisbon; in the afternoon we sailed.

May Greenaway.

"S.S. Cingalese Prince" Hong Kong, China, June 24, 1952.

.... Words could never describe in a letter the glorious trip

I am having.

We passed through the edge of a typhoon last Wednesday and Thursday in the Pacific, much excitement for a few hours, I enjoyed every moment watching the waves dashing over the decks.

Last week-end we spent in Manila, and are now en route to Hong Kong. After our stay there, our next stop will be Japan where we spend five or six days.

G. Pendergast.

Editor's Note: Mrs. Pendergast spent six months on a Pacific cruise—we hope later to have an article on her experiences and impressions.

Chicago, July 7, 1952.

.... I wonder if you will remember me. You taught me first year high school. My name then was Marion Chadwick.

I married in 1931 and for the past ten years have been

living here in Chicago. My Mother died thirteen years ago, and I still have a Dad in Toronto whom I visit quite often, and I would love to see you, when I am home, if it would be convenient.

I was reading the New World the other day and came across the picture and I recognized it and sure enough it was Sister Leonarda, at the Catholic Press Convention. How I wish you'd land in Chicago and visit our big city!

I would love to hear from you. My address is Mrs. Ray

Hulseman, 10110 South Seeley Ave., Chicago 43, Ill.

Marion Hulseman.

.... Your letter reached me at Father Point, and that too made it doubly welcome, as it seemed to me I had been so very long without mail; in reality it was but six days. The trip coming back was very rough, as we managed to ride into the end of the Hurricane that was raging at that time, and for more than two days we rocked everyway possible, and while I was not nauseated, I did not feel very happy about it all. It was quite a relief to arrive at Belle Isle. The trip up the river was lovely, but taking it by and large, I would prefer an American ship and definitely the Southern route, should I ever find myself in a position to go abroad again.

Madlyne H. Fergusson





BACCALAUREATE EXERCISES:

His Excellency Bishop Webster pontificated at the Solemn Mass in St. Basil's Church, which opened the baccalaureate exercises for St. Michael's College June 4. The new graduates, members of the Faculty, and distinguished alumni walked in procession, wearing academic robes, from Brennan Hall to the Church. St. Basil's Seminary Choir rendered the music of the Mass. Rt. Rev. Basil Markle preached the sermon, taking for his text the words of St. Paul in the First Epistle to the Corinthians 14, 36; "Did the word of God come out from you or came it only unto you?" Monsignor Markle told the graduates that they must be witnesses for the divinity of Christ. They should be able to say that morning, and to say with greater force as the years went by: "I live, no, not I, but Christ lives in me." Their graduation that morning would then be the temporal pledge of that final graduation to the everlasting happiness of Heaven.

At 2.30 p.m. the same day the conferring of degrees took place in Convocation Hall. This was followed by a reception and garden party at St. Joseph's College for the graduating class of the College and their parents and friends. The reception closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the chapel of St. Joseph's Convent, after which many of the Sisters, who had taught the graduates in their earlier school days, gathered in the hall to convey their good wishes.

This year's graduating class was signally marked by success; there were no failures, nor did a single supplemental paper have to be written. Four of the graduates received outstanding distinction:

Elizabeth Fraser, Toronto: The Alumni Gold Medal in House-

hold Economics (awarded by St. Michael's College) and the Marion Dickenson Scholarship in Household Science (awarded by the University of Toronto).

Miss Betty Jane Fraser, Ottawa: The Gold Medal in Modern Languages and Literature (awarded by St. Michael's College) and the Sir Wilfrid Laurier Memorial Scholarship in French (awarded by the University of Toronto).

Miss Carolyn Gratton, Toronto: Honour Award by the Students' Administrative Council of the University of Toronto for her outstanding contribution to University activities.

Miss Catherine Schenck, St. Catharines: Honour Award by the Students' Administrative Council of the University of Toronto for her outstanding contribution to University activities.

CAPPING CEREMONY:

On October 3, a new tradition was started at St. Joseph's College. A special capping ceremony was held in the chapel, and the freshmen students officially received their mortarboard caps and academic gowns. An aisle of sophomores and seniors, holding burning candles lighted the new students' way into College life. Through this aisle the freshmen, carrying their caps and gowns, walked in procession into the chapel in the presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, exposed on the altar. Benediction was given by Father Miller, our chaplain. Father gave a short talk on the history of the cap and gown and its significance in the students' life. Each freshman then went forward to the altar, where members of the student council placed the gown on her shoulders. Father placed the academic cap on her head while she knelt at the altar rail. The ceremony was closed with a hymn to St. Joseph and the student body processed out of the chapel.

With the capping ceremony the initiation of the freshmen students to College life was completed and it is hoped that the spirit of this meaningful beginning as well as the light-hearted side of the initiation will be carried through their University days.

Barbara Hawken, 5T4.

SODALITY

"AD JESUM PER MARIAM"

Is it not beautiful that the simplicity of a few words can contain within it the complexity of an organization with its aims, ideals and rules, with its committees and individual members? Thus it is with our Sodality of the Immaculate Conception. We seek the simplicity, the Oneness of God through the medium of a varied devotion to Mary.

To some it may seem a round-about way. For us, however, it is the only way. Did not the Son of God Himself choose to come to man through Mary? We are but following in His footsteps to return to Him.

This year has introduced a different Sodality, different especially in its approach. No longer does it mean a monthly Sodality Sunday, the odd visit to the McNeil Infant Home, and a few extra prayers; rather, it is encouraging an intense and zealous devotion to Mary in order to achieve self-sanctification. This is of primary importance. The sodalists, seeking to know and love Mary and through this knowledge and love to serve her, are making it a way of life.

Through the weekly meetings with Father Cahill, our new and helpful spiritual adviser, we are seeking to know her. Through our rosaries and ave's, we are trying to increase our love for her. And from this love flow the desires to serve her by our visits to the McNeil Infant Home, and to the Home for the Incurables, our parcels to charity, our aid to the missions and the especially difficult daily sacrifices.

In the evaluation of this sodality year, those who have given ALL to Mary and are looking through HER eyes, have seen it as one of more than external actions and appearances, for theirs is the hope of a blossoming Marian age with a true devotion to Mary.

Ludmilla Graczyk, 5T3

C.F.C.A. MEETING

On Oct. 14, under the auspices of the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae, an enthusiastic group met in the Common Room of St. Joseph's College, to hear a most interesting and informative lecture on "The Novelist in English Literature," given by Miss Barbara Montagu Scott, the British novelist, and distinguished relative of the great Walter Scott.

SPORTS AT ST. JOSEPH'S

This year there has been much interest shown in the various athletic activities at the College.

The sport season opened with Softball. Last year's Softball Team was our greatest claim to fame. It made the finals, losing the third game of a best of three series. Our team this year is following in its footsteps, tying for first place in its league with P.H.E.

This year we are entering two teams in the Basketball League. Our enthusiastic "A" and "B" Teams, under the fine coaching of Kay Schenck and Jane Timmins, are looking forward to a good season.

Although the tennis season is a very short one, the court at St. Joseph's has been put to good use this fall, and we expect it will be put to even better use next spring. Babs Hawken and Georgine Brennan represented St. Joseph's in the University Tennis Tournament.

With the hockey season just around the corner, the girls are looking forward to the first signs of winter and skating their way to fame. We also participate in swimming, volleyball, bowling and badminton.

With enthusiasm and sportsmanship to back us, we are looking forward to a successful year in the athletic field.

Philippa McEwen, 5T4

1952 FRESHMEN:

Sept. 20, brought us fifty-five starry-eyed, expectant freshmen, in time for the "get-acquainted" tea, given by the Seniors. This overwhelming number almost daunted the usually dauntless seniors, who, each year, act as "big sisters" to the freshmen until they become familiar with the University and its activities. This year, owing to the small number in the senior class, and to the fact that a few could not return from their summer jobs in time for the tea, some of the seniors found themselves with not one "little sister", but four.

On Sunday morning, at 9:30, a special Mass was offered in the College Chapel by Rev. Father Allen, C.S.B., who spoke to the freshmen on the meaning of University life, and the privileges and duties of the Catholic University student. This was followed by breakfast in the Common Room, after which the seniors and freshmen donned sweaters and skirts and heavy shoes, and started east for a visit to the Children's Village and a hike in the House of Providence woods. Many thanks are due to Sister Mary of the Nativity, who so graciously received them and gave them shelter during the light downpour of rain

Students from as far north as Alaska and as far south as Nassau, Bahamas, from Nelson, B.C., in the west, to Des Joachims, P.Q. in the east, are included in our numbers.

We are happy to announce the following scholarship winners among the freshmen:

- Miss Inez Gaffney, Immaculata High School, Ottawa: The Sister Perpetua Whalen Scholarship for General Proficiency (open to all Catholic Students in Ontario.).
- Miss Barbara Black, Oshawa Collegiate & Vocational Inst.: The Fontbonne Memorial Scholarship in Latin and French (open to all Catholic Students in Ontario). Oshawa Women's University Club Scholarship.
- Miss Patricia O'Brien, Copper Cliff High School: The Gertrude Lawlor Scholarship in English and History (open to all

Catholic Students in Ontario). The W. E. Mason Scholarship. The Robert Simpson Scholarship. The University Women's Club Scholarship. The I.O.D.E. English Prize. The Inco Prize.

Miss Norah Landriau, St. Joseph's College School, Toronto: The St. Joseph's Alumnae Scholarship.

HONOURS

We are proud to claim as graduates of St. Joseph's, Mrs. Joseph M. Garvey (Marie Foley), who has recently been chosen as a member of the Senate of the University of Toronto, and Miss E. Ray Godfrey, who has been made Associate Professor in the School of Social Work. During June and July, Miss Godfrey assisted in the direction of a six-week course, for welfare officers of the Department of Public Welfare, Newfoundland.

CONGRATULATIONS TO:

Miss Alice Loring, Noranda, P.Q., who entered the novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, on Sept. 7.

Miss Helen Prendergast, Toronto, who is now Mrs. Ed. Gariepy.

Miss Mary Leonia Flynn, Toronto, who is now Mrs. P. Briglia.

Miss Winnifred Lownie, Galt, Ont., who married Mr. Ronald Williams and has taken up permanent residence in Trinidad, B.W.I.

Miss Mary Schenck, St. Catharines, who became Mrs. L. J. Brennan, Jr. on Oct. 4.

Miss Ruth Allor, Detroit, N.Y., who became the bride of Mr. A. B. Cogan, Oct. 11.

Miss Catherine Sheehan, Renfrew, Ont., who is now Mrs. Gerry Mander.

SYMPATHY

We extend our sincerest sympathy to Helen Masiello, 5T6, whose father, Dr. Francis Masiello, of Rochester, N.Y., passed away on the Feast of his patron saint, St. Francis of Assisi.

A SOPHOMORE'S FEARS

"Oh my goodness," says I to me, As common room overflows with talk, "Surely it can never be That all these gorgeous girls I see Intend to be the freshie class?"

Imagine also my surprise
When I interrogate and find
A brain (that impudently vies
With mine) concealed lies
Behind each beauteous freshie face!

"Ah ha," says I, "This cannot last.

It absolutely is too good.

Not only will they learn so fast—

They'll charm the profs! And when they pass
With A's, they'll scoff at us poor sophs!"

So warning hereupon I give
(From my own vast experience)
That all those freshies who would live
In harmony with us must give
Great reverence to their seniors!

Nusia Matura, 5T6.

CANADA IS HOST TO PAX ROMANA

The 22nd World Congress of Pax Romana took place in Toronto, Montreal and Quebec City this summer. Over four hundred students, graduates, University professors, doctors and men of learning from every corner of the earth gathered to study "The Mission of the University."

St. Joseph's College opened its doors to house the women delegates during the Toronto session. Truly it was a cosmopolitan city in miniature, with its halls thronged with students and professional women from South Africa, Gold Coast, China, Japan, Australia, Switzerland, Italy, Brazil, England, Holland and numerous other countries,—all united in their common bond of Catholicity.

Various study commissions were formed to study the relation between the University and the intellectual personality, the search for truth, culture, the state, and the international community. There were, as well, commissions studying the important problems of students status and the teaching staff in Universities. These study commissions, as well as special lectures, were the main source of detailed conclusions which were drawn up and which will be published in early December.

The main business on the agenda was and will be found to be vastly important to those interested in any aspect of university education. However, the delegate who returned from the Congress carried with him something of inestimable worth. He carried home with him a new awareness of the meaning and the resulting consequences of the doctrine of the Mystical Body. He has learned to live and to love the life of the Church in the Liturgy, as so many laymen are doing to-day, he has witnessed the catholicity of the true Church. But most of all he realizes that Christian wisdom is the keystone of culture, that all things can be accomplished through Christ. For where there is Unity, there is Strength.

Mary L. Palumbo, 5T4



GLEE CLUB AT RETREAT

In the fervour of my youth and innocence, I warmly welcomed the idea of a glee club at St. Joseph's this year. To the first meeting I came expectantly. It was held, as is proper, in the beautiful auditorium and I enlisted as a first soprano. All went well.

However, a notice was received on the night of the second meeting that as the auditorium was in use (the grade tens were on retreat and conferences were given therein) we would use the "Gym." How lovely, said I, "our voices will echo in that lofty chamber like the praise of seraphim."

At three o'clock I breezed into the gym with a friend to test the potency of its echoes in the flattering of what I call my voice. "Where is the glee club?" asked my dear friend.

"They'll come in later," said I confidently.

They did. Nineteen sopranos, four second sopranos, and . . . er . . . one alto. I demanded to know where the others were. Sister came in, and heard me. "They're on retreat, Janet," she said with a sweet smile.

Now I am a Mighty Senior and I object to too much praise of juniors. I replied stiffly that the seconds and altos couldn't all be in grade ten. I was told of course not, didn't I see the crowd of one senior alto, milling around waiting to begin. I subsided.

Later, as I struggled and growled in the alto second of two, I began to wonder why I had so asserted that there must be more than one alto a senior. I never thought the scheening child would say that the other must be myself. "Never again," I muttered, "never again will I give seniors their rightful respect."

And now I begin to wonder if I underestimate grade tens!

Janet Somerville, XI1A, S.J.C.S.

FIRST FORMAL

The great moment had finally arrived, my first formal. My dress was pale blue taffeta. In honor of the occasion I borrowed mother's fur coat, something which I had never before been allowed to do. After the flurry of dressing all sorts of fears came. "Could I dance with my long dress," "What kind of flowers would I get," and many other foolish things. Finally my escort arrived and handed me a beautiful corsage of red roses. The evening developed was the most enjoyable I had ever spent.

Marie Reeves, XI-A, S.J.C.S.

VILNIUS

Vilnius, a traditional capital of Lithuania is a city of legends. Its origin is attributed to a dream of Gediminas, Grand Duke of Lithuania. While hunting, he dreamed of a howling iron wolf protecting its litter. His soothsayers told him that the iron wolf represented a city he was to build on the spot, and the litter signified a people who were to find protection within its walls.

Some of the legends are about the miraculous sacred picture of the Madonua, the "Ausros Vartai," "Gates of Dawn." There

is a widespread devotion to Our Lady of Vilnius.

In 1927 Pope Pius XI crowned the Virgin with the title of "Our Lady of Mercy" and a solemn dedication took place on July 2nd of that year. This is the legend of the picture of the Blessed Virgin.

Many years ago there was a beggar in dire need. He was so emaciated that his body was nothing but bones, held together by a shrunken skin. His clothes were tattered and worn, and the plight of his family was just as bad. In despair he went to the chapel of the Ausros Vartai and begged the Virgin's help. As the beggar raised his tear-beamed eves to the sacred picture he thought that he saw the Madonna's eyes open and smile kindly at him. Then her head moved and her crown fell into his lap.

Then the Lady spoke, "Take the crown home, extract the jewels and exchange them for food for yourself and your family; such is my will." Then to the amazement of the beggar the form

resumed its previous position.

The jewels were exchanged for food and clothing and sold for money which was used in a business that netted excellent returns. They became wealthy and made another crown more beautiful, richer, and placed it over the image. Thus they discharged their debt to the Virgin, hoping that with the return of the earthly crown the Divine One would not disappear. Both remained to bear the witness to the incident and prove that the Divine Mother never forsakes those who seek her aid.

Danute Scepavicuis, XI-A, S.J.C.S.

BACK AGAIN

We are back in St. Joseph's for another year. Doesn't it feel wonderful? Don't answer. I know what you are going to say: an emphtaic, no! Really, if you ponder over this question thoughtfully you will say, "I am very happy to be back at St. Joseph's this year."

In June, we say, "Thank goodness no more school for two ' but when September rolls around, we actually cannot wait to get back to see the Sisters, all our old friends, the familiar halls and rooms and last but certainly not least to make our visit to the Blessed Sacrament in the School Chapel.

We have just finished a most wonderful Retreat, which helped us to realize how fortunate we really are. It isn't every girl who year after year can come back to St. Joseph's to complete here

academic courses.

Odette St. Jacques, XI-A, S.J.C.S.

THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE

One of the happiest days of my life, that is outstanding in my memory, is my First Holy Communion Day. Every time I see first graders making their First Communion, I think of the Sunday nine years ago that I made mine! Now we realize and appreciate all the preparations and time that teachers and priests used, to make the ceremony in their own parish a success. The first time we went to Confession we were really scared, but the priest was so kind that we forgot our fears. Everything was beautiful on the Sunday morning when we walked down the aisle in a body, pure, in our white dresses, and our Blessed Lord came to us for the first time.

Helen Sheridan, XI-A, S.J.C.S.

Lorraine McCool, IX-C. S.J.C.S.

HOLDING THAT LINK

Wow! Was it windy on Rosary Sunday as each girl bravely marched onto the field to form the Living Rosary. The wind couldn't have picked a better time to start acting up; as we unfurled the links we began to wonder which would be blown away first, the links or us, but everyone braved the storm and we won. Though we were suffering, we should look at the spectators' point of view. We may have done a great deal of good as we stood out there and displayed our Catholic Faith and how proud we were of it. Even though I say this about it I can't say that I don't hope that next year and in the years yet to come we shall never have another Rosary Sunday that is as windy as this one was.

Cool winds blowing against your face, God's own sunshine to brighten your day and gold and red leaves for your carpet as you walk along!

FALL

Fall, what a wonderful time of the year. It is the time when everyone loosens up for one last chance of gaiety before the long winter sets in.

Old folks take long walks and prophesy the climate of the approaching winter. Parents are busy preparing their house and family for cooler days. The glorious teens are freezing in every football stadium across the country. Yes they are all tucked in what is known as the very latest "Sporti-Styles." The group who seem to have the most fun of all are the "Young Fry" who romp in the fallen leaves.

Fall is the most beautiful time of the year. To my dismay it is very short. One may awake in the morning to find the earth covered with a blanket of white snow, which offers more fun and frolic for us. Funny world is it not?

Mary McCormack, XI-B, S.J.C.S.

NOON HOUR IN THE GYM.

After lunch is an exciting time in the gym. The girls finish eating and rush into the gym when they have made their visit to the chapel. As you walk into the gym "noise" greets you. Some are dancing, some play tag, walking tag that is, for we are not allowed to run in the gym, or some just talk, but anyhow we all have fun. That is what noon hour is like in the gym.

Patricia Rooney, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

RETREAT

October brought retreat days to St. Joseph's, two and a half days of prayerful silence, when the girls and God get together. Retreat is the time when the students "take time out" to forget their everyday worries, and give time back to Godd, their Creator. Father Sullivan, C.SS.R., our Retreat Master, very prayerful and devout, thrilled us all by his eloquent oratory. We all started anew Monday morning.

Joanne Theobald, XI-A, S.J.C.S.

IN THE SUMMER

At our cottage near Sutton, on Lake Simcoe, I spent the best summer of my life, entering amateur swimming races, diving contests, putting on a water-skiing show, and teaching tiny tots to swim.

Every Saturday morning at ten o'clock, those who wanted to learn to swim, met at the dock and had their lesson, and if they wanted to learn, they could swim by the end of the summer. On August 23. several children I had taught entered the swimming races. I entered into the boat race, and later on in the day took part in the water-skiing exhibition. I didn't quite finish the boat race. In the middle of the race I rammed my boat into a knocked post, tearing a hole in the bottom of it.

I had a wonderful summer.

Patricia Drolet, X-A, S.J.C.S.

NEW ORLEANS

On August the first, we started for the south with St. Christopher as our guide. We went from Chicago down the Mississippi to New Orleans, a remarkable city, a famous cotton port of Louisianna, standing one hundred miles from the mouth of the Mississippi. It was founded by the French. The French quarters of the city is interesting to tourists. The old showboats are still to be seen on the Mississippi and the new modern ones travel about fifty miles down the river each day. We stayed for a week and then drove around the Gulf of Mexico into Florida. After three weeks holidays in this great state and having travelled 5,000 miles we arrived home safely, thank God!

Patricia Sullivan, XI-A, S.J.C.S.

FIRST DAY

It was a cold morning after the Christmas holidays, when I started to a new school. I could not sleep the night before and now I was afraid to go into that large building, around which children were speaking in a language unknown to me.

When I found the office, a smiling Sister met me and gathering my courage I explained that I wanted to go to this school. Another

Sister took me to a classroom.

On entering into the classroom the children turned to see who opened the door. It was grade one and I was a little too old for it; they seemed interested. Then Sister gave me an "examination", pointing to a picture of a cat on a wall and asking "What is that?" When all objects in the room were named I was taken to grade seven.

Grade seven teacher gave me a book to read and began to explain a lesson to the students. After listening to Sister for a while I felt discouraged. I could not understand one word. I said to myself I shall never learn this language!

Birute Gugaitis, XI-B, S.J.C.S.

PENS

Pens are very useful things,
They write out all the answers.
They are most valuable to any young inventor.
To teachers and to students all
They are the best prime factors
For writing answers, correcting books
And blotting up the paper.

You try your hardest to improve Your writing with your pen It stops and starts And blots and marks The most important paper.

Anne Workman, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

FIELD DAY

Gaiety and festivity reign for the day. Brightly coloured booths line the paths of the grounds. The smell of freshly cooked hot-dogs floats through the air. The voices of girls shout, sing, and call greetings. The voice of the leader reading the numbers for the bingo game, now well underway—express a wonderful friendship with the school and all the girls. Here and there girls are selling tickets on dogs and cats, bracelets, records, and hockey tickets. Elsewhere on the grounds, races are taking place—one room competing against the other. Girls stumble and fall in the three-legged race. The obstacle race proves a hardship for some—crawling under benches here and threading needles there. All the girls are enjoying themselves trying to score points for their room in order to win the cup. At four o'clock the girls leave for home after a wonderful afternoon.

Janet Lennox, XI-A, S.J.C.S.

MY IDEAL

My Ideal is a girl, now a woman, who has devoted her life to my happiness. She was a typical teen-ager. Parties, dances, games, boys and school all held a meaning for her. But, her carefree days ceased, when at the altar of God she bound herself in Holy Matrimony. Thus, by this sacrament I was given the right to come into this world a free citizen to be reared a Catholic under the watchful eyes of Our Divine Saviour.

My first knowledge of God and of prayers was taught to me by her. With the Sisters she prepared me for my First Communion. She impressed upon my mind how fortunate one is to have the Catholic Faith. My early childhood and later years were guided by her expert knowledge of the temptations which would assail me by the world, the flesh and the devil.

This woman, who years before lived the pattern of life that I now follow, is greatly appreciated. I thank her, my mother. By her unceasing unselfishness she has molded her child in a form that is pleasing to God. She has brought not only me but herself closer to Our quest of happiness—God. I hope that I may set as fine an example as has my mother. She is my ideal.

Anne Moore, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

HENRY MORGAN

Jamaica is now a buccaneering centre, replacing Tortuga.

The most prominent buccaneer was Henry Morgan, a Welshman, who under the direction of the governor of Jamaica, made four expeditions, in four years.

The first was to Cuba, then to Porto Bello on the isthmus, to Maracaiba in Venezula and across to the city of Panama. In the next few years he sailed to many new and old places. On the complaint of Spain, he was then summoned to England. Instead of being hanged he was imprisoned in an English tower. Charles II looked into his case and decided he could use this man to explore new lands for him. So he knighted him and sent him back to Jamaica as a Lieutenant Governor and the Commander of the fleet.

Doreen Hanley, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

SAINT NOEL CHABANEL

Saint Noel Chabanel was seventeen when he entered religious life. The desire to work in Canadian missions asserted itself and poverty and squalor, their gross ways made a profound impression its half-naked Indian population, their miserable cabins, their Quebec in 1643, and soon started for the Huron country. But his he took the earliest opportunity to cross the Atlantic. He reached enthusiasm quickly disappeared. The wild Georgian Bay, with on his sensitive soul. After months of study, he made little progress in the Huron tongue. Then it dawned on him that his life was to be one unbroken chain of disappointments, an ordeal that he himself called a bloodless martyrdom.

Marcella Macdonald, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

ST. TERESA OF AVILA

We know little of Teresa's child life but at the age of seven we can hear her brother calling "she made me do it." Teresa had resolved to run away and be martyred by the Moors. She and her brother carried out their plan but were discovered by an uncle and brought back home. A kind mother told them that they could serve God other ways. Thus ended the adventure.

After she grew older she entered the convent of the Incarnation. Sickness, suffering and prayer visions came to her frequently.

Teresa built many convents in Spain.

Barbara Heffron, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

RENE GOUPIL

René Goupil on his way to the Huron country with Isaac Jogues 1642, was seized by the Iroquois and tortured. They tore off his finger nails, crushed his bleeding fingers between their teeth and showered blows upon him.

He was taken to the Mohawk country, where further tortures were inflicted. The Indians received him with blows, so that when he entered the gates of the palisade he fell, bruised, weltering in his blood. Some weeks later he was seen making the Sign of the Cross on a little Indian child, and a pagan, enraged at this act, ordered a young warrior to kill him. The wretch raised his tomohawk and split the martyr's skull open.

Doreen Murphy, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

GREGORIAN CHANT

The Catholic Church uses numerous ceremonies. While in eighth grade our teacher taught us Gregorian Chant. We practised until we could sing the Requiem Mass. We sung it many times. The steady, even beat added solemnity to the service and the Latin words chanted their plea to God to take this departed soul to Heaven. One morning a V.P. was being buried. Attending the Mass were many clerics, religious, lay-people. Monsignor Ronan conducted our singing and after the service he complimented us and our teacher.

Our Holy Father wants us to learn Georgian Chant: "A congregation that is devoutly present at the Sacrifice cannot keep silent, for song befits a lover, and as the ancient saying has it: "He who sings

well, prays twice."

Bernadette Crudden, X-A, S.J.C.S.

CROWDED STREET CAR

This morning, I got on the street car to stand out in the middle of the aisle. People are pushing from in front and behind. Suddenly the street car gave a jerk, my French book fell and there I was falling on somebody. A gentleman handed me my book and I was on my feet again. With great force I squeezed through the crowded car to find myself getting off at the stop after. Coming to school is the greatest hardship of my school life.

Eleanor Cain, XI-A, S.J.C.S.

RETREAT

Retreat! To some people this may be a time of great grace. Others, dread "retreat". The latter I pity for "retreat" days puts me in closer union with God than any days that I have ever lived.

We are on this earth to love God and to share His happiness after we have fulfilled our duties here. How many of us fulfill our chores and how many love Our Lord with a true love! Few! Retreat is the time to meditate on this and to develop true Christian Character.

I never have understood why some people dread a few "holy hours". In my life, it is an easy leap nearer my eternal home.

Barbara Jaworski, XI-B. S.J.C.S.

HITCHHIKING-BY A CAR DRIVER

Travelling along the highway with my mother, one sunny afternoon in August I spied an elderly woman laden with parcels walking. I slowed the car down and offered a lift. Eagerly she put her parcels in and got in herself. She told us she was going in a different direction than what we were planning and I said I would drive her there.

When we came to where the old lady lived, she got out, thanked us and we headed back to our cottage. When we arrived home I noticed a peculiar odour. Looking in the back seat I saw the juice of a vegetable which had leaked out of the bag on the seat. I spent the rest of the afternoon cleaning it up.

June Williams, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

BOOKS

Books are the gateway to unlimited vistas, to lands of far off in oriental splendour, to grave faced puritans making the beginnings of a great country, to the lives and innermost thoughts of saints and sinners.

Books are part of our lives, they grow with us from Fairy tales as children to biographies and novels as we grow older. In them is contained the wealth of ages, culture of our civilization and the Word of God.

Books influence our thinking, our living and our moods. They can stir us, depress us, humour us, lift our thought to spiritual heights or plunge them to degenerate depths. They reflect each age renaissance with it richness and depth, puritan with its austerity and simplicity. In them are conveyed thoughts to us which could not be brought to us any other way. In them are the lives of great men, their downfall or sanctity. They can inspire us, they are living in an abstract way and though many do not appreciate them they are the symbol of our civilization.

Rosemarie Koner, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

FASHIONS

We are all interested in the new fashions, or worried about our last year's clothes, this year.

Our worries are over; the old will do just fine with the new extra trimmings, on skirts or dresses. The new elastic belts

will look becoming. The belts come in various shades. Some of the colours are the gold, silver, or calf skin. Brightly coloured scarves and gloves add to new fashions.

Necklines are higher. Blouses are beautiful in taffeta, and pleated chiffon. The lining in casta come from candy pink, sky blue to brilliant reds. Other colours come in many shades of grays and from pale wheat and pearl shades to smoky tenes.

Shawls return to fashion; with the shawl a simple basic dress may be worn. A night-and-day affair in wool is very enchanting. The stoles and scarves come from blanket plaids to jewelled satin.

Some may be interested in straight velvet jackets, or Norfolk jackets. The checked tweedy-wool belted suits. Basketweave tweeds; also the many bold plaids, skirts and suits with pleated or strait skirts.

This is a brief idea of the latest fashions.

Mary Hambly, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

FIRST IMPRESSION

It was September 4, the opening of school at St. Joseph's. My girl friend and I followed the throng of girls to the gym where we were to assemble. Suddenly a burst of applause was heard and stepping forward we saw a sister standing by the railing and smiling down. It was our principal who is loved by everyone in the school. She told some to go to the Auditorium, others to the cafeteria, and the first formers (my group) had to go outside to the grounds. There sister arranged us in alphabetical order for our class rooms. Some long faces then appeared because of separation from friends, and happy faces too because they were with their friends.

Barbara Ihas, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

THE DAY I LIKE BEST

The day I like best has not come yet. It is the Last Day, and God is the only one who knows when. This day will be one of exile for some and for others a day of sorrow. We can be sure of seeing splendour that no human eyes have ever before beheld: the Creator in His glory, together with the court of heaven, and Our Blessed Mother beckoning her children Home.

That is the day I shall like best when I can go with my Heavenly Father and Mother to my home in heaven.

Kathleen Maloney, X-A, S.J.C.S.

TO BE A CANADIAN

Are you a Canadian? Are you proud of it?

I wasn't! To me, Canadian citizenship was insignificant. I inherited it at birth and it was my due. Beyond this I was completely ignorant. Patriotism was something I could take or leave, but I preferred to leave it.

Then came the turning point. I had to attend a pageant

Then came the turning point. I had to attend a pageant at which some forty immigrants would receive their Canadian citizenship. I groaned inwardly, thinking of the droning politician as he discussed at some international affair. How I would suffer! Every possible means of etcape blocked, I consented to attend.

Imagine my surprise when I entered the auditorium to find two marble staircases, one from each side of the stage, lined with hundreds of men and women each in their native costume. It was a spectacle to behold! France, Ukranian, Scotland, Sweden, China—the colour was dazzaling.

Instantly I perked up. I watched as these new Canadians repeated in unison their vows of allegiance to their adopted country. Were they serious?

Then, the ceremonies completed, one of the men stepped to the front of the stage. He clasped his hands, looked straight into the audience and in careful, practised English spoke on behalf of the new Canadians.

My face burned crimson as he told of his native land. He contrasted our freedom with his slavery under a dictatorship. Tears flashed in his eyes for he was proud to be a Canadian. He realized the priviledge of his citizenship and the freedoms it represented I hung my head in shame.

I left the auditorium that evening burning with the fierce loyalty of someone who has found something personal and precious. I have found my country. Have you?

Carole O'Brien XI-B, S.J.C.S.

SHOW BUSINESS

It was my first day in cashier's box, at a downtown show.

As I entered this tiny cardboard box-like room a machine with buttons, caught my eye and in a corner on a little cupboard were two telephones, with three or four buttons on each phone. The electric fan was blowing my hair in my eyes, and I stood in the doorway looking about when a voice said "Step right in please and close the door." Step inside this tiny place and close the door! There was hardly room for a person to move about? I did as I was told and sitting down was taught how to work the machines.

sitting down was taught how to work the machines.

Through trying minutes, I listened while the different electric machines worked. The cash machine which gives the change to a customer, is very complicated—I think it gets hungry because I had to keep feeding it money that day

keep feeding it money that day.

To-day as I walk into the cashier's box I go calmly and quickly to work and when both phones ring at once and there is a line of people waiting for tickets I don't jumble things. That first day I was so scared when I went in but twice as scared when I was closing up.

MY LONG, LOST HOME

During my sixteen years I have lived half my life in the West Indies on a beautiful island, in the Caribbean. The island is Puerto Rico, discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1592 on his way over to find the new world.

Around part of the island is a high wall built by the Spaniards for protection against the French. Now this island is ruled by the United States, and one who enters the harbour of San Juan, (its capital) sees the American flag waving proudly. During the second World War, Puerto Rico was used as an airforce base for the U.S.A.F., and the R.C.A.F.

The people are mainly Spanish and Puerto Rican, but in the last 25 years many Americans, Canadians and Britishers have made Puerto Rico their permanent home. Tourists are surprised to see modern buildings and shocked at poor peasants begging. There is no middle class in the West Indies. People are either rich or poor and this condition seems to be unchanging.

The natives in colourful clothes, singing songs, bring their don-

keys burdened with wares to sell at the market.

In Puerto Rico there are many quaint, old churches, (mainly Catholic). The mountains are a favourite spot and from them the cool streams flow through dense greens, flowers, into the ocean.

The beaches stretch for miles and the clean, warm sand invites

The beaches stretch for miles and the clean, warm sand invites relaxation. The temperature is high, but the breezes reduce the humidity. The streets are very narrow, and when filled with people riding bicycles, driving automobiles and walking down the centre of the street, there is bound to be confusion. The honking of horns, and yelling of children irritate tourists, but the people of the island do not notice it.

There is more to tell you about my island, such as midnight dips, riding at night along country roads watching the sunset, or looking at the gorgeous sunrise. I will tell you more when I come back next fall from visiting my long lost home in the Indies.

Suzanne Scott, XI-B, S.J.C.S.

THRILLING EXPERIENCE

My most thrilling experience was my first time horse back riding. Before I went I watched all the cowboys on television to

see what they did. I thought "This seems easy enough."

At the ranch the boys saddled the horses and brought them to us. How was I going to get on. With a push and a shove, a few grunts and groans I was on. All mounted we ventured out. My horse followed behind quietly but when he saw the open field he started with a jerk and I almost flew off. After a struggle with the reins, I pulled him up, but he wouldn't stop. I bumped and jogged about in the saddle. After a few hours I began rhythm to feel like a real cowgirl, drug-store cowgirl I mean.

Next morning every bone and muscle ached. I couldn't move.

My mother came to the rescue with a bottle of liniment.

Alecia Ann Glover, XI-A, S.J.C.S.

JOURNEY TO CANADA

On the 19th of April, I was standing on the deck "Columbia" in Southampton Harbour waving goodbye. I stood on the deck until

I saw England disappear.

In the evening we docked at Havre but could not land. Next day I met a girl of my own age and we explored the boat together. For a few days the sea was stormy and at one night we had to stop because the sorm was too great. Those days I spent in the cabin too ill to get up. The day the boat came in sight of Canada, I went up to the deck early. The land was covered with snow. When I left England it was sunny and warm, and the flowers in bloom and the trees spreading green buds.

Ramute Aleksa, XI-B, S.J.C.S.

BALLET

I have been asked to tell you about 'ballet' dancing, which is understood by so few! To me a ballet to have life must be done in front of an audience. It is a dialogue you have with your audience, and if you lack that, the ballet is a 'miss."

While dancing dates back thousands of years, everyone seems to enjoy it. Why? Well simply because ballet is a pattern of living. To me dancing is neither religion nor a cult, but a means of com-

munication, changing, as the pattern of living changes.

All dancing is basically concerned with the first five positions of ballet. The 'Balisene' for example have used them for several thousand years. The Indian dancer Uday Shan-Kai uses them. The craft of the dance is built around a human body which is the instrument of communication.

I never improvise though I concede the values may and do change with the mood. Conductors have their moods too; have played in such fast tempo that the dancer could hardly keep up to them. There are many styles to dancing, but there is only two

kinds of dancing-good and bad.

I made my first performance in Europe's smallest village Nagybarat, where my grandparents lived. As time went on, I was allowed by my father to make my first theatrical appearance in Budapest when I was ten years of age. After a few public appearances my further development was interrupted by the war—in Hungary. I went to London, England, and there made a few performances for my school. A year after I came to Canada. In Toronto, after a year of practice I first appeared in Eaton's Auditorium. Shortly after I was sent to a boarding school in Lindsay and I did some smaller numbers there.

Now I am with a professional dancer—Tukody Bela—with whom I hope to reach success. Sometimes, I want to give up, but I have courage to study and study. I had better stop telling you how courageous I am because if I remember the ballet we are preparing to List's Rhapsody, then I am sunk. This ballet as yet is not the pattern of life, but pattern of death, as far as I can see.

Marion Kish, XI-A, S.J.C.S.

SAINT JOHN DE BREBEUF

Gabriel Lalemont and Brebeuf were at the small village of St. Louis, one thousand Iroquois attacked St. Ignais, three miles away. Three escaped the massacre long enough to warn the Jesuits. They were, but they refused to run and save their lives, and they were captured.

Christopher Regnaut has left us an account of the barbarous

treatment of the missionaries.

"The Iroquois took them both and stripped them entirely naked, and fastened them to a post. They tore the nails from their fingers, they beat them with sticks on their shoulders, limbs, legs and faces. The barabarians then took a kettle of boiling water and poured it three times over Father Brebeuf's head. They then applied red hot torches to their limbs and arm pits, they made a collar of red hot hatchets and a flaming belt of pitch and resin around him roasted his whole body."

Father Brebeuf continued to preach. To prevent this they cut out his tongue and upper and lower lip and stripped the flesh from their legs and thighs and arms and roasted them before their eyes. Seeing that the Father grow weak they made him sit on the ground while one cut the skin from his skull, the other made an opening in the upper part of his chest and tearing out his heart roasted it and ate it.

The apostle expired, November 16, 1649 at 64 years of age.

Nearly three centuries have elapsed since the tragedy, yet the name of St. John de Brebeuf is a synonym for fortitude in millions of homes in America.

Joan Gatto, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

ENGLISH VISIT

On June 13, Mother and I boarded the S.S. Empress of Scotland in Montreal bound for England. We landed in Liverpool, took a train for London and saw a lot of England, on the way. In London, my grandmother took us to Beaconsfield twenty-five miles north-west of London.

Beaconsfield is a typical, little English town divided into two parts—the Old Town with its quaint shops and the village "pub" the "Saraces Head" and the New Town modern stores and streets. My grandmother's house called "Little Holt" has a high hedge, a beautiful garden and the house itself nestles among the trees.

A week later we visited lovely sea-side Swanage in Dorset. One place particularly interesting was the Corfe Castle Village, a gray stone. Corfe Castle is only a ruin for Cromwell thought it dangerous and had it blown up. We visited Salisbury Cathedral

at Evensong and it impressed me profoundly.

Later we saw Stratford-upon-Avon. We walked through the grounds of Warwick Castle before driving on to Stratford, and stayed at a hotel on the Avon River. That evening we saw "As you like it" with Margaret Leighton as "Rosalind" at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. During the Interval we walked along the balcony, which hangs over the Avon, and watched the swans swim lazily along.

One Sunday we visited the little graveyard in the Old Town

where my uncle is buried and to my astonishment I noticed that G. K. Chesterton's grave is next to my uncle's. Over his grave is a sort of rock garden and I trimmed off the dead flowers—how proud I felt that I should be beside the grave of such a great and wonderful man!

Frequently we went up to London to shop, or sightsee, or to have dinner. How I love London! From its beautiful parks to Buckingham Palace every part of it is interesting.

After two months we sailed to dear Old Canada on the S.S. Empress of France. At my first glance of Canada I thought how true were the words:

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
This is my own, my native land!"
Ann Sawyer, XI-A, S.J.C.S.

CLAUDE DE LA COLOMBIERE

Claude De La Colombiere was one of a family of seven children. Almost all we know of his schooldays is that he "showed aability." When he was seventeen he entered the Jesuit noviciate. He passed through his course of training and at the age of thirty-five, he was sent as superior to the Jesuit school in Paray-le-Monral where he founded a sodality for men; and helped to found a hospital. Later he was appointed chaplain to the Duchess of York, and he lived in St. James Palace for two years, a lonely life. He was accused of reconciling heretics, and of speaking against the king; thrown into prison, and later was banished from the country. He returned to France and was given light work as spiritual father in the college of Lyons. But he never recovered. He was removed to Paray in the hope that the climate might suit him better, and there he died in 1682, having completed his forty-first year.

Mary Splegelhalter, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

STREET CARS IN THE MORNING

Each morning when I board the streetcar, I juggle my books and my lunch to get my ticket into the box, and finally proceed down the aisle. After a number of jabs in the ribs, I find something to hold onto to adjust myself to the swing and sway of the car. Then, I remember a transfer and I have to go back to the annoyance of everyone (including myself) and get a transfer. Again, I make my way down the aisle. After pushing and shoving I find a seat. I am about to make myse'f comfortable, when I see an elderly lady. I get up and give her my seat. During the time I am on the streetcar terrifying thoughts go through my head. What if I drop my books? What If I get off at the wrong stop?

Anna Mae Barnett, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA

History is filled with conquests by armies, but there are men who conquered wildernesses by Faith. One of these is Father

Junipero Serra.

In 1769, Charles III, of Spain sent an expedition from Mexico to California "to bring the word of God to its people." It was a tedious journey and many men would have turned back had it not been for Father Serra. After six weeks they reached San Diego Bay where they were met by Spanish ships. Misfortune struck them and many died. Having enough men to man one ship, they sent it to Mexico for supplies. Father Serra remained and built the mission of San Diego de Alcale, the cornerstone of California civilization.

Father Serra decided to find a mission at Monterey Bay but he had no supplies. The men were restless, but he persuaded them to wait until they made a novena to St. Joseph. March 19 came and no ship arrived until as the sun sank over the Pacific. It brought

supplies.

Despite hostile Indians, new missions were founded, among them San Antonio, San Gabriel, Carmel and San Juan Capistrano. Under the guidance of the Franciscans the Indians learned farming. In 1784, Father Junipero Serra died at Carmel but the Missions grew until twenty-five stretched along California. Settlers came around the Missions until to-day, from the wilderness has risen the State of California with its treasures "The Missions," shining like a string of precious jewels in the grandeur of the modern world.

Some day the great California pioneer-priest may take his

place in the growing list of American Saints.

Therese Lawrence, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

MUSIC - PIANO

Have you ever heard a concert pianist play? The most amazing thing noticed by onlookers is the easy way in which they manouver difficult passages, their independence of fingers, their general attitude. When we see them the music seems to flow out. Little do we know of how much sweat, blood and tears has gone into the making of that piece. The preparation, for that concert would begin years before, when they first began music the preparations began.

As in ballet, you start out with the main position. After you are well acquainted with the keyboard comes a step that is most important. When playing the piano the weight in the fingers must come from the shoulder. This is done by letting the whole weight of the arm drop on the keys. Then you let the weight come into the fingers and balance that weight on your fingers as you play. This produces a very clear and even sound. Next come the scales. When you are first learning scales you must learn the correct positions, otherwise when you begin to play them fast, your fingers get all jumbled up.

One of the most difficult things to do, is to apply these principles. It may sound easy, but it isn't. With practice these positions and patterns become automatic. Your hand is in position without your

even realizing it.

After a student has practiced hard, he will be exhausted both

mentally and physically.

Music must also be thought. Pieces must be analized, the different keys must be found. So you can see that all is not peaches and cream.

Something to remember is, "Play less, think more."

Martha Holmes, XI-A, S.J.C.S.

CONSECRATION OF MARY

An act of consecration is an offering of ourselves to Jesus through Mary. We, the student body, consecrated ourselves to Mary on September 12th, in our school chapel, at a ceremony directed by Reverend Father Kirby, a Scarboro foreign missionary who spent many years in San Domingo, he related to us many of his experiences. The greatest was the love, devotions, reverence and respect the people showed to Our Blessed Lady. This feeling was shown when Our Lady of Fatima statue was presented to the people all over the world.

Since we girls of St. Joseph's are consecrated to Mary we hope that this year will be the most successful ever. An important factor, to remember is that we can only reach our Eternal Commencement which is the Beatific Vision "To Jesus through

Mary."

S. C. Warle XIII-B, S.J.C.S.

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN BOARDING?

When anyone mentions boarding school we think of such things as "early to bed and early to rise," bread and water three times a day, and prim little ladies who spend their spare time crocheting. Actually the boarders are fun-loving girls who sacrifice the freedom of home and the companionship of their families for the advantages of a private school.

The primary reason for their attedning boarding-school is to receive the three-fold education it offers. This consists of a religious training through which the girls will be prepared for their position in life as good Catholic women. Also with the help of conscientious teachers they advance in academic subjects free from outside distractions. They learn to live with other girls to whom they must be kind and generous. Therefore a girl who is a good boarder to-day will be a good citizen tomorrow.

Margaret McRae, XIII-B, S.J.C.S.

GERMANY

It was a beautiful country famous for its universities, cities, castles, and famous men. The German people are clean and hardworking and economical. Dresden is a university centre in which architecture is of high standard.

Before the war everything was peaceful; people were living their simple life. War swept across the country destroying it. One incident near the border of Lithuania comes to mind. Everything was burning—people were waiting for a train they knew would not come. The Communists were four miles away. The thunder of tanks and the whining of bombs drowned the cries of children. People hungry, without hope and without sleep, lay sleeping in the open. We were standing. Suddenly a plane appeared and began to shoot at the people. My father blessed all our family by the sign of the cross.

The war is over. We are far away from where we faced death. We are near Frankfurt on the Rhine. The beautiful city, is now a smoking ruins. Four years have passed. People live in cellars and

small garages and carry on as best they can.

But the Alps are still beautiful. The villages between the ridges are not wiped out. The large Crucifix on a mountain is still standing,

and a cross on the top of another.

In early morning the vapour on the mountains glistens in the sun and the only sound one hears is the faint tinkle of the bells in the hills where the goats are already back.

Natalija Salkauskis, XI-D, S.J.C.S.

RETREAT

From Oct. 17 to 23, our auditorium was made into a chapel in which Father Sullivan the rector of St. Patrick's Church in Toronto, gave the girls their annual retreat. The seniors' retreat lasted from Friday night until Sunday night, and the grade ten's retreat was on Monday and Tuesday, followed by the grade nines who made their first retreats at St. Joes on Wednesday and Thursday. Father showed to the girls the value of prayer and told us of the help we give ourselves as well as the graces we store up by saying even the shortest ejaculations. Father's sincerity and wonderful understanding helped the girls make this retreat one of the very best. This retreat will put the school's work on a solid foundation and the girls from first to fifth all agree that this retreat will never be forgotten.

Margaret Garvey, XII-A, S.J.C.S.

THE MORNING STREET CAR

The morning hustle to the streetcar is strenuous. The cars are usually packed and while the conductor is calling, "Move down the car please," people are stepping all over your feet and the back

of the car is empty.

About ten people see an empty seat and make a dash for it. Upon arriving two people are ahead and begin "You can sit down," "No! you sit," "It's all right, I'll stand," "No! I'll stand." While they are arguing someone else sits down. Then there's getting off. Somebody shoving down the car to get off, tramples all over you, squashes you against someone and scatters your books, then says, "Oh! I'm sorry, did I hurt you?" The every-day rush comes to an end when you clamber into a cozy bed at the end of the day and mutter "Oh, well! that's life."

Joan Gatto, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

YELLOWSTONE

I have been to Yellowstone Park, Wyoming with my mother, brothers, and sister. The lake (over a hundred square miles) is between mountains and there are many hot springs from which steam rises. A river comes down the mountain and a road follows it for some way. Suddenly the road goes one way and the river is about two hundred and fifty feet below you. Old Faithful, a geiser every forty to sixty minutes shoots hot water and steam one hundred and fifty feet in the air.

There is snow still in the crevices of the mountain in mid-summer. We saw many bears out on the highway and two bears climbed on the car, and we had to throw them something to eat to get rid of them. The bears in the park seem tame but they are not. We also saw a mother bear and the cub.

Margaret Morris, XI-A, S.J.C.S.

HURRY

The door closed with a bang: she's off! That describes the race, to reach school on time, each morning.

At twenty past eight I run, miss the bus and walk to the corner. I've missed a streetcar, now I'll have to stand! With stacks of books I wait impatiently until that streetcar rounds the last bend. The conductor sits calmly and it is almost twenty to nine! I draw a deep breath and squeeze tight, the trolley begins to wend its way through the traffic. In the meantime I feel sure that my history book is the soft substance on which I am standing: but no! It is someone's foot. I bumped a lady, jolted a man, knocked off a hat, stepped on three feet. Imagine someone with three feet!

The conductor calls, "Bay!" It's one mad dash across Bay, against the light, crowd on a streetcar again and "zoom" down Bay.

I dash along Breadalbane, race in the door, and skip to my

I dash along Breadalbane, race in the door, and skip to my locker,—gracefully. Now, I twist, turn, pull, but that combination won't open. Two minutes to go and—the lock springs open. I pull off my coat, grab my books, up the stairs, fly the halls, in the door, greetings to sister, sink in my seat, sigh of relief: on time!

Mary Barker, XI-B, S.J.C.S.

MORNING STREETCAR

That first morning on the streetcar! I had just bought most of my books and was taking them to school. The streetcar crowded, I was hanging on to a bar with one hand and in the other I had my briefcase four books, lunch, wallet and transfer. At Yonge Street I dropped my books. I managed to get off at Bay.

Another morning in the crowded street car I was standing near the door; a man in a nearby seat was reading a book. I dropped my lunch. Instead of dropping to the floor it went up in the air and landed on the man's head on to his book and on to the floor. There was a large apple in my lunch. My face went red and I managed an apology. He didn't say a word, I don't know whether he was angry, surprised or what! I hope I never meet him again.

Edna Andrews, IX-C. S.J.C.S.

FOR A DAY?

I should like to be my aunt's dog for just one day. It is a

spoiled collie. Here is what would happen!

Rising in the morning from my box with a satin bed spread as mattress, my mistress puts her arms around my neck and gives me a hug and tickles my ears. At breakfast my favourite dog food and a milk. Then I rest for an hour and when I hear the rattle of the chain is time for my walk. Up I Jump and walk down the street pulling my mistress along. No fights on the way down or back. Home again, I lie down and wrestle with a bone. Now lunch. Dog food again with an added treat dog biscuits and my favourite candy. This afternoon is playtime. My mistress takes me down to the recreation room. I did a few tricks-every time I did one perfect I got a hug and kiss from her. Tired after these games I could hardly eat my dinner of (guess what) dog food. My day in the life of a dog is done. I sleep all night by the fire-place.

I would like to be a dog just for one day but I could not stand it Beverly Bolster, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

any longer.

RIO DE JANEIRO

Let us imagine a trip to Rio de Janeiro. After eighteen hours on the plane we see Rio with its high, white buildings, lying between a chain of mountains clothed with green forests; the blue sea under us is dotted with white sails and foamy waves wash the sandy shores. We land at the big air-port on an island and taxi to the city.

We take rooms at Copacabana Palace Hotel on Copacabana

beach.

The first day we go up by a small cable car to Sugar Loaf Mountain on which is the biggest radio station. The view is extensive

and the cool breeze invigorating.

The next day we go up to the Corcovado, a high mountain with the huge statue of Christ on top. At night it is lighted by reflectors. A railway, winding between dense forests, leads us up the mountain, to an immense botanic garden.

Sightseeing in the city we find wide avenues in Rio de Janerio; the longest is Ave-vida Rio Branco. In the old part of the city, the streets are narrow; one feels squeezed between the yellow houses.

Churches are numerous.

Brazilians favour football and movies and they see both.

The short holiday over we return by boat.

This magnificent capital of Brazil is one of the most picturesque of the world.

Lidia Barju.

SAINT CHARLES GARNIER

Charles Garnier, the son of a rich and noble Parisian family was born on May 25, 1605. Charles was a student in the Jesuit College. He had great devotion to Our Blessed Virgin. He entered the Jesuit novitiate in Paris 1624, and became a model of observance. He studied in Clermont and in 1636 he sailed to New France. They arrived at Quebec and he was initiated into his ministry by baptizing a little Indian girl. That month he left for Huronia. The Iroquois began attacking the villages until Fort St. Marie was the only one left. Etharita was Father Garnier's own mission. To find out when the Indians might attack, he sent a group of Petan warriors; this left the village unprepared. The Iroquois attacked. Many were massacred, Father Garnier went around baptizing them but until he himself was hit with a musket ball. The Indians stripped him, and leaving him to die went in persuit of the others.

The cause of his Beatification, began in 1886, what a hero was this young missionary who lost his life in the wilderness of New

France!

Judy Foley, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

ISAAC JOGUES

This missionary was born at Orleans, France, in 1607. In 1617, the boy began his studies and at the age of seventeen he entered the Society of Jesus. Isaac wanted to work on foreign missions. His spiritual director told him that New France would amply gratify his ambition for trials and sufferings.

At the end of his probation in 1626, Isaac Jogues was sent to college in La Fleche, where he studied philosophy. In 1629, we find him a professor in Rouen. Shortly after his arrival there, he met Father John de Brebeouf, Charles Lalemant, and Ennemond Masse. These three pioneers of the Canadian missions in the College of Rouen undoubtedly strengthened his missionary vocation. In 1632, he returned to Paris to study theology. He was ordained in 1636, and started for Canada that year. He suffered with the other missionaries and they were blamed, by the Indians, for any sickness or death. Father Jogues was the first Jesuit to be slain by the Iroquois. His death was looked upon as a triumph; both missionaries and colonists looked upon him as a marytr for the faith.

Mary Lou DiRocco, 1X-C, S.J.C.S.

ST. ISAAC JOGUES

On a June day, 1642, four canoes moored at the little harbour of Ste. Marie. They were laden with pelts which the Indians use for bartering. A French Jesuit, Father Charles Raymbault, whose health necessitated a change of climate and died in Quebec soon afterwards; another was Father Isaac Jogues, and for him it was a final farewell to Ste. Marie and he headed for the Georgian Bay. For Father Jogues it was the beginning of a via dolorosa which would end in the Mohawk country when an Iroquois tomahawk would split open his skull and a new martyr would be added to the glorious company of Peter and Paul, of Stephen and Lawrence, of Agnes, Lucy and Cecilia.

Isaac Jogues was born in Orleans in France on January 10, 1607. His father died when Isaac was very young; his mother, a deeply spiritual woman, lived to receive a charming letter from her son after he reached the missions. Isaac himself showed very early an attraction for virtue and that enhanced his naturally gay

and gentle disposition and an element of courage which he learned from the passion of Christ.

At 10 Isaac was enrolled in the newly-opened Jesuit college at Orleans.

In 1636 Father Jogues was ordained and the day after announced to his mother that he would soon be leaving for the mission of Canada.

Jogues reached Huronia in September, 1636. One of Father Jogues companies was Charles Garnier. In the summer of 1642 Father Jogues offered to go on a difficult mission, and thus began as I said before his via dolorosa.

Father Jogues was summoned back to Rennes. But in 1644 Jogues sailed back to teach the Indians. On the 18th of October Father Isaac Jogues with a companion and an Indian guide was slain. St. Isaac Jogues' feast day is September 26th.

Marie Duffy, IX.D, S.J.C.S.



MADONNA DEL VELO

Carlo Dolci

OUR RETREAT

"Ask and You Shall Receive..." God fulfilled this promise in our retreat. We began by asking the Holy Ghost to come—"come with Thy Grace, and Heavenly Aid, fill our hearts..." He came, and stormed and flooded every heart. His Heavenly Aid came through the gentle but searching voice of Fr. Sullivan explaining and urging in the Conferences. His Grace came through the Sacrament of Penance. Retreat this year gave us a new appreciation of Confession, and for some, a different view of it.

The whole theme of our retreat was prayer. After hearing stories from Father's wealth of experience, we realized how much our prayers are needed and how powerful they can be. Again we saw how God wants us to ask Him for things, and that we will always receive what we need. We know how much easier it is to pray when we have an intention! Father gave us enough intentions.

tions to last a life time.

At the close of the retreat, in the Papal Blessing, Father asked God to bless us, and the future will show that God has granted this when this generation of St. Joseph's girls are spreading Christ in homes, schools, hospitals, and offices.

Moira Somerville, XIII-B, S.J.C.S.

FAITH IS A SONG

On October the thirty-first, we were honoured by the visit of Jessica Dragonette, famed singer and author of the book "Faith is

a Song".

Introduced by Moira Somerville, Miss Dragonette spoke principally of her book, which is the story of her life. This story opens when at the age of four, she made her first appearance on radio. Miss Dragonette was trained by the Sisters, and to them she attributes a great deal of her success. The warmheartedness of great personalities is revealed in the telling of her daily contact with them. Miss Dragonette concluded with the statement that faith had been a golden thread woven all through her life and through this great faith she had succeeded.

Rena Giacomini, XII-A, S.J.C.S.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY

The general assembly of the whole school, held under the auspices of St. Teresa on October 15, proved a valuable means of school unity. The kindly words of Sister Superior, the introduction of our student council and prefects, the presentation of awards, the glimpses to future careers given by our graduates, the unearthing of hidden school activities, all indicated the happy spirit in St. Joseph's.

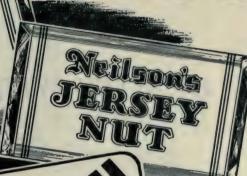


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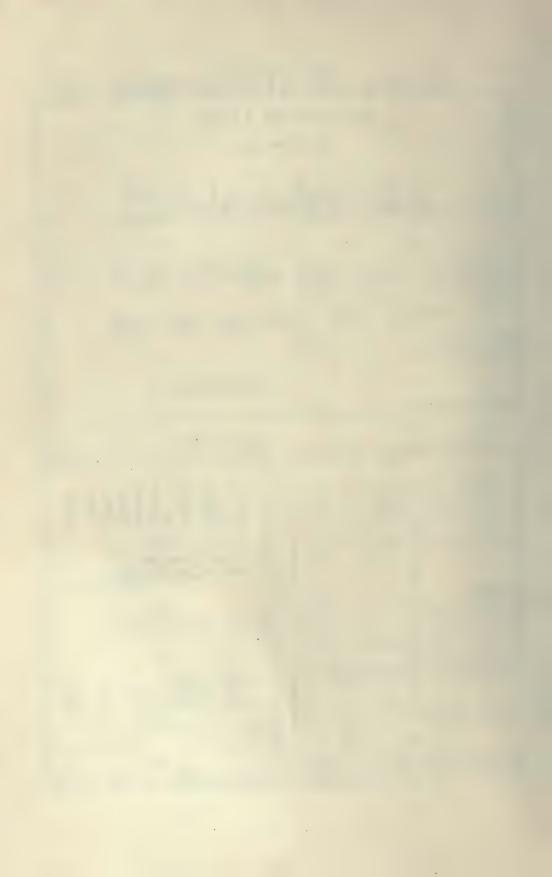
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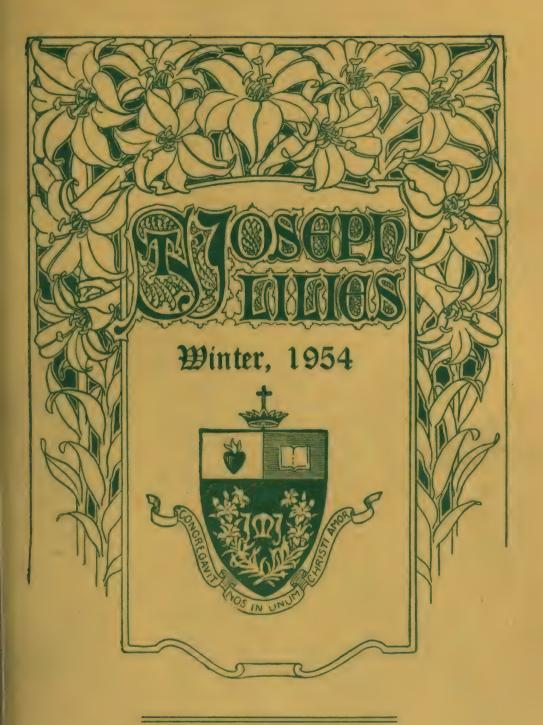
INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

ST. JOSEPH LILIES

WINTER 1952

A	Me
Acme Farmers Dairy Ltd XII Aziz Ltd., J. and A IV	McManus & Stronach XVI
В	N
Bank of Montreal	Neilson Limited, Wm IX Northway & Son, John VIII
O	0
Canada Coal Ltd	Our Lady of Mercy Hospital II
Charme's Teast Donuts An	
Dundas Produce, The XIV	Pigott Const. Co. Ltd XV Politi & Westcott Ltd X
	${f R}$
\mathbf{E}	Regiopolis College XIII
Eaton Co. Ltd., The T. Outside Back Cover	Rosar, F VII Ryan, Dr. J XII
F	g
Fassel & Baglier Const. Co VII	St. Joseph's College and College
G	School I St. Joseph's Hospital III
Guaranty Trust Co. of Canada V	St. Michael's Hospital XI Silverwood Dairies Ltd XVIII Simpson Co. Ltd., The Rob't
H	Inside Front Cover
Hall, C. R	т
Hardie, G. A. & Co., Ltd XVII Hayes & Lailey XIV	
Heintzman & Co	Tip Top Canners Ltd VII
Higgins & Burke Ltd II	U
Hughes, Agar, Amys & Stein V	Underwood Limited XIV
3	
James Co. Ltd., The F. T X	V
M	Valley View Dairy X
Mallon Co. Ltd., M. P XVIII Murphy, Dr. Harold J XVI	w
Murphy, Love, Hamilton & Bascom XV	Whyte Packing Co. Ltd., The IV





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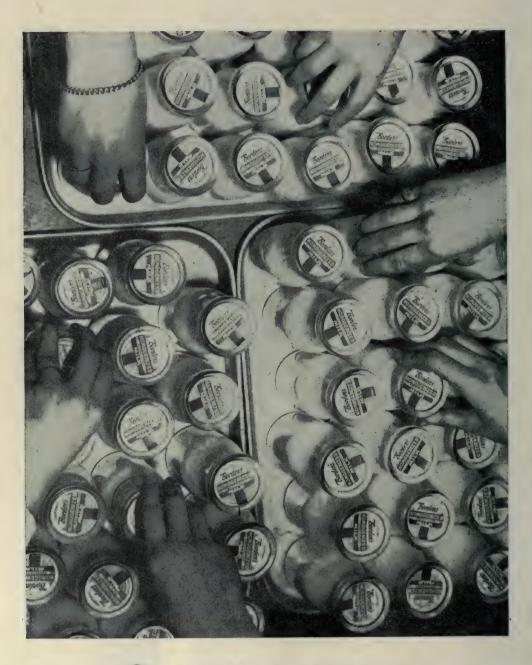


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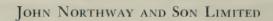
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CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE—	
HOLY NIGHT	4
BETHLEHEM, CITY OF DAVID Rev. John J. McDonough	5
SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC PROGRESS IN SPAIN Richard M. McKeon, S.J	13
DRAMA OF FAITH COMES THROUGH THE BLUE DOOR— Catherine De Hueck Doherty	16
SAN CLEMENTE	21
ALL SAINTS AT MOUNT MELLERAY	28
THE NATIONAL SHRINE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—Sister M. Leonarda	36
I LIVE IN AN "INTERNATIONAL FAMILY"— Sally Collett	40
POUND FOOLISH-Doris Canfield Hanlon	47
OZANAM: CHRISTIAN TEACHER Raymond Cadwallader	52
THE GIFT—Bernita Miller	56
WHERE CHRIST WAS BORN—Reverend Leo J. Trese .	61
LIFE IN A FRENCH SCHOOL—Stephen Roche	70
THE VIRGIN ADORING THE CHILD	
Sister M. Leonarda	77
THE TOY SELLER	84
AS CHRIST WOULD DO A Daughter of Mary, Health of the Sick	86
USHAW COLLEGE—Joseph Dillon	90

OUTPATIENTS' DEPARTMENT, ST. MICHAEL'S	
HOSPITAL—Mary James	96
COMMUNITY	99
ALUMNAE:	
LIST OF OFFICERS	102
NOTES	102
SYMPATHY	104
CONGRATULATIONS	104
EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS	105
COLLEGE:	
NOTES	109
SCHOLARSHIPS	109
CAPPING	110
THE OLD AND THE NEW	111
COLLEGE SCHOOL	114
NOTES BY Odette St. Jacques, Marta MacLacher	
Stobie, Vida Jurgulis, Patricia Sullivan, Mary G Betty Dupuch, Ann Sawyer.	rzywna,

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May the God of Love Who became our Brother. 'Neath a shieling's shelter, in a world of snow; May the Virgin pure who became His Mother On that Christmas morning long long ago-May They give you grace, may They give you blessing, May They give you hope, may They give you peace, May Their Name and story, with a soft caressing, Bring joy to your heart that will never cease.

BRIAN O'HIGGINS



Holy Night

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. XLII

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1954

NO. 1

BETHLEHEM, CITY OF DAVID

By REV. JOHN J. McDONOUGH

Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people. For this day is born to you a Savior, who is Christ the Lord, in the City of David. (Luke 2:10.)

And Joseph also went from Galilee out of the town of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and family of David. (Luke 2:4.)

C HRISTIAN pilgrims going to Bethlehem from Jerusalem to celebrate the Birth of Christ will not leave by the Jaffa Gate this year. There is a cold war between the Kingdom of Jordan and the State of Israel. Roadblocks and mine fields obstruct the Israel-Jordan frontier.

While civic and church officials may be allowed to pass through no-man's land, two miles north of Bethlehem and a third of a mile across, civilians will go to Bethlehem by way of a new road from the Jordan-controlled part of divided Jerusalem, through the Garden of Gethsemane, east of the city, then south through the wilderness, to enter Bethlehem from the east.

Perhaps it is just as well. For this approach to the City of David where the shepherds watched their flocks by night and heard the angels' "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," affords according to experienced travelers, the finest possible view of the city of Bethlehem.

From here, says Maynard Owen Williams, chief of the foreign editorial staff of the "National Geographic" magazine, "Bethlehem is a dream city of shining stone houses, set on a high Judean hill. On feast days spotless headdresses brighten the shadows, and embroidery-stiff gowns borrow brilliance from the sun. Religious processions weave brocaded dignity by day, and under the stars they reflect candle glow on gilded crosses and censers." This year Arab soldiers will stand guard over Christmas processions.



BETHLEHEM ARAB-CONTROLLED

The Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan is 30 years old. This Arab dynasty was founded by Husein ibn-Ali, King of Hejaz, 1916-1924. It forms with Nejd the kingdom of Saudi Arabia. The land of Hashemite-Jordan extends 250 miles from the Red Sea to the Sea of Galilee, with the State of Israel to the west. Nearly all of what we knew as Palestine, including Bethlehem and the old parts of Jerusalem, are in the Kingdom of Jordan, since the cease fire of July 18, 1948.

When Christ was born in Bethlehem the whole world was at peace under the armies of the Roman Empire. Today Israel and Jordan are technically at war. When peace will come no one knows. There is an air of foreboding over the City of David.

Last Christmas Eve, says Mr. Williams, thousands of pilgrims milled under the lights in the main square of the town, but most of the old Church of the Nativity was strangely dark and silent. However, in the grotto beneath the church, "myriad candles shone in commemoration of the anniversary of Christ's birth. A slow procession of worshippers filed into the narrow cave to pay homage before the silver star which marks the humble spot." He reports that in the Franciscan Church of St. Catherine, adjoining the Church of the Nativity, representatives from nations around the world attended Midnight Mass. Unless hostilities break out the same scenes will be observed this Christmas Eve.

WHY BETHLEHEM IS NOW IN JORDAN

Before it became a modern nation Jordan was dependent and the Arab government set up in Damascus after World War I. We knew it under the name of Transjordania. When the Arab government in Syria fell and a French mandate was placed over Transjordania disorder reigned.

It will be recalled that in 1921 Winston Churchill was assigned to Britain's Colonial Office to put her Near Eastern affairs in order. The Arabs at that time were under the power of Turkey. To end this domination, one of Churchill's advisers on Arab affairs, Thomas E. Lawrence, known as Lawrence of Arabia, had helped in no small measure. Emir Abdullah ibn Hussein was accepted by Great Britain as King of Transjordania, which was recognized as a nation in 1923.

By royal proclamation in 1946 Transjordan was renamed the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, after Beni Hashem, the family affiliation of the king who descended from Hashem, great-grandfather of Mohammed, founder of the religion of Islam (570-632).

Following the United Nations' proclamation of the partition of Palestine in May, 1948, the State of Israel came into being. The resultant hostilities were for a time brought to a halt July 18, 1948. By partition of the country an area of over 2,000 square miles was "left over." No settlement con-

cerning that area has been made. In that region lie most of the holy places sacred to all Christians. Jerusalem was divided between the State of Israel and the Kingdom of Jordan between Jews and Arabs, with no vote for the Christians who have so much at stake.

The area west of the Jordan River was occupied by the Arab forces during the Arab-Israel War, to a point above Jaffa ten miles from the Mediterranean Sea. Bethlehem was within this occupation when hostilities ceased. And so it remains in Arab control, within the Kingdom of Hashemite Jordan. And Jerusalem, with its shrines sacred to three of the world's great religious, is the spiritual centre of Jordanian life.

The Arabs, like the Christians, hold these holy places in veneration. But there are racial and religious antipathies that may cause disorder at any time. The peace of the Babe of Bethlehem is an invitation that has yet to be accepted.

BETHLEHEM AND KING DAVID

Bethlehem is one of the most important places in the world today, as it has been for twenty centuries. But it was important a thousand years before the coming of the Savior. It was also the birth place of David, from whose house and family the Savior came. No one would be much concerned about the Arab occupation of Bethlehem were it not for David and the Son of David, the Savior.

In the Bible the name of David is borne only by the second king of Israel, the great-grandson of Boaz and Ruth. He was the youngest of eight sons of Isai (Jesse) of the tribe of Juda, son of Jacob, who lived in Bethlehem, where David was (1085 B.C.). David is the great here of the Hebrew people and the best known person in ancient history, pagan or Hebrew. More is known about him than any man who lived in the days before Christ.

We learn from Holy Scripture that David's personal beauty was striking and it is more than once mentioned by the inspired writers (1 Kings, 16:12:17:42). Josephus, in "Jewish Antiquities," speaks of the brightness of his eyes,

sparkling with intelligence, and quick to reflect his varying moods. He was an unusual type among the dark-complexion Jews.

There are few boys with fair skin, blue eyes, and auburn hair among the sons of the East who are regarded as being exceptionally handsome. David, it seems, was one of these rare exceptions. The first Joseph and Moses seem to have been like David in this respect (Gen. 39:6; Exod. 2:2). David's beauty along with his other gifts helped to make him the "darling" of his people, for David in Hebrew means darling or beloved.

David's physical appearance was inherited by his son Absalom. "But in all Israel there was no man so comely, and so exceedingly beautiful as Absalom: from the sole of the foot to the crown of his head there was no blemish in him." (2 Kings 14:25).

David's distinctive coloring and beauty, according to many writers, were handed down to his descendants. That is why the greatest artists, working according to this tradition, have pictured the Blessed Virgin with fair skin, blue eyes, and auburn hair, so uncommon among the brunet-daughters of Israel.

THE STAR OF DAVID

David the shepherd, the singer, the harpist, the poet, the soldier, the statesman, the founder of a renowned dynasty, the true friend, the darling of Israel, left an indelible impression upon his people. Nothing could surpass his prudence his power of organization and leadership, his ability, his resourcefulness, his patience.

But all these are secondary to his piety and his deep and abiding sense of the presence and power of Almighty God. His repentance drew him nearer to God. The six-pointed shield he used in battle against the enemies of Israel became his defense against the enemy who is Satan. To this day the shield of David with its six points, the key of David in Christian

liturgy, is the star that will lead all men of good will to the Promised Land.

BETHLEHEM AND DAVID'S PSALMS

David is described in Holy Scripture as the man after God's own heart, (1 Kings 13:14). This is a unique honor for one born in the lowly town of Bethlehem. Such expressions as "house of David," "the throne of David," "the city of David," "the oath sworn to David," "the seed of David," and especially "son of David" are expressions to be found in the Old and New Testament. They indicate the impression made both upon the Jews and the Christians.

The Psalms of David rank among the greatest literary compositions of man. They were composed in the land which forms part of the earth's most strategical area, where now there are roadblocks, mine fields and border clashes. David wrote his songs in the pastures of Bethlehem, in the caves of Engaddi and Adullam, on the mountains of Judea, and in the court of Israel. They became the national poetry of his race. The psalms have been sung by countless generations. By being enshrined in the Liturgy of the Church they have brought hope and consolation to the people of all nations. Three thousand years of history have not dimmed their grandeur.

St. Athanasius in a letter to Marcellinus describes how the Psalms appropriately express the feelings of the individual Christian in the various moods and circumstances of the spiritual life. "The book of Psalms contains the motions, and feels the inner pulsations of every Christian soul, the subtle changes and rectifications wrought out within itself. He that sings them takes part in them as if written about himself, not as telling a different person something about another, but as himself speaking concerning his very self; thus mirroring to him who reads or sings the Psalms, they are a means whereby he may see himself and his own soul's history." Truly there is no one book that has played so large a part in the history of so many souls. It is but one more reason why Bethlehem, city

of David, should be venerated during this holy season of the Savior's Birth.

DESCENDANTS OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID

The Christian members of the House of David, from the first century, were known as "Desposunoi," a Greek word which signifies "belonging to the Master." The sons of David were well known among the Jews. Their existence attracted the attention of the Emperor Vespasian, after the destruction of Jerusalem (A.D. 70).

Jehoiachin, who had been carried captive to Babylon in 585 B.C., was the last reigning king of the House of David in Jerusalem. But long after the House of David had ceased to rule Israel, the sceptre having passed first to the House of Aaron and then to the alien House of Herod, nevertheless the descendants of David were respected as members of the first family in the land.

Their line of descent was carefully kept as in the days of their greatness under David and Solomon, for the people knew from the Scriptures that the long promised Messias would be born of their family. "And thou, Bethlehem Ephrata, art a little one among the thousands of Juda: out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be the ruler of Israel." (Micheas 5:2).

David's was a family of such glorious memories of past greatness, in which great hopes of national interest were concentrated, that the genealogical records were of interest to the whole nation until the public archives were destroyed along with Jerusalem by the Roman armies.

RECORDS CHERISHED

Eusebius tells us that some members of the House of David had preserved their family records in private collections after the public documents disappeared with the Temple. "A few of the careful, however, having obtained private records of their own, either by remembering the names or by getting them in some other way from the registers, pride themselves on preserving the memory of their noble extraction. Among these are those already mentioned, called Desposunoi, on account of their connection with the family of the Savior. Coming from Nazara and Cochaba, villages of Judea, into other parts of the world, they draw the aforesaid genealogy from memory and from the books of daily records as faithfully as possible." (The Church History, 1:7).

Most of the patriarchs to rule after the destruction of Jerusalem were descended from Gamaliel who defended the Apostles before the Sanhedrin while the Temple was still standing (Acts 5:34). These chiefs were not of the House of David nor of the House of Aaron. They were laymen. Never again did the sacrificial fires blaze in Jerusalem nor did the sons of David or Aaron rule as heads of the Jewish religion.

The last patriarch was Gamaliel VI, who in A.D. 415 was deposed by a decree of the Emperors Honorius and Theodosius III because he exceeded his authority. The patriarchate of Judea ceased with his death and, as the Jewish Encyclopedia notes, the patriarch's tax was diverted to the kingdom of Israel, its glory and its shadow, had departed. The sceptre had passed into the hands of the Gentiles. No son of David or Aaron ever ruled again.

But in the Kingdom that is not of this world, for which all the history of Israel was but a preparation, the true Son of David, the Messias, rules, and of His Kingdom there will be no end. May the celebration of his birth bring the peace he promised to the world.

Glorious—more glorious is the crown Of Him that brought salvation down By meekness called thy Son; Thou that stupendous truth believed, And now the matchless deed's achieved, Determined, dared and done.—Christopher Smart, "Song of David."

SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC PROGRESS — IN SPAIN

By RICHARD M. McKEON, S.J.

Director, Le Moyne College Institute of Industrial Relations, Syracuse, N.Y.

In SEPTEMBER, 1953, the United States and Spain came to an agreement on a program of defense. To our mind it was certainly high time that Spain was accepted as a formal ally against the threat of communism to the entire world. Will Britain and France, subject to pressure for many years from an unChristian intolerance, likewise cooperate with a nation which will prove to be one of the best friends when the inevitable struggle comes? Accordingly it may prove interesting and informative to present some observations which come from personal exprience in the nation which gave religion and culture to South America and to a great part of North America.

Military necessity is the mother of compromise. When we were in Spain in 1950, we asked people in high places if the American military officials were not interested in Spain as a bulwark against the communist threat to western Europe and we received no denial. After refusing to acknowledge Spain as a rightful member of the family of nations, our government executes an about face. There is no need to mention the sinister forces which have stultified our position up to the present. Korea woke up a lot of people.

It is well, then, to understand a few things about the country which conquered the forces of communism which had wrecked a beautiful land in a diabolical way to which we have been witness. We saw the evidence at the Alcazar in Toledo—"where the spirit of resurgent Spain proved itself as strong as the famous Toledo steel." Now let us state some of the recent social measures effective in rebuilding a country, greatly agricultural, which has suffered from a six-year drought.

In the field of industrial relations we had the pleasure of living with and interviewing Father Joaquin Azpiazu, S.J., and international authority on social problems. He explained the work of the syndicates, showing how the two groups, employers and workers, co-operate in this nation-wide organization. In the economic section the employers come together to discuss mutual difficulties and to act as advisers to the government. Private enterprise is firmly supported. The syndicate, however, rejects the false principles of liberalistic materialism and sets before its members the true concept that production and the distribution of wealth must promote the common good.

We were informed about the special seminars in social questions being offered to the clergy in many cities. The seminars last from two to three months. A very complete programme is taught by experts. For many years we have advocated such a project for our clergy for the harvest is overripe in the field of industry but the qualified workers are all too few. Father Azpiazu is responsible for the origin and the spread of retreats for workers in their factories. Some 17,000 workers attended in 1950.

Through the courtesy of the head director of the syndicates we visited certain works of the organization. In one such work school, fully equipped in expensive fittings, we saw about 1,000 operatives being trained in 45 trades. All expenses are paid by the syndicates.

In Madrid alone there are 10 special technical schools. Outstanding is the Virgin de la Paloma Institute for Technical Training under the direction of the Salesians. Provision is being made for 3,000 students. Barcelona has 17 technical schools and other cities have similar facilities.

What is behind this vast movement for technical training? The answer is had in the proposals of the Third Syndicate Industrial Conference held in 1945. Here is recommended 'a plan which, besides comprising the new hands to be derived from the normal renewal and growth in the population, should have the aim of readapting through professional training 3,160,000 agricultural workers, preparing them for work in new industries and

services; 1,300,000 women to be engaged in industry for the first time; 1,495,000 workers already engaged in industries and services who should improve their professional capacities; and also those on the higher level necessary to direct the work of this enormous mass of labour, who should be trained in new fields of work in view of the changing national economy.'

We inspected the Workers School, a gem of architectural beauty and practical efficiency. Groups of workers from all over the nation come here for a four weeks' course in industrial relation. All expenses during their stay in Madrid are borne by the unions and at the same time their wages continue back in the factory. Some courses are similar to those offered in labour schools in America: Social Legislation, Ethics, Industrial Hygiene, History of Social Movements and so on. The students are expected to become leaders when they return to their communities. A very attractive chapel affords the opportunity of daily Mass which is well attended.

An extensive housing project is going on in both urban and rural areas. Our impression was that the projects for workers were certainly comparable to many of our own. They allow for larger families. Many churches and schools are under construction.

The family occupies first place in the present social reform. Family bonuses are firmly established. Of unique interest are loans for marriages enabling young married couples to start their home more easily. For each child born 25 per cent of the loan is cancelled. In the field of social security there is insurance covering accidents, silicosis, sickness, maternity and old age. The entire social programme of Spain merits our interest and, at least our moral support.



DRAMA OF FAITH COMES THROUGH THE BLUE DOOR

By CATHERINE DE HUECK DOHERTY

THE front door of every Friendship House is painted blue, in honor of Our Lady. Naturally, so is the front door of Madonna House. When I started the first foundation, in Toronto, in 1930, I remembered the saying of my people, "If you paint the front door blue for Mary, she will bless all who pass through it." This is a story of a call that came to me through the blue door.

It was just one of those days, and no doubt about it. Cold, blustery, with the thermometer falling with a frightening rapidity. Frightening to us that is, of the first Canadian Friendship House, which like most of our "Houses," was a flimsily built structure, open to all the vagaries of climate, with a big Quebec heater right in the middle of our library and general work room. The heating Problem. That Quebec heater ate coal like a starved man eats bread, and shed an intense heat at a circumference of about three to five feet. It left the drafty corners colder than ever.

There was also a big range which demanded even more coal, for it was used to cook meals three times a day. It threw little heat.

The guests were many in that severe winter weather of early depression time. They came in hundreds and did not help the heating problem much.

Yes, it was one of those days, and no mistake about it . . . for the cook had just informed us that he had enough coal for his range, for two meals. But he doubted very much that there would be enough for the Quebec heater. Here was the last scuttle of coal dust he had painstakingly gathered from the coal bin . . . and that was that, and what did I propose to do about it?

Some seventy pairs of ears listened to this question with

personal interest, for they belonged to the guests whom we called Brothers Christopher. The world, alas, calls them bums and panhandlers. They had made it a habit to spend the extreme cold days of the winter in our Friendship House, reading, chatting, or just smoking and sitting quietly, and enjoying the warmth and coziness of the place. It was always open to them, and they were sure to meet some long lost buddy they had left in Calgary, or Halifax, waiting his turn to take a chance with freight cars and railway detectives.

Yes, the news imparted by the cook was of vital importance to all of us. No coal, no heat. No coal, no food.

What was I going to do about it, knowing as I did that our bank balance was not big enough to buy another scuttle of coal, let alone the ton, or half-ton the emergency called for?

PUBLIC PRAYERS

Prayer was the only answer I knew of . . . a prayer of trust in God and his Divine Providence. So slowly, clearly, I told the cook and the assembled company that we would have to ask God for coal, ask simply, humbly, in utter faith, with a little postscript to our prayer, that because of this emergency and the falling thermometer, we needed that coal TODAY—BEFORE FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON. The scuttle of coal would not last longer.

Just as I started getting on my knees to pray, and as the cook, a non-Catholic, but already trained in our prayer-ways, bent his knee, a shuffling of chairs announced that the Brothers Christopher, whatever their faith, were ready to join me.

Then a mocking, deep voice made itself heard, and advising everyone to drop that foolishness, which was what prayer was, since everyone in his right mind knew that religion was the opium of the people and nothing more.

Sadly I realized that once more we had a Communist brother in our midst, a poor soul that had lost his way, a sheep caught in the brambles of atheism.

Paying no attention to his tirade, I knelt, and in a loud voice said an Our Father, a Hail Mary, and a Glory be, then

stated our needs to the Holy Ghost, the Father of the Poor. I added a reminder to Mary, His Spouse, about the dead-line of that need.

I sat down at my desk and went on with my letters. The cook went back to the kitchen. And the knights of the road, who, all but one, had joined me in the praying, returned to their cards, and conversation.

COMMY STAYS PUT

But our friend the Communist could not let it go at that. All right, he said loudly, everyone had prayed to a Deity that did not exist. So he would stay put till four o'clock to witness our utter defeat, and to enjoy our discomfiture when that blasted coal did not arrive.

He would also check on me, see to it that I did not phone some crazy benefactor for fuel.

It was high time to cure people of that foolishness, he went on. I was beyond redemption of course, but he hated to see these good men, all members of the downtrodden proletariat, be so hoodwinked by my silly faith in something that never was and never could be.

Quietly I listened to all he had to say, and then asked what he would feel like, and what he would do . . . IF THE COAL ARRIVED AS PER SCHEDULE, as it was quite apt to do in Friendship House, where a hundred emergencies, including the three daily meals, were miraculously disposed of every day.

He thought my question over for a while and said that if this happened he would look into the matter of religion and God, and with as open a mind as he could muster. The way he said this made it a public promise.

For the space of a minute or two a dead silence reigned, and the ticking of our old wall clock could be heard like the voice of doom. Then everyone once more went back to what he was doing. Everyone except one.

I made a pretence at writing. But all I could hear above

the hum of conversation was the ticking of the clock. Had I been presumptuous?

A TIME LIMIT

Had I overstepped some limit in showing my inner certainty that God and Our Lady would hear our simple prayer and answer it before 4 p.m.? Could one set a time limit on God's Providence?

Round and round these thoughts danced their fandango in my head. With all my heart I wished I could go to the church around the corner and talk to God about this unexpected predicament. But that would not do. No. Our Communist friend would suspect that I went to beg, or buy the coal.

I had to sit it through. I had to look unworried.

Slowly at first, then faster and faster, I started to make acts of Faith. And to plead with Mary for the coal, not only because of our need for warmth and food, but also because a man's soul was involved. And all through my silent prayer the old wall clock marched on, ticking its amens.

Dinner brought a welcome diversion. Washing many dishes helped. Then it was 2 p.m., and I was back at my desk, silent, somewhat afraid, yet still believing.

THE LAST SCUTTLE

Three o'clock. Three-twenty. The last vestiges of coal dust went into the Quebec heater. The range was cold. And from the kitchen a nasty draft was beginning to be felt.

The cook came into the library, carefully closing the kitchen door. His supper was prepared, but there was no heat to cook it.

Three thirty-seven, a quarter to four. Ten minutes to—
The Communist laughed and started to harangue the silent,
morose crowd of men. My heart felt heavy, and my soul
darkened for a moment. of course I had been presumptuous.

Five minutes to four . . . Three . . .

The voice of the orator became a pain in my ears and tears were close. One minute to four.

The front door opened with a bang. A dirty-faced man with a dirtier paper in his hand, stamped off the snow vigorously, and inquired if this was Friendship House.

He had, he said, orders to deliver a ton of coal. Would someone look sharp and help him to put it where it had to go? He did not have all day to deliver it.

CLOCK STRIKES FOUR

The old clock struck four. Never had its hoarse, wizened, old voice made such music in my ears. No other sound was heard. No one moved. The coal driver stood still and looked around bewildered at the quality of the silence that greeted his rapid speech. We must have appeared to him deaf and dumb.

CHRISTMAS

By FATHER TABB.

The world His cradle is
The stars His worshippers,
His "peace on earth" the mother's kiss
On lips new-pressed to hers;
For she alone to Him
In perfect light appears—
The one horizon never dim
With penitential tears.



SAN CLEMENTE

DURING the earlier persecutions in Ireland when the faith was threatened with extinction as a result of the impossibility of educating students for the priesthood, the Catholic countries of Europe hastened to help. Colleges for Irish students sprang up in Italy, Spain, France, Belgium and Portu-



Interior of San Clemente, showing semi-circle of the apse, a demi-cupulo of dark gold traversed by arabesques in which mystic figures appear the coloured marble mosaic; Alexandrine pavement; the Gothic tabernacle at the right behind the pulpit.

gal. The Irish Province of Dominicans had three such colleges, at Rome, Louvain and Lisbon. The Roman college, San Clemente, was given to the Order in 1675. It still continues to house Irish students, the age old traditions which was broken during the war years having been resumed last year.

It is not our intention, however, to write of Irish or Dominican history, but of the strange story of the church of San Clemente, to which the college is attached, the introduction being thought necessary in order to explain later references.

In 1857, Father Joseph Mullooly, prior of the college, in the course of those archeological studies which are the hobby of all who spend some time in Rome, began to put some questions to himself about the church under his care. That it was old was evident, but that it dated from the fourth century as was claimed, seemed hard to believe at times. Granted it had been well built and that the absence of those early frescoes one sees on the walls of other very early churches was explained by reconstructional work, only the schola cantorum showed by its inscription (a monogram) that it was very old—erected in the sixth century. This and a few other inconsistencies indicated that the original church of St. Clement, third successor of St. Peter, was to be sought elsewhere.

The cellars of the convent attached to the church contained some remains of ancient walls and from here as from the most likely and the least inconvenient place for an investigation Father Mullooly commenced to dig. Slowly, carefully, he proceeded to remove earth and ashes to a depth of fourteen feet, where he came upon some pillars standing erect, and some fragments of frescoes representing the martyrdom of St. Catherine of Alexandria, to whom an altar was dedicated in the church above him. The temptation to continue digging must have been tremendous. But prudence reminded him of the danger of digging away the foundations of a famous church. But by this time he knew that the original church was underneath the present one.

At this stage he set aside his spade and took up his pen. He wrote to everyone he knew for help. He got it and forthwith began the risky, courageous work of digging out an underground church which was supporting another. It was slow work. Under the direction of the architects over one hundred and thirty thousand cartloads of clay and ashes were removed in baskets and graceful arches of red-brick erected to support the church overhead. In time the work was finished and one of the major wonders of Rome was opened to the public. In 1866 Pope Pius IX visited the subterranean church which had been forgotten for centuries. A large church, larger than the one above it, was seen, with its own pillars as well as those erected as supports for the other, frescoes on the walls, some of them as clear as when they were first made.

How long had it been forgotten? For no fewer than five centuries and a half. A study of Roman history revealed that when Robert Guiscard's soldiers entered Rome in 1084 to relieve Pope Gregory VII, then being besieged in the Castle of St. Angelo by the German Emperor Henry IV, they set fire to the City, burning everything from the Lateran to the Flaminian Gate. San Clemente lay in their path. Later investigation showed that the present church was dedicated in 1128.

It was found that some of the pillars in the lower church were supported by walls erected between them, and as the frescoes on these walls are of a later period than the others (in the church) it was concluded that the walls were a late construction. They are explained by the earthquake of 896. This earthquake which shook some of the pillars of St. John Lateran's must also have affected San Clemente which is only a few hundred yards distant. Except for these walls the church is in the early style of Roman basilica; it is, in fact, the only one which has all the distinctive features. At the end of the church is the narthex. cut off by pillars from the body of the church. Here it was that the catechumens assisted at Mass up to the Offertory when they left. The schola cantorum, a marble walled enclosure in front of the altar about forty feet by fifteen, had been removed for use in the new church. Doubtless, too, the altar had been of the same type as is in the upper church, namely, one at which the priest faces the people and over which rises a baldacchino or ciborio, so called because from its roof hung the dove-shaped container of the Blessed Sacrament, the cibus or food of life.

The frescoes on the walls are of different periods. Many have been destroyed, while some, because of their partial obliteration, are hard to understand. But many of them are very clear. One of the oldest, a Byzantine Madonna and Child (incidentally a much older Child than later artists painted) is in a niche on the aisle on the Epistle side. Among the other more ancient frescoes are those of the Crucifixion, the Holy Women at the Sepulchre, the Descent into Limbo, the Marriage Feast at Cana and St. Prosper of Aquitaine. The picture of the Crucifixion is interesting because Our Lord is represented as being still alive, with open eyes, while Our Lady and St. John appeal to Him with outstretched hands.

The later paintings are to be found on the walls built about 900 to lend support to the pillars after the earthquake. One of these represents the legend of St. Clement's tomb in the sea. St. Clement was martyred by being cast into the Black Sea with an anchor tied around his neck; and the legend says that angels built a marble temple in the sea where he was drowned. Every year the waters receded to allow the people of the town nearby to go on pilgrimage to the temple. One year a woman went there with her child, but when returning forgot the child. The waters closed in and the woman was grief-stricken. But on returning the following year she found the child alive and unharmed. A charming legend and charmingly represented in the quaint painting on the age-old wall. Other frescoes show the translation of the relies of St. Clement by St. Cyril and St. Methodius, the Apostles of the Slav peoples; and the story of St. Alexis, who lived for years as a beggar and slept under the stairs of his father's house, unrecognized by his parents when he returned, his identity being discovered only after his death.

Some of the pictures are of great historical importance. We might draw attention to the fact that the artists of those days obligingly wrote the names of their subjects in some convenient place nearby. A picture of St. Clement saying Mass shows the saint attended by a deacon and a sub-deacon. He carries the

maniple between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, a fact which recalls the former use of the maniple, namely, to protect the Sacred Species from flies or dust. On the altar,



Miracle at the tomb of St. Clement showing the arrival of the clergy of Kherson to assist at the prodigy of the child found safe and sound, after a year in the vault.

which is covered with a white cloth, are the missal, chalice and paten. On one page of the missal are the words *Dominus Vobiscum* and on the other *Pax Domini sit semper Vobiscum*; the latter are believed to have been introduced into the Liturgy

by the Saint himself. On the left are two figures with the names Theodora and Sisinius below them. The latter appears to be blind and is being led by a servant. The legend depicted is found in the Martyrium Clementis and tells that Theodora was attending the saint's Mass when her pagan husband, Sisinius, entered the church. He came to mock and was struck blind and deaf. Theodora prayed for him and besought the assistance of St. Clement. Sisinius' sight was restored, but in return for the favour he accused the saint of being a magician. Later Sisinius was struck with remorse and embraced the faith of Christ. He died a martyr.

It is not possible here to deal with the many other objects of interest for we must push on to the next great discovery. It was known that a tradition existed according to which early churches were built near the former dwelling of their patron saints. With this in view excavations were continued and a house of the first century came to light underneath the apse of the underground church. With it came another discovery, namely, a temple of the pagan sun-god Mithras of a third century, A.D. This Persian cult had been introduced to Rome by the soldiers who had discovered it in their travels of conquest and after the martyrdom of St. Clement his house had been given to the priests of Mithras. The temple, with its altar and statues of Apollo and Mithras, occupies only one room. Traces of St. Clement's association with the house are not to be found, but in view of its later history, this is not surprising. But references in first century Christian records to a Dominicum Clementis prove that St. Clement had a place of Christian worship in his house. The presence of the Church above it and the custom of the time of not calling a church after a saint unless it were built over his house or his sepulchre lead us to the conclusion that the house is the Dominicum Clementis.

It was also discovered that the north wall of the lower basilica stands on an immense wall of tufa rock constructed in the same way as the *Cloaca Maxima*, the main drain of ancient Rome. It is agreed that it dates from the age of the Kings. Some archeologists hold that it was part of the wall with which

Servius Tullius surrounded Rome, others that it was part of an important building such as the palace of Tarquin the Proud or the Government Mint in the early days of the Republic.

For years after their excavation these later discoveries of the third level were inaccessible to the public on account of flooding by water from a spring. The solution of this difficulty was made possible by the late Cardinal O'Connell, who became titular of San Clemente in 1912. With his help a tunnel was built from the *Deminicum Clementis* underneath the *Via Lavicana* to the Coliseum where it joins a *cloaca* of ancient Rome.

To-day San Clemente is one of the great monuments of the past, containing in its various levels a synopsis of the history of Rome, pagan and Christian, and forming a link in the long chain of evidence of Church tradition. Should it ever be your good fortune to go to Rome do not omit a visit to San Clemente. Besides its historical interest there is another consideration, albeit a minor one, namely, an Irish céad mile fáilte.

LOURDES

And so she crossed the rocky Cave,
And then she knelt, and there were you!
For all the ills we had or have,
She did more than she knew
Did Bernadette Soubirous.

Whether the body or the spirit, She healed both sick and infidel Through you, and your Son's merit, Till countless pilgrims tell New life of Massabielle.

In our each heart let Lourdes be born, Health of the soul, and faith to ride Over life's rock-bed, weatherworn, To find on the farther side The Immaculate was our guide.

ALL SAINTS AT MOUNT MELLERAY

T WAS early afternoon of October 31st, the last day of the calendar year, when we left the pretty town of Cappoquin in the County of Waterford, for the last lap of our journey. The composite, pleasantly pungent odour of an autumnal pinewood filled our nostrils as we sped along that tree-flanked road of which Canon Sheehan has somewhere left us a description. It was along this road that, more than a century ago, Father Vincent Ryan, the Founder of Mount Melleray, plodd-



View of Mount Melleray. Small white building in distant centre is the monastery.

ed, footsore and weary, seeking a home for himself and his brethren. And since then the same has been traversed by many a sin-laden soul in search of that peace which the world cannot give. Emerging into sunshine from the shadow of the woods, we had our first view of the far-famed Abbey. "Fair as the garden of the Lord," it looked like an oasis of the wilderness, an earthly paradise set amid the wild waste of rugged mountain and homeless moor. It all lay before us, stretched out in glorious panorama: the cultivated fields with their treasure of root crops still unharvested; the green grass-

lands plentifully stocked with flocks and herds; the roadways, lakes and streamlets gleaming white under the slanted rays of the setting sun; the blue-black lines of the celebrated Melleray groves; and there to the north-west, the bronze crosses of its Gothic tower flaming red in the even-glow, stood clearly outlined against the black Knockmealdowns, completing and dominating the whole picture, the great Cistercian monastery, a veritable Magnificat in stone.

Through a fine entrance gate we turned into the curving avenue, passing on our right a large block of buildings, the residential quarters of Melleray's 200 seminarians—the classrooms stand at the avenue's western end. Lodge, we were welcomed by the priest in charge, Father Nivard, an artist in appearance: we learned later that he is in fact an accomplished musician. When informed of our intention to remain until the morrow, he conducted us through a long corridor to the gentlemen's guesthouse where he gave us over to the care of the Guestmaster. Father Robert. This Religious, an Englishman who is more Irish in his outlook than the Irish themselves and the very soul of hospitality, asked if we should like something to eat after our long journey, and being assured that we had no mind for anything, having lunched a few hours earlier, showed us to our rooms, saving that as soon as we were ready he would bring us through the monastery and grounds.

We were brought first to inspect the new church. A most beautiful sanctuary it undoubtedly is, a splendid monument to Irish faith and Irish munificence, and a triumph of Irish craftsmanship. Cruciform in plan, as prescribed by the rule of the Order, and constructed in the early Gothic or transitional style, of limestone that once stood in the walls of Mitchelstown Castle, it has something ethereal about it, in spite of its massive solidity, something in the graceful spring of the pointed arch, in the groined vault, in the delicate loveliness of curve and line that carries the soul irresistibly heavenward; it is the materialization of the spirit of prayer. The magnificent High Altar stands in a spacious sanctuary that forms a fitting frame for the grandest liturgical functions, and is sur-

mounted by the great East Window of wonderful stained glass, whereon is depicted the Coronation of Our Lady, with the principal saints of Citeaux and Ireland occupying the side panels. Round the sanctuary and in both transepts are series of side-chapels, each complete with its marble altar-gifts for the most part, as the High Altar itself, from generous benefactors. A much admired feature are the wonderful oaken stalls, the work of an artist who would hide his genius under the lay-brother's humble habit. Along the frieze of the entablature surmounting the inner line of stalls can be read in large Celtic characters, carved in high relief, the full text of Our Lady's Magnificat. The same brother is responsible for No pictures are anywhere visible, and but very few statues, in accordance, we are told, with the Cistercian tradition. I felt thankful for that, because in a church like this such decorations would be a positive disfigurement. From the west end of the church projects a sloping gallery which gives a full view of the High Altar, and, being outside the monastic enclosure, is accessible to ladies who may desire to witness the liturgical services. This gallery communicates with the tribune of St. Philomena's Chapel, a gem of architectural beauty, standing at right angles to the nave at its southwestern extremity.

From the Church we were led to the sacristy, the chapter-house, the refectory, dormitory and library; then we visited the farmyard and the various workshops—the monastery is self-contained, possessing even its own power house. I was particularly interested in a huge shed full of modern machinery, where appear to be exercised all the arts and crafts connected with woodwork. The courteous Guestmaster was always ready to answer the endless questions wherewith our curiosity plied him. In every department one received the same impression, the impression of perfect order and efficiency. The monks evidently believe in the maxim that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. They do not content themselves with a good average in everything, but aim at the very best. And surely success has attended their efforts.

Their monastery is one of the world's largest, their farm, including the poultry-farm, is among the best-managed in the country, they own a pedigree herd of the first rank, and their Seminary is world-famous. These, however, are only sidelines; not for such interests does the Cistercian renounce the world and abandon his home, but to seek "the kingdom of God and His justice." That herein too they have been successful is manifest from the fact that they have received the promised reward; "And all things else shall be added unto you."

About an hour after tea we returned to the church, this time not as sight-seers but as worshippers. We listened to the choir chanting the Office of Compline, at the close of which the Salve Regina was sung to the accompaniment of the organ. Many eminent word-painters, as Huysmans and Sheehan, have endeavoured to describe the Cistercian Salve and to give us an analysis of the emotions it awakes, but without unqualified success. No language indeed could convey anything like a true idea of it. One has to hear it in a Cistercian church at the close of a Cistercian day. All the immortal yearnings and emotions of humanity seem to struggle for expression in that taunting melody.

I was awakened in my comfortable bed by the musical tolling of the church bells. Switching on the light, I saw that it was 1.30 a.m. The community were beginning to celebrate the Feast of All Saints. Through my window I could see the stars twinkling frostily in a moonless sky. To all outward appearance, heaven seemed to have but little interest in our poor earthly activities, whether good or bad. Still I thanked God for the blessing of good blankets. Drowsily I sought to analyse a strange feeling I had been subconsciously aware of ever since I entered the monastery. Some one has said that stepping over the threshold of a Cistercian monastery was like stepping backward into the Middle Ages. Rubbish! It is more like stepping forward into another world with totally different standards and perspectives, and a totally different philosophy of life. How different the world would be with a wide diffusion of this supernatural atmosphere! Before the so-called Reformation the Order of Citeaux possessed more than 40 houses in Ireland alone. Doubtless the growth of population, not to mention other causes, render such a development impossible nowadays. Still one has observed a remarkable increase of religious institutions including two Cistercian establishments, Glencairn and New Mellifont in our own country within recent years. So whilst other nations have been employing their energies and resources in constructing armaments and fortifications, and have boasted of their Maginot lines and their Siegfried lines and their Stalin lines, Ireland has been erecting sanctuaries of prayer and penance, what we may call the Patrician line. And it has proved,



Chapel in Mount Melleray showing main altar and the monks in choir.

and, please God, shall continue to prove a more reliable defence than the other lines just referred to.

The guests rise at six. At seven they attend Mass in the Abbey Church, after which they have breakfast. From the Guestmaster we learned that on this morning in Chapter a number of choir novices had made Simple Profession. To this ceremony, he added, seculars are never admitted, but we should have an opportunity of witnessing the Solemn Profession of four others in the public church during Pontifical High Mass. I felt thrilled at the prospect. I can only hope my interest was not an effect of that morbid curiosity which was wont to drive people to witness public executions.

The High Mass began about ten. The Lord Abbot, of course, was celebrant, and had around him the full complement of ministers, sacred and inferior, all resplendent in their vestments of white and gold. A well-trained choir, skilfully supported by the organ, did full justice to the majestic music of the Gregorian Mass. Particularly effective was the alleluiatic verse where the melody rises to a mighty shout proclaiming the complete and ultimate triumph of the Immortal King of Ages. Everything proceeded as usual until after the Gospel. Then the Abbot, seated in the sanctuary delivered an exhortation to the four aspirants standing before him. In clear and impressive language he explained to them the inviolable nature of the obligations they were about to assume, reminded them that the burden, though difficult, even impossible for unaided human strength to support, becomes light and sweet through the grace of God which is never refused to humble, persevering prayer; and he ended by asking them, each in turn, if they were determined to observe the Holy Rule of St. Benedict and the Cistercian Constitutions as binding on the choir brethren, and to continue faithful until death. To which they answered: "Yes Reverend Father, by the help of God's grace and the assistance of your prayers."

Hereupon all knelt down and the choir sang the Veni Creator, imploring the Holy Spirit to descend with His gifts and graces upon these self-immolating victims, now ready for the holocaust. The hymn concluded, the four chanted, one by one, the form of Profession which, after signing they placed upon the High Altar. They are now fully-fledged Cistercians; they belong irrevocably to the Order; they have obliged themselves solemnly and absolutely to the pursuit of Christian perfection. Trembling at the thought of their own weakness, they invoke the Divine protection, chanting thrice, in alternation with the choir, an appropriate verse from the psalter. Not content with that, they go around the church, and kneeling humbly at the feet of each of their brethren, implore the assistance of his prayers. For answer they receive the blessing: "May the Lord guard thee at thy entrance and at thy exit," followed by a fraternal embrace. But the choir as a whole answers their petition by singing to an indescribably sweet and touching melody the psalm Miserere, that most perfect expression of brokenhearted contrition. During the prayers that follow, the newlyprofessed remain prostrate under the great chancel arch, a posture that signifies their death to the world. Finally, the Abbot intones the Te Deum which the choir takes up and continues with what sounds like an abandon of holy exultation. Thus they acknowledge that to God alone belong the glory and the gratitude for this victory of the spirit over flesh and blood. The newly-professed now return to their places in the choir. We do not see them again until the Communion of the Mass, when they ascend the altar steps to receive the Sacred Host from the hands of the celebrant.

As we had to leave the monastery soon after High Mass, the Guestmaster accommodated us with an early lunch. We told him Mount Melleray had made on us an impression that was too deep for words, almost too deep for the plummet of thought. And indeed so it was. Speaking for myself I felt much as Adam might have felt on being driven out of Eden, to face a cold bleak unsympathetic world with all its futile aims and interests. There was an element of envy too. Oh yes, most decidedly, we poor seculars have missed the highest and the deepest things in life. I had no desire to talk on the way home, and my companions seemed also in no mood for conversation. It was a

beautiful day, full of golden sunshine that lingered lovingly on the stagnant pools, and gilded field and forest. But though I am normally responsive to such natural allurements, they now left me cold.

"For nature waves her magic rod
In vain for those who've gazed on God."

IDEA OF A UNIVERSITY

For some years I have had a wish to found a University; but an entirely new sort of university. The State founds universities (perhaps too many, perhaps too few)—universities for teaching men how to get on in the world, how to earn a living, how to read dead languages, or how to weigh and measure the earth and the stars; in a word how to train men's minds for knowing. The University I had in mind would have attempted none of these things, except as by-products or outworks of a still greater curriculum. It would have aimed at training the mind to understand, but the heart to love.

One day it came to me that the University I sought to found was already in existence, and that its founder was no other than Jesus Christ. He Himself had chartered it under the title of the CHURCH. He Himself had endowed it with the wealth of His grace, His life, death and resurrection—the infinite wealth of His precious blood.

Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P.



THE NATIONAL SHRINE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Nineteen hundred and fifty-four being the centenary of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, it is fitting that the Catholics of the United States have planned to begin the erection of the Upper Church of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, Washington, D.C., one of the ten greatest edifices in the world.

SISTER M. LEONARDA, C.S.J.

THAT the National Shrine or something like it was in the minds of American Catholics at the time Our Lady became Patroness of America is obvious from the following which appeared in 1846 in the Lowell "Courier": "A magnificent

Catholic Church is to be built in Washington, D.C., something after the style of the Cathedrals of the old world. It is intended to appeal for aid in this great undertaking to every congregation of Catholics in the United States."

A long time after in 1913 Bishop Shahan, Rector of the Catholic University of America, heard from the lips of Pius X his blessing and approval of America's plans.

Twenty-five years ago Bishop Shahan began the work as a National Victory Memorial of World War I and as a tribute to the Patroness of America. The work has been halted for

various reasons. But now the Catholic Bishops are conducting a nation-wide appeal for funds to complete the Shrine.

The Crypt Church, part of the new completed foundations, is the largest such structure in the world. Thousands of candidates for the priesthood have received orders there and it also has been the scene of some of the country's most colorful ceremonies. There each year is offered Mass commemorating the

Coronation of the Pope and it is the centre of the observance of the Church Unity Octave. The Crypt itself is the largest in the world for floor space and height. It is larger than Chartres, larger than St. Paul's, London. The Main Altar in the completed Crypt is known as Mary Altar, dedicated to the Marys of America and donated by the women of America. Fifteen altars with mosaic backgrounds, symbolizing the Mysteries of the Rosary, cluster around the Main Altar. To the rear of Mary Altar is the Blessed Sacrament Altar where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved. The other altars are dedicated to St. Agnes, St. Agatha, St. Cecilia, Saints Perpetua and Felicitas, St. Anastasia, St. Elizabeth, St. Joseph, St. John the Evangelist, St. Anne, St. Lucy, St. Susanna of Rome, St. Catherine of Alex-



Plan of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, Washington, D.C.

andria, St. Margaret of Antioch, St. Brigid of Ireland. The High Altar in the main church will be the gift of the Priests. and rich embellishment will make it a masterpiece of art. It was as a background for their altar that Pope Benedict gave the famed Murillo Mosaic. This Mosaic is now in exhibition

in the West Sacristy of the Crypt. It is made of 35,000 pieces of colored enamel backed by a single slab of Roman Travertine marble. Five craftsmen spent five years to complete this mosaic. The Memorial Chapel at the Shrine is truly a Catholic Hall of Fame where memorial tablets are erected in memory of departed ones.

In the superstructure the total area on one floor level of the Shrine is 77,500 square feet. The total volume of the Shrine is about 7,000,000 cubic feet. When completed more than 250,000 cubic feet of stone and granite will have been used on the exterior structure.

Its walls, great piers, etc., will require 25,000,000 bricks to build. In addition 170,000 bags of cement will be required for the concrete above the existing foundations. The architects have been engaged in the study of the design for a period of some 15 years. Although the architectural inspiration, particularly the



Mosaic reproduction of Murillo's Immaculate Conception (Prado, Madrid) Gift of Benedict XV.

interior, remotely recalls the spirit of St. Mark's in Venice, the Shrine has little or no resemblance to any church.

The facade will be dominated by a lofty bell tower terminated by a slender masonary pyramid and crowned by three terraces of open arcading. Cruciform in design, the dominant feature will be its massive dome which will be covered with patterned polychrome ceramic tile. This dome will be twice the size of St. Mark's. Venice. One will enter the shrine through a wide narthex into a broad nave flanked by ambulatories and side chapels. The interior walls will be faced with foreign marbles. Radiating from the main altar, the apse divides itself into three major semi-

circular portions dedicated respectively to the Joyful, Sorrowful and Glorious Mysteries of the Rosary. Each apse will further be divided into five chapels representing the Fifteen Mysteries.

The general impression will be one of majesty. The upper Church will seat 3000 people and a total capacity of 6000. There will be no pews so the interior view will be one of unequalled splendour and grandeur. The great Sanctuary will accommodate the entire Hierarchy of the United States and several hundred other ecclesiastics and still leave room for the most impressive ceremonies. Some dimensions of the Shrine:

Length, outside, 459 feet; width, outside at transepts, 240 feet; height of dome to top of cross, 243 feet; width inside exclusive of porches, 180 feet; height of campanile to top of cross, 316 feet; diameter of dome outside, 108 feet.

What has delayed the Shrine's completion is, of course, its very grandeur and the size of the structure dedicated to Mary Immaculate. In Washington, some years hence there will emerge the Shrine, perfect, classic, beautiful, to take her place alongside her sister shrines—Notre Dame of Paris, Santa Maria Maggiore of Rome, and the Catholic Westminister of London. She will not have their years; her ornamental stone will not be gray with time, or ivy-coated. It would not be well if it were so, for this Shrine is typical of youth, of force, of freshness, and of the vigor of America's love for the Mother of Our Lord. It will be pardonable on the part of the Catholics of America if the National Shrine they have created in the Nation's capital arouses holy envy in the hearts of all who are concerned with the triumph of Our Lord with His Mother at His side.



I LIVE IN AN "INTERNATIONAL FAMILY"

By SALLY COLLETT

A young girl from the South finds a new outlook at Grailville

I SAT down to supper last night by Ruth from Nova Scotia and Kay from Brooklyn, helped Cecilia look up "Teen-ager" in her Chinese dictionary, and was struck again by the unusal surroundings in which I find myself. A year ago I could never have foretold that 1953 would find me living in the midst of Grailville's International Family." I began to wonder how I did manage to end up in Loveland, Ohio, at this crossroads of the apostolate, instead of at college or in an office along with most of my friends back in Louisiana.

A weekend discussion on the lay apostolate and the need of our time started it. I remember that course at Maryhill very well. The world which had pleased me so much was beginning to have a flat taste. Too many of my friends had forgotten how to be happy before they had learned to live. Many of the girls I sat across from on the bus wore a mask of boredom and indifference, and my own life seemed more and more like a circle in which I ran without accomplishing anything, almost without any purpose. And so I went to Maryhill with a rather gnawing feeling that something was wrong with the world in which I lived.

That weekend we talked about many things—politics and government, business and the arts, the press and radio; about the breakdown of family life, the whole crisis of our age—and about the God who was an outcast. I remember especially one young girl who talked about the type of woman that the world needed —a radiant, selfless woman, a woman full of love who would give herself generously to the needs of others, a woman of wisdom and depth of soul.

Instinctively I was drawn to the young girl. She had many of the qualities I had been seeking, and her life seemed to have the purpose and meaning which mine had lacked. I felt that she was doing something concrete about answering the crisis of our age—she herself had come to Louisiana as a member of an apostolic team, to work in the Newman Club center of our big secular university, and she told about other girls who had found meaningful jobs serving a wide variety of needs for Catholic lay leadership. When I left that night my quest was not ended nor my world set, but I knew for the first time that others had felt the need and had heard the cry of mankind lost in the fog of his own making.

Shortly after, I spent a few days at a place in Ohio called Grailville. The young girl of the Maryhill weekend had recently come from there and I wanted to find out what had given her life its meaning and happiness. Grailville, I discovered, is the center of training and action in the United States for a worldwide movement of young women who have realized the needs of our time and have desired to share in the task of restoring the world to Christ, Upon my arrival, I was warmly welcomed into the "House of Joy," the big rambling country home that serves as Grailville's main building. All around were smaller houses, trimly painted in green and white, scattered among the rolling Ohio hills. And then I met the girls who were at Grailville for training. There was something about these girls that distinguished them from most of the young girls I had known. College graduates or girls just out of high school like myself, working girls or young professional women, from city or country town-it seemed to me that they had all discovered what I had been so blind to: the value and meaning of a Christian life. Suddenly I was no longer just a young girl lost in the complexities of modern life. I had a place in the plan of God. There was a special work for me to do. There was a need in the world which I was created to fill.

When I went home again, I was eager to do something to help those about me find something of the fullness of life which I had discovered. I talked to groups and wrote articles about what I had learned. But I soon discovered that what I had was so little and so dry—it was not enough. I myself did not have the fullness of life which I knew of, and I could not give to

others what was actually lacking in me. That is why I am now at Grailville for the Year's School of Formation.

I can remember well the feelings I had as I rode the last few blocks from the train to Grailville with the two girls from Louisiana who had come for the Year's School. I was thinking about the objections of my friends who were getting ready for college, while they were planning their courses and deciding about a sorority, I was buying books on the Catholic revival in Europe, the liturgical movement, the cultures of the Orient and Africa. I did it with joy for I knew that my little world had been very small, and that I wanted to live on a "world scale." But now Grailville was just over the next hill and I was a thousand miles from home and didn't know a soul. Yet, the time of training I have spent here has been all that I longed for and much more.

My days have taken on a new sparkle—just try being bored when you are living the life of the Church! Each season and week, each day in fact, takes on a rich and deep meaning. It isn't March 14—it's Laetare Sunday and day of mid-Lent joy and celebration; it isn't March 15, it's Monday of the fourth week of Lent, a day of a fast and preparation for the new Easter life; it isn't April 5, it's Easter and the new life has come upon us and the Church and we rejoice with great joy! The source of this integration of life with the Church is the Mass which we sing together at our parish church, and the hours of the Divine Office, some of which we recite together in English as our daily prayer.

The time set apart every day for private prayer, and the periods of silence which are part of the training have brought me a closer friendship with Christ. With this new joy of heart, even recreation takes on a new color. Epiphany parties, baptismal celebrations, Easter egg hunts, All Saints parties, the Pascal Meal on Holy Thursday, Pentecost festivities—which each season of the Church's year comes celebrations of individual character to be tasted and savored. And there are so many kinds of community recreation which I hadn't really tried before—

group dancing and songs, evenings of community singing and games, charades and skits, hikes and picnics.

There are a number of other things about Grailville



Many countries are represented at Grailville — here America meets China and the Philippines.

that makes its training unique: the varied national background the students, the location on a farm, the fact that the ordinary "familv work" is taken care of by the students themselves. For example. when I first came I was a member of the home arts center. To spend the morning planning the family menu and preparing a meal for the group, and then to sit down with them to eat

it, taught me better than any class or book that joy of living comes not in serving ourselves but in serving others. Woman's need to be centered in something other than herself became an actuality for me. The idea that work is "love made visible" and not a drudgery and a labour, has enriched my life and given a new significance to the daily round of duties. No longer am I just washing dishes or gardening, or writing letters or working out an article. For even if my work at the moment may seem ordinary and humdrum, it is a part of the work of converting the world and thus it becomes a task of love.

Now you may wonder, if a young woman goes to Grailville for a year, what happens after that? I myself plan to work in the lay apostolate near my home in Shreveport, helping among the various groups that are interested there. Actually I am preparing for my marriage; my life task in the apostolate will consist principally in working in my own home and with other

couples, striving to help restore family life to its proper level of Christian sanctity. But that is only one sphere of the apostolate. Some girls here at Grailville are studying the principles



Young women in the Agriculture Center will find their role in family life on the land, or helping build a rural economy in mission lands. The Art Centre trains students to make a contribution towards building a Christian culture.

of rural life as a prepafor marriage ration and life on the land, or a foundation for work in the lay mission field. There are several centers concerned with the task of building a Christian culture in the fields of art, writing, drama and music. One group of students is training in a new field of social work, "Family Service," which vides responsible to families when the mother is temporarily removed from the family circle because of illness or the arrival of a

new baby. Still others are readying themselves for work in universities and apostolic city centers, staffing Catholic bookshops and libraries, and to serve the apostolate as nurses, teachers, social workers.

To live with these girls from all over the world who are preparing seriously for work in such vital and yet varied fields is a very broadening experience. To chat at Sunday breakfast with Mary who is enthused with the work of bringing good and beautiful music back into everyone's daily routine, and then to talk to Clara who is getting ready for the day when she can re-enter China; to live with Lois who is wrapped up with the needs and possibilities of work with the foreign exchange

students in America, and to hear from Rita about conditions in



Grail Family Service workers go out to help manage the household and care for the children in homes where the mother is absent due to the birth of a new baby, or illness.

Africa where she soon will join an established Grail group-all this cannot do anything but widen the horizon of one's thought and interest. No one living in such an atmosphere can remain self-centered for long: the spark is contagious and soon you find yourself thinking about and praying for Indonesia and Africa as you pray for members of your own immediate family.

A full year of Formation is offered at Grailville each year, beginning in October and January. Short introductory sessions



This young nurse, here talking to fellow students interested in the lay mission apostolate, is now at work in Uganda.

are planned throughout the year, at Thanksgiving. Christmas and Easter, as well as during the summer months. Each summer opens with an introductory one-week session ginning usually the middle of June: there six-week seminars in · specialized fields such as art, music, family service, the lay mission apostolate: there

are several week-end courses and another week-long course to

to end the summer. The program is open to young women 17 to 26 years of age, and full descriptive folders are available on request.

Our age is, in some ways, a time of evil—and yet it is an age of great challenge. With the world getting smaller and smaller through modern communications and transport there has never been a time so ripe for the Church's spread and development. We as lay people have an important role to play in the work of bringing all peoples and cultures to Christ. The role is one that calls for competency and technique, for vision and depth, and above all for holiness. But the task is not reserved for the chosen few. The mother, the teenager, the butcher, the artist, the businessman—all of us have a part in this drama of our age. The world is ours, if we want it.

MARY'S CRADLE SONG

By FATHER LYNK, S.V.D.

That my child be softly bedded Joseph has a cradle made Of the finest olive wood, Standing in the tree's cool shade.

Homing bees are humming 'round me, In the west now sinks the sun, Birds are resting in the tree tops, Sleep you too, my little One.

Right so, slip beneath the covers. . . . Joseph, see, He's slumbering. Read to me, but low and softly, David's psalm to Him, our King.

POUND FOOLISH

By DORIS CANFIELD HANLON

D IETING, as everyone knows, is merely the exercise of will power and the ability to stick to it. There is nothing that seems simpler, after a rich and satisfying dinner, than the firm resolve to lose ten or fifteen pounds starting tomorrow. People who say they just cannot diet are obviously lacking in strength of character. They have no will power. No stamina. As you loosen your slightly snug waistline you reflect pityingly on these weak willed people.

Fat, you muse sagely, has no part in this modern world. Fat is not attractive save, possibly, on a Smithfield ham. And it has never been proven that hogs admire one another.

Having established these facts firmly in one's mind and a bedtime glass of milk in one's hand, one looks forward eagerly to the morrow when a slimming regime will be undertaken and no nonsense about it. It will take character and determination but you have always been known for your character and determination. Lately you have also been known as Porky-A ridiculous nickname used more in fun than as a thumbnail description. With a fond chuckle for the good natured raillery of your loved ones you hit the sack for a good eight hours.

In the morning one's first waking thoughts are apt to leap to the kitchen where bacon and eggs, with a slice of buttered toast, lie simmering on the hearth. Fancy follows the steaming cup of coffee colored to a pale gold by the addition of a generous dollop of cream. This pleasant reverie immediately gives place to last night's resolution to start on a diet. The resulting mental image is of one half grapefruit sans sugar and a cup of evil looking brew sans everything but a spoon. Considerably dashed by this bleak outlook, one is inclined to just stay in bed and starve to death in a comfortable position. However, this sullen attitude soon gives way to such pangs of hunger that even a grapefruit takes on a certain gustatory

glamor. After all, it will soon be lunch time when something more satisfying in the way of sustenance is indicated.

Now, let's see. Just what are we allowed for lunch. Ah, yes. A good, substantial green salad, it says here Any salad greens may be used, the book says: chicory, watercress, endive, lettuce or raw spinach. This mouth watering concoction to be sparingly moistened with reducer's dressing or lemon juice, having always believed that chicory was used by Frenchmen for coffee and that watercress grew in English sandwiches, you weigh the virtues of endive or lettuce—raw spinach being too revolting to even contemplate. Endive not being available you settle for lettuce. Now for the reducer's dressing. Apparently the cupboard is bare of this commodity and a very good thing too. Undoubtedly it consists of distilled water laced with pepper and parsley.

The nourishing main dish having been disposed of the piece de resistance may be tackled. One-half of a medium sized tomato. Knowing the tomatoes in your icebox have not been graded as to size, you select the largest one and cut it in half. The fact that your half seems considerably heftier than the remaining one causes scarcely a twinge of conscience as you wolf it down. Lunch is now over although you have an idea that it never really began.

Nibbling between meals is frowned upon by the book. Toying with a carrot or stalk of celery won't do any real harm, but, and I quote, "It is better to follow a schedule." It occurs to you that the old schedule of three squares a day had its points but this is confused thinking and must be instantly rejected.

If the hours between lunch and dinner seem to lag, one may pleasantly pass the time by reading the menus at the back of the book that are designed for those wishing to gain weight. This is fascinating reading: Avocado sandwiches with chopped walnuts and mayonnaise to be eaten as casual snacks. Double chocolate malts at the first sign of thirst. Mashed potatoes drowned in gravy if feeling peckish and corn on the cob dripping butter a must with every meal. After reading and re-

reading these succulent pages one has worked up an appetite that would astound a tiger whose daily fare had been limited to rusks and barley water

Dinner is the dieter's big meal. Meat, beef or lamb. "A good sized serving not to exceed two ounces."

Having, up to this time, eaten meat with a fine disregard for its weight, or yours, you wonder just how much exactly is two ounces. You are aware that the steak purchased for your entire family of four weighs two pounds. With such a meager portion as your allotment it is necessary to stifle a feeling of resentful bitterness.

The two ounce maximum is finally achieved after much cutting and weighing on the bathroom scales. Two ounces makes a very poor showing and there is an urgent impulse to just swallow the morsel raw and in one gulp. But one is not a cannibal even though there is a fleeting envy of that happy tribe's free and easy eating habits.

Side dishes of vegetables are to be enjoyed with the meat course. One-quarter of a cup of string beans with or without the strings. Again a lavish salad but this time consisting of carrot strips with one radish sliced thin The use of salt on these ravishing vittles is coldly discouraged. Salt has a tendency to retain water in the tissues thus halting dehydration. But there is always lemon juice for savor although I have never met anyone who liked it on eggs.

It seems one's innards are master-minded by some overbearing little gremlin who, in the way of food, arbitrarily accepts this and rejects that. Very little of the fodder that whizzes down your alimentary canal is put to any practical use. The excess is just stored away here and there on your anatomy. This is when that gremlin gets busy bossing your groceries around. One can almost hear him barking out orders: "This we can use. OOPS. Not that. Put it aside. Over on the left hip seems as good a place as any and there's plenty of room in the rear. We don't need half the stuff we're getting down here. We're so overloaded now that every corner is practically

bulging. But still that character up there keeps shoveling it in."

And so it goes. One dreary meal follows another while the scales obstinately maintain that you haven't lost a pound. In the still watches of the night you dream not of Jeannie with the light brown hair, but of bread. Bread that is white, light and fluffy and generously spread with fresh sweet butter. Crumpets toasted a rich golden brown and oozing with home-made strawberry preserves. Hearty rye bread smeared with creamy Liederkrams. The dreams of an opium eater. You wish that you were an opium eater and wonder wanly if it contains many calories.

Sleep being elusive you turn to prayer—Give us this day our daily bread. What am I saying. But it is too late. You are back in the bakery. Now the cry of Caesar's legions rings in your ears.

GIVE US BREAD AND GAMES.

(Why games? One thing at a time).

MAN DOES NOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE.

(I'll bet I could. You just set me down in front of a long loaf of crusty French bread and I'll show what man can live alone by).

HE DOESN'T KNOW ON WHICH SIDE HIS BREAD IS BUTTERED.

(I know on which side my bread is buttered. It's buttered on my family's side. That's whose side it's buttered on).

I ASKED FOR BREAD AND THEY GAVE ME A STONE. (Who asked? Demosthenes).

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

(Bread cast upon the table. That's the thing).

HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NONE.

(You're telling me).

BREAD IS THE STAFF OF LIFE.

(Oh, to lean heavily on that staff).

At this point you stagger out to the ice box and eat an un-

scheduled tomato which acts as a soporific and you fall into a food tormented sleep.

Then comes the morning when you trail listlessly into the bathroom for the daily weighing in. The thought passes through your mind that maybe lettuce is fattening and you might just as well have been eating chocolate eclairs all these days. That would be a good one on the busybody that dreamed up the diet chart. Serve him right too. You have a vague idea of reporting him to the American Medical Society. Now a quick glance in the mirror to make sure you look as haggard as you feel. Sure enough, you do. Face sort of collapsing like a tired accordion. Maybe you ought to get a skin lubricant. A bottle of that stuff you saw advertised containing hormones and turtle oil. Then you remember how turtles look and that their oil doesn't seem to have helped them much and you dismiss the thought and step reluctantly on the scales.

Eureka! You've dropped five pounds and this is only the 6th day of dieting. It can't be true. You step off and step on again. It is true. Five pounds gone. Your mind leaps ahead to the day when you will be a mere skeleton. Whether this is a consummation devoutly to be desired has never been divulged by any bona fide skeleton. Restraining your desire to stand on the scales all day, you dress briskly and prepare for a hearty breakfast of grapefruit and black coffee. You have now become calorie wise and pound foolish.

From here on in you become a crashing bore to everyone who still harbors the old-fashioned notion that eating can be fun. You cluck admonishingly at the users of salt and raise horrified eyebrows at the reachers for bread. Passers of butter are smiled on pityingly and you gaze smugly ahead as you decline the ice cream.

Yes, you are a thin bore with an endless flow of dietry anecdote and caloric reminiscence. You pontificate on statistics that prove you can add years to your life by taking inches off your waist.

Well, one can always accommodate one's belt to those extra inches but what do you do with those extra years?

OZANAM: CHRISTIAN TEACHER

By RAYMOND CADWALLADER

It IS a grace of God for a young man to find himself directed by a guide who merits his confidence, especially at that age when he becomes more definite about his future, the formation of character, and the mastery of his tendencies. Such a guide did Frederic Ozanam have in the Abbé Noirot, professor of philosophy at Lyons. Here was a man rich in that authority which talent and virtue give; in whom was tenderness without weakness, a great love and respect for souls. Years after Frederic left Lyons he attested the continued benefit of the Abbé's teaching: "Every day proves to me that his influence is not confined to those first years."

The parallel in the influence of the teaching of Ozanam is so great that one cannot doubt that the zeal which animated his career was but a more brilliant reflection of the charity of Christ possessed by his former teacher and guide. The intense spirit of work and constant preparation of his apostolic professor is striking. His advancement from one scholastic achievement to another was not accomplished by mere genius of intellect. What a program he mapped out for himself as a preparation for his first publication!

If I mean to write a book at the age of thirty-five I must begin to prepare for it at eighteen; for the preliminary studies are multitudinous. I must acquire twelve languages.... I must be a fair master of geology and astronomy.... I must master general history in all its breadth, and the history of religious creeds in all its depth.

Deeply conscientious about his profession as teacher of others, he never believed himself dispensed from serious research by reason of his previous studies. In his own words, "work, the punishment of the Fall, has become the law of regeneration." Long were his vigils, and fatigue followed him far into the night as he scrupulously prepared his conference

for the next day. In early morning the chain of thought was continued, and when the hour of class arrived he set out as one would for the accomplishment of a sacred mission. If the most authentic form of love is sacrifice, Ozanam truly loved his profession and his pupils.

He was the soul of every conference and class. Without a shadow of pedantry, he was able to gain the interest of everyone in the subject under discussion. He would grip the imagination and reason of his audience by the magnetic activity of his knowledge, and such was his art of questioning that he could bring the student to the very point of grasping what he wanted him to know. His varied and dramatic forms of presenting his subject added a live interest to his discussions, and spread about him a fruitful activity, which he regulated and directed. This regulation and direction was not accompanied by a restraint that offers, at best, an appearance of order, and under the apathy of which most students sleep. On the contrary, heads would lift and eves would smile; for he possessed the art of making his teaching live. This ability coupled with requisite knowledge is what makes for difference between teaching as a profession and teaching as an art. The spirit that existed between him and his pupils never compromised his authority: in his twenty-eight months of teaching at Collège Stanislas he never found it necessary to call for order.

Ozanam never believed in mere claptrap repetition; for him this was not learning. Men were not to be considered educated until they had an intellectual understanding of their profession. For this reason he was formidable in examinations. Severe towards self, he had the right to be exacting with others and he exercised that right. One story tells of a priest who had failed in his examinations coming to have an explanation. With kindness Ozanam pointed out the mistakes, then said, "Monsieur l'abbé, the habit you wear permits us—nay, obliges us—to be more exacting—noblesse oblige."

This exacting spirit, however, did not mean lack of consideration for others. He sometimes labored and schemed for hours to impart understanding of some subject to a pupil less

endowed with talent. Every day that he did not teach, he placed himself at the disposition of his students for two hours, and his door was besieged, not as the compliment of blind indulgence, but from sheer love of character and knowledge. These charitable services were not lost; he would often find some little note of thanks attached to his door, and in one instance he had the happiness of seeing one of his less-talented students attain membership in the Institute.

An exacting professor sometimes experiences aloofness on the part of his pupils. In Ozanam's relations with his classes there were no estrangements. His high moral prestige and the enthusiasm with which he delivered his lectures established a bond of charity between him and his audience, and gave him empire over youth. The lesson finished, each day found him surrounded by a group of young men anxious to keep contact with his generous soul. To the very end of his life he maintained this spirit of fidelity towards all, motivated by such an ardent love that it was undoubtedly the cause of his death at the age of forty. In 1853, hardly a year before the end of his life, he was seriously ill with a fever; protestations of friends and prohibitions of doctors could not keep him from giving his last conference. The introduction to this lecture well expresses the devotion he had to duty and to his pupils. "Gentlemen," he said, "one accuses our age of being an age of selfishness; report has it that our professors have not been spared in the general epidemic. However it be, it is here that our health has been sacrificed, and it is here that we have spent our strength. I do not complain of the fact; our life belongs to you—we owe it to you even to the last breath, and you shall have it. As for me, if I die, it will be in your service." He then pursued the lesson of the day with an eloquence that had never been surpassed.

The career of every Christian teacher is apostolic, and the word sums up the life of Ozanam, although it does seem too small a formula to express the greatness of his soul. Faith was the point of view from which he had the habit of considering everything. Faith gave to his life a just equilibrium. Without

any illusions about the import of his labors, he knew he had a work to do for God, and he performed his task in the spirit of Him Who became the servant of all. He believed that the professor, the master of sciences and letters, was a true missionary; that all of us have our field of battle where we must know how to die. His life was a fulfillment of that belief.

IMMACULATE

Immaculate! In strains of joy
We sing to Thee, Creations best,
Forever free from sin's alloy,
Mother of God above all blest.

Immaculate! The stars that shine
From out the purple dome of night
Boast not a glory such as Thine—
Lustre of morning! Queen of light!

Immaculate! Sweet name of peace
That sweeps melodiously along,
With varied cadence to increase,
The raptures of angelic song.

Immaculate! We hail the day
When darkness fell before Thine eyes,
And hell and death have lost their sway—
True Eve! In all Thy beauty rise!

Brother Reginald, C.Ss.R.

THE GIFT

By BERNITA MILLER

O NCE on a November twilight when the world was a whirl of snow, a boy sat on his doorstep dreaming. He felt the snowflakes cold but not chilling, touching his face with a faint sone of wormth. The quiet of centert

faint sense of warmth. The quiet of contentment was with him.

Perhaps none has ever really heard the sound of light snow falling, but for him it made a sound. First it was low, barely heard, a sound meant surely for children whose ears, like itself, are soft, to set them to dreaming. Then it became something not a song but

like a song, like the brush of the tip of a feather moving swift and light, and the boy thought of the touch of an angel's wing.

Angels may travel alone, but these grouped together. The whirl of snow became a whole world of angels, fluttering about just out of each other's way, dancing high and low, over and around, myriads of them. He wondered how many there were. He figured if he counted he would never get through. Someone would come looking for him long before that. He would not even have a decent guess.

He knew numbers up to a million, and he wondered what came after that. It would be a million and one. There could be a million million. But what would be the greatest number that anyone could count? That would be the number of angels. He thought he'd better ask one.

"What is the highest number?" Out loud, against the softness, his voice sounded like a great noise. But then angels were used to trumpets, and should take no offense.

And yet they did not answer, not one of them. He asked them several times, "What is the highest number?" and "Can you hear me?" They danced, they rose and fell. Some even seemed to bow. But none spoke. He pleaded, "Surely you can tell me. You must know. Is it a secret?" But still no answer. He wondered what their voices would be like. Perhaps they had no voice! But that could not be either, for angels sing. If they can sing, and will not answer a boy, they must have a good reason. What could the reason be. There is a reason for everything.

A rush of wind broke off his questioning. He crunched against the step. The wind was cold, pushing, flattening him. Reaching down hard to steady him, his hand came not upon the earth he sought but on an iron claw. The claw was meant for gardening. His fingers broke. He cried, and dreamed no more.

There was much more to him besides his dreams. He happened to be one whom others loved, and who loved others as he loved himself. He could not hate the crippled arm,—it was his own, even if it would have to end, like a pirate's, in a claw. His arm was freckled and he liked his freckles,—people smiled at them. His older brother was all freckles too. They looked alike, and it was nice that way.

But how should one account the pain besides. Two brothers can be like, but one plays baseball and the other doesn't. The one who plays can get a lesser bump and someone stops the game for it, with "Let's give him a hand!" "H'ray, h'ray," hands clap, but not the one that's steel. The steel is cold and hard.

Pain pierces, but it is not cold and hard. Only where there is warmth and life can pain be felt. And all the world is full of pain. So much, there must be more of hurt than snowflakes in the counting. None can add it up. The highest number? Yes, and the deepest depth. Snowflakes are single and they have no depth. Hurt is wide and deep, and not in pieces like its tears are. It will not be counted.

And yet, pain is not all the world. For one thing, there is Christmas. Christmas was still to come. He longed for it.

He longed the more because he felt so much and could not figure things. For those who feel much, Christmas is a kind of heaven, where thoughts are not quite needed. Joy is felt, not thought. And yet the thing he wanted out of Christmas, if he could have figured what it was, was really some kind of a thought. For he had a question. It was, "How can I be happy?"

There seemed no way, no path by which contentment lost could come revisiting. When he forgot his hurt, hurt soon came back, for there was always someone's look of pity close at hand. "You poor child!"

And when he remembered hurt, and took it out in tears, there was no peace then either. "Come now, be a man!" Tears brought on adult words that stormed or cried themselves, gifts and affection, but all in an outpour that said plainly, "Stop crying! Only stop." One might be happy only for a very little while. It was not enough.

As days went by, more and more he staked of his heart and soul on Christmas. The hush of presents moving on to secret spots in attic closets, rustle of paper wrappings, cones and holly, excited voices, started the echoings of anticipation. Pleasure was here and coming, and not all could be kept out.

A crippled hand draws presents, in and out of season. One was a water-color book, and in it scenes of Christmas. Here was the crib, and he could work on that in the last days, while others, the Altar Boys, would be at work upon the crib in Church. He put off the wish to start ahead of them, picked up his brushes only when the kitchen door banged on his brother's leaving for the Church.

Blue for the Mother's robe, purple for St. Joseph's. Yellow for the Infant's hair, brown for his Mother's. Brown for the ox and ass. Green for the fir trees. White for the lambs and snow. White for the angels, Angels, Pain.

White for His swaddling clothes. Pain, pain.

White for St. Joseph's hair. Pain, pain, pain.

The brushes felt no pain. The colouring book lay flat and harmless. It took all colors that you put upon it. Unfeeling things are lucky. Oh Infant Jesus, let me feel no more.

He cried, and for a change none could stop him, none was there to hear. The coloring book got wet, the colors ran, The angels' wings became a blur, they seemed to stir. The Mother's hand moved toward the Infant crib. St. Joseph's staff fell on a shepherd's knee.

The coloring book was still no longer. Swollen by tears, its bright page limped and humped. Nothing remained the same. Red from the Infant's lips was on His swaddling clothes. The Infant too looked hurt.

An unseen angel, guarding close, looked down upon the stains. This angel prayed, as guardian angels do, most constantly. The prayer he prayed now to the Infant Saviour was that his ward should get a very special present, a gift that cost the very highest number, higher than all the money in the world's dominions.

The Infant's Mother, closer still, reached toward his broken hand. She knew her Son made a return for all things. No sparrow fell but that He knew it, no hand was broken. She thought of all the world of pain, of hearts and people broken.

"Oh take him not Home," she said, "but let him heal the others." And that was how he came to get his gift, compassion.

The gifts of heaven are sure and swift. His tears slowed down. He saw his colors. His crib was not a crib at all,—it was a prism and made him think of rainbows. He set to coloring another page, and said "I'll do this for my mother."

Of course he could not see his gift. A very costly gift like this, even as a gem, is seldom to be seen and only on occasion, and then provided that one looks for it. Years later when someone in trouble said, as many did, "Thank God for you, you have compassion, so rare a gift" he suddenly remembered. Like the refracted light within the jewel, he saw his childhood's tears.

Tears into crystal. The red upon the Infant's swaddling clothes, hurt of a King. The weakest, most open to hurt, was the strongest. The finger in the Infant's mouth was of the hand that pointed for stars and starflowers, oceans and insects, to come into being; the silly-looking chicken and the garbage-eating pig, the hungry lion and the passive grass, all for His use. Starting to live, His creatures start to die. All, all is mixed.

"Things are not what they seem," he would reply. "God's taking is His giving, I believe."

Sometimes he met another who envied him his gift. "Look for the opposite of what you see," he would tell this other. "Do you see a boaster? It is but he who, feeling least important, covers himself against an empty chill. Do you see a tyrant? Who strides and bellows overacts the man, for fear that weakness, which he feels inside, may show. The schoolboy bully is the most afraid, for in his compass everything that lives is threatening him. Fearing to be struck down, one strikes out first."

"Treat all men gently," he would tell who listened. "Much of our lives is dreaming. We are not what we seem."

Small wonder he became at home with dreaming souls. A hand unflexed can reach in one direction only. Bend it, and you will still not get the arc that is compassion's path, which is an ever widening wheel. Farther than any hand could ever reach, his gift reached back, back to a dream of angels. Angels dancing, in the snow.



WHERE CHRIST WAS BORN

By REV. LEO J. TRESE

THERE can be no doubt—in my own mind at least—that Palestine is the one place, above all others, that the Christian traveler ought to visit. There is antiquity in Rome and glamor in Paris. There is graciousness in Vienna and beauty in Bavaria. But there is something in the Holy Land that can change a person's life. Anyone planning to cross the ocean might well say to himself, "First I shall see Palestine; then if there is any money left, I shall see Europe."



"Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus est."

To the Catholic there can be few thrills quite so deep and sacred as that which comes when he kneels to kiss the spot where Christ was born. It is all very well to say that we ought to feel an even keener thrill at the Consecration of every Mass at which we assist; but the fact remains that habit has dulled our sense of wonder at this daily advent of Christ. It is a sense of wonder which revives, however, and assumes a new reality, as one bends over the silver star set into the white marble floor: the silver star upon which is engraved the inscription, "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus est"—Here of the Virgin Mary Jesus Christ was born!

It was in a cave, over which the Basilica of the Nativity now stands, that Christ was born. Indeed, a good part of His life was lived in such grottos. This is not surprising, since the rocky hills of Palestine are riddled with caves, which even today are the basic rooms in the homes of many of the poorer people. Sometimes an extra room is built on to the front of the cave. Sometimes, if the cave is large enough, the window opening is simply stoned up, with door and window openings. The caves are dry, warm in winter and cool in summer.

Except for Gethsemane and Calvary, every Mass that I celebrated in the Holy Land was offered in a cave. There is the grotto of the Annunciation at Nazareth, where the angel spoke his "Ave" and the Word was made Flesh. There is the nearby grotto workshop and home of St. Joseph; there is the grotto of the Visitation, where the expectant Elizabeth "hid herself five months," and where Mary first spoke her "Magnificat." There is the grotto of St. John the Baptist, where the Precursor was born, and crypt of the Dormition, where Mary died. Upon each of these spots, as upon many other of the holy places, a basilica has been built, and each basilica has its own proper Mass. At Bethlehem for example, every Mass every day is the Mass of the Nativity; at Nazareth it is the Mass of the Annunciation; in the Holy Sepulchre, it is the Mass of the Resurrection. In the latter sanctuary, it was the Easter Mass which I offered on the feast of Corpus Christi; all during the octave which followed. I had opportunity to offer the Mass of Corpus Christi but once.

And there can be no doubt about the genuineness of these spots. Anyone who knows the history of Palestine and is familiar with the science of archeology is untroubled by such doubts. He is never tempted to ask, "How can we know that this is the place where Mary lived and where the angel appeared to her? How can we be sure that this is the place where Christ was born?"

Because, through almost two thousand years of conquest and reconquest, the Christians of Palestine have kept fresh the memory of the holy places; have reverenced them, and passed the memory on. In America, it is seldom that a member of the second generation occupies the paternal home. But Palestine is a land where generation after generation of the same blood line lives on the same piece of land; traditions are strong and living.

Reverence of the first Christians for the holy places moved pagan emperors to build idolatrous temples of the spots to erase the sacred memories. Later Christian emperors destroyed the temples and built churches instead. The Moslems came and razed the churches, the Crusaders marched in and built new and magnificent basilicas; the Arabs drove the Crusaders out and destroyed many of the sanctuaries. But some, like the 12th century Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre, and the 6th century Basilica of the Nativity, were spared.

In the year 1219 St. Francis of Assisi visited the Holy Land and by his simplicity won from the sultan permission for his friars to remain in Palestine and to care for the holy places. The Franciscans have been there ever since, and by heroic love have accomplished what swords could never do. They have excavated the ruins of the old Crusader churches, they have uncovered the foundations of earlier Christian temples. They have built new basilicas, and their work of digging and reconstruction still goes on. In 1342 Pope Clement VI confirmed the Franciscans as the official guardians of the holy places on behalf of Catholic Christendom. Probably not one Catholic in a hundred has any idea of the vast work that the friars have done, through seven centuries of labor and martyrdom and lonely watch over the hallowed scenes of Christ's birth and life and death.

No, there can be no doubt about the genuineness of the holy places. Not that it should bother anyone particularly whether the silver star on the floor of Bethlehem's cave marks the exact, mathematical spot where Jesus emerged from Mary's womb; or whether the great flat rock enclosed within the Church of the Agony was actually reddened with Christ's blood. It is enough just to be in the cave, it is enough just to stand on the Mount of Olives. Indeed, it is enough just to be in the

Savior's native land, to see the hills that He saw, and to walk the roads that He walked.

I thought of this as we drove in the early morning, from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. Even as in Christ's time, patient donkeys carried their burdens as we passed. Camels plodded lumberingly along. In the fields, men and women and children were harvesting their grain with sickles, gathering it laboriously by hand, and treading out the wheat upon the stone threshing floors, with the help of oxen or asses. At the outskirts of Bethlehem we passed a young father in long Bedouin gown and burnoose, leading the beast upon which rode his wife, baby in her arms. It was a perfect picture of the Holy Family, free from all the artificiality of painted plaster statues.

We had plenty of time to contemplate such scenes on the way to Bethlehem. The direct road from Jerusalem would have been a matter of about five miles. But the direct road, at one point, passes through Israel territory, and is closed. Because Palestine (in case we have forgotten our contemporary history) is chopped in two, with a no man's land, stand armed sentries—Jews on one side, Arabs on the other—ready to shoot anyone who dares to set foot therein.

This armed truce (imposed by the United Nations) stems from the Jewish "war of liberation" of 1948, in which the Jews seized from the Arabs the better half of the Hachemite Kingdom of Jordan, and erected an independent Jewish nation called Israel. It is interesting to note in passing that the Jordanites feel considerable resentment towards the United States government since it was only through the help and blessing which America gave to the Jews, that their coup was successful. Remembering how quick President Truman was to recognize the new Israeli government while bullets still were flying, we can understand how it is that Arab resentment focuses upon him, at the same time that the Arabs are quite friendly towards visiting American citizens.

One cannot visit the Kingdom of Jordan, and see the miserable camps of hundreds of thousands of refugees from

Israel, without feeling a great compassion for these people who had to leave their homes and lands—in many cases their prosperous businesses and professions—at the point of Jewish gens. It is true that two thousand years ago, Palestine belonged to the Jews. But for the Jews to claim the land now on that score is (so the Arabs feel) about as reasonable as it would be for the American Indians now to claim the United States. Nevertheless, the problem is a complex one and cannot adequately be discussed here. This is simply the feeling as I found it among the Arab people.

The flood of refugees into Jordan has all but wrecked that nation's economy. The Arabs are a pastoral and agricultural people. The Israeli say that the Arabs are lazy and shiftless. But I would say rather that they are an unspoiled people whose wants are simple, who are satisfied with little; and now that their population is swollen with refugees, that little is not enough. I asked a Christian Arab (about twenty percent of them are Christian) whether there were many Communists in the Kingdom of Jordan. "Certainly, Father," he answered wryly, "we're all Communists. Wouldn't you be too, if you had a family to support and not enough food to go around?" He didn't mean it literally, but it explains why almost every English-speaking Arab we met wanted to know whether there was any way of getting to America; the future, they feel, is hopeless at home.

We began our tour of the Holy Land on the Jordan side, because that is where Bethlehem lies, and Old Jerusalem too; the walled city where we were to make the Way of the Cross in the Master's very footsteps; where He preached and died and rose from the dead. Later, when we had finished in Jordan, we would cross into Israel, by the only road that is still open, although guarded. There we would finish our pilgrimage, doubling back on our tracks to visit Nazareth, and the Sea of Galilee, and Capharnaum, and the Mount of Beatitudes. The whole experience made me realize, as nothing else could, how strongly we in America should support the United Nations' effort to make Jerusalem an "International City," belonging to

no one nation, and government by an international commission.

It is a plan to which the Arabs would gladly agree. Theirs is the poorest part of Jerusalem—no fine stores or hotels, no factories or railroad. All that was best in Jerusalem was seized by the Israeli strictly for the Israelites.

We did not find there the friendly, happy people that the Arabs gave us. We had to accept the services of a Jewish guide in visiting the holy places, because there is no employment in Israel for a Gentile, whether as guide or otherwise. In fact, pilgrims like ourselves even are obliged to observe the Jewish dietary laws. If we had meat at our meal, for example, we could not have milk or cream in our coffee, because the Jewish religion forbids milk and meat at the same meal.

But to get on with our journey to Bethlehem: since the direct road passes were closed, we followed another road, twisting through the hills but staying on the Jordan side. As we followed another road curve, we had first view of the City of David, sitting atop a ridge of the hills, its white houses and church steeples bright in the early morning sun. Approaching the village (whose population of some 10,000 is made up mostly of Christian Arabs), we passed the fields of Boaz, where Ruth four thousand years ago gleaned her ears of corn; and the field of the shepherds, where the Gloria In Excelsis was sung by the angels two thousand years ago.

We drove into the town past the community well, the only flowing spring that Bethlehem has ever had, from time immemorial. There were women about the spring, filling their earthenware jugs, even as Mary unquestionably did, since there was no other source from which she could have drawn water. Many of the women we passed were wearing the tall head-covering and distinctive medieval style of dress which is the survivor of Crusader days, and still endures in Bethlehem. We passed too, the chapel on the site of "Joseph's House," where the Holy Family lived after leaving the cave, until their flight into Egypt; and the "Milk Grotto," a cave whose soft white rock was blanched, according to a pretty legend, when

a drop of Mary's milk fell upon the floor as she paused to feed the Infant there.

Later we would return to these places. And to the little souvenir shops, which feature the beautiful mother-of-pearl work and the carved olive wood which are a specialty of local craftsmen. At the moment we had only one objective, the Basilica of the Nativity. We had come fasting to the Manger, in the crypt over which the Emperor Justinian, fourteen hundred years ago built the present church.

Since the facade of the basilica is surrounded on three sides by monastic walls (the monasteries of the Franciscans, the Greek Orthodox, and the Armenian monks), we had no view of it until we reached the atrium by way of the Franciscan cloister. We found then, appropriately enough, that we had to stoop to enter the central door, which is partially walled up so that only a low, narrow opening remains. This walling-up was done centuries ago, we were told, to prevent any recurrence of profanation by unbelievers, who sometimes would ride their horses into the basilica through the huge doorways.

Once inside, we encountered a Moslem policeman doing guard duty. For the past fifty years continuous police protection has been assigned to the basilica—ever since a band of Greek Orthodox monks and laymen broke into the Sacred Grotto of the Nativity, wounding eight Franciscans and pilaging the holy place.

The policeman is symbol of the lamentable religious division which mars (but cannot destroy) the deeply moving experience of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. It is a religious division which dates back to the year 1054, when the patriarch of Constantinople cut his people off from all communication from Rome, denied the primacy of the Pope, and created the tragic break in Christ's Church which we call the Greek Schism. From that break stem most of the so-called "Orthodox" churches: the Greek Orthodox, the Russian Orthodox, the Rumanian Orthodox, and their offshoots. There are still other Orthodox churches, such as the Armenian and the Coptic, which have a similar but even more ancient origin.

All of these churches believe, as we do, in the Mass, the priest-hood and the sacraments—but resolutely deny the primacy of Peter's successor at Rome.

The reunion of the Orthodox churches with the center of Christian unity is an intention that ought to be daily in our prayers. And no one is more conscious of the need for such unity than the pilgrim to the Holy Land. Here, in the very land where man's Redemption was wrought, the hideousness of Christian disunity is particularly evident. The Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre, for example, built by the Crusaders over both Calvary and the Catholics (the Franciscans) and the Orthodox (Greeks, Armenians, and Copts). When all the world was Catholic, the diversity of rites within the basilica was only a testimony to the universality of the Church—a beautiful mosaic of variety in unity. But now the bitter rivalry, suspicion and dissension which involve the basilica, and which touch many of the holy places, is all too reminiscent of the rending of the seamless robe of Christ.

We came to Bethlehem, and found that the Basilica of the Nativity is in the hands of Greek Orthodox monks, while the Grotto of the Nativity beneath the church is under the care of the Franciscans. The basilica of course is open to Catholic visitors, and from it they may descend to Jesus' birthplace by the stairs which are on either side of the sanctuary. Access to the grotto is also provided by a stairs down from St. Catherine's church the Franciscans have built right next to the basilica.

I am a little afraid to try to describe my feelings as I descended the stairs and knelt by the silver star. The walls are covered with tapestries now; white marble paves the floor, and a forest of smoking lamps hang from the ceiling. But I close my eyes, and it is Christmas again. There is a faint cry (which these very walls have heard!) and a soft voice calling "Joseph" and a workingman's trembling hands helping Mary to her feet as she lays her Child in the manger—the manger right here where the altar now stands, a spot I can reach out and touch.

I only wish that I could express how real was Christ's

presence in the cave at Bethlehem. It was no dead hero whose birthplace I was visiting. The sense of the reality of His living figure was to accompany me everywhere as I retraced, physically, His footsteps. In Nazareth I would hear Him say, "The bread which I shall give you is My flesh"; on Lake Genesareth I would hear His laughter; at Capharnaum I would hear Him say, as He smiled and reached out his hand to frightened Peter, "O you of little faith!"; in the Cenacle I would hear Him say, "This is My body"; on the Way of the Cross through Jerusalem's twisting streets, His person would be so vivid, and on Calvary the splatter of His blood so very plain. And indeed, for all that He is God, Christ's human heart must be very close to this land which He so loved; for it, as for the world of which it is a part, His redemption is not yet finished.

Courtesy of TODAY.

ST. JOSEPH

They call you poor St. Joseph. They descry Only a toiling carpenter, possessed Of little that marauders might molest; They count you spouse and father, who deny The right to rights the titles signify. They do you ill who call you poor; for blest Beyond all men the man upon whose breast The Infant lay on Whose breast you would die.

A lilied staff made you the Lily's rod, The Ever-Virgin's virgin spouse and knight; High heaven's message and her meek assent Gave you foster-paternity of God! Head of the Holy Family, that right Gives you the wealth of the firmament.

B. F. Musser.

LIFE IN A FRENCH SCHOOL

By STEPHEN ROCHE

THOMAS MERTON in his autobiography, "Seven Story Mountain," has described in his own inimitable way his early school-days in a Lyceum here, and his later experiences, equally vivid of his life in a semi-public school in England.

I wish I had to the same degree his facility of expression, to give a pen-sketch of life in a Catholic school here, to enable outsiders to form some sort of idea, how our French Catholic youth is formed; what is its reactions to an old world discipline, and especially its religious reactions as manifested in after life.

A Catholic boarding-school here, as everybody is well aware, receives no subsidy from the State, and so is inferior in general to the Lyceum, or State school, both in regard to the intellectual standard of the professors, the material, equipment and the general comfort of the pupils. The building itself is generally a ramshackle affair situated in a side street of a small provincial town, with a paved courtyard for a playground, badly aired dormitories and class-rooms, when the air is allowed in, and a general atmosphere of mustiness pervading the whole place. What then was my surprise when I arrived here some three months ago in this Midi of France with its almost perpetual sunshine, to find all my previous experiences of Catholic schools in Belgium and here completely belied.

This college of St. Gabriel's, Saint Afrique, Aveyron, both as to building and situation, is a great tribute to the wisdom of the Jesuits who were its founders and owners until their expulsion in 1904. It is on a hillside, dominating the little town of 1000 inhabitants, and its colossal statue of Our Lady with her arms out-stretched seems to take under her protection all the youth who come to be formed within its walls. The belfry tells the hours and the Angelus and the whole at-

mosphere is that of a cloister, or quadrangle at Oxford. From my window, wherever I look, north, south, east and west, I am encircled by mountains, friendly ones, not aggressive like the Pyrenees, nor awe-inspiring as the Alps. There is no escape from these little mountains and the inhabitants of the little town feel that they are lost and forgotten by the rest of France. Little chalets and farmsteads are dotted here, there and everywhere and you wonder how the peasant folk manage to mount and descend to do their marketing, as there seem to be no tracks of any kind. As the college and its Virgin protect the town, its spiritual partner, the Parish Church, is cosily ensconsed and surrounded by little mediaeval streets, where the sun certainly can never penetrate; however, that has no importance as the inhabitants seem to spend their day basking in the sunshine, fishing in the little torrent that zigzags along between a double row of poplar trees, or sit smoking on the many quaint old wooden bridges that span it. Really, time seems to stand still at St. Afrique.

We are sixteen priests here, varying in age from seventy to twenty-six, with a few odds and ends of lay-professors, the usual type to be met with in most Catholic schools here and in Belgium. Either young men who have tried a vague sort of vocation in a Seminary or Religious house and were found wanting, or young men with no particular aptitude for any walk in life. The priests, some of whom have devoted their whole priestly life to teaching, are remunerated by a kindly episcopal administration with the princely salary of 600 Frs (15 shillings) quarterly, and as they are as poor as church mice, they will end their days, if they are lucky, in what is called euphemistically here a Maison de Repos. So it is alone their love of God and souls that enables them to carry on day by day, year in, year out, in that most wearying and nervewracking of all professions, teaching.

Besides the teaching-staff, there is a little Community of nuns, only four in number, and they perform the herculean task of feeding nearly two hundred very healthy and hungry boys three times daily and exactly to time. The Reverend Mother is a qualified nurse and she mothers all and sundries in the little infirmary, treating colds and flu and accidents, all with the same calm and patience, and keeping a blind eye to the malingerers who are attracted to this "little nest" by the extra special food, creature comforts and the devotedness of La Reverende Mère.

The boys have excellent food washed down with a litre of wine, well diluted, or baptized in their slang language, twice a day and as they are connoisseurs in this matter, there are violent protests when the bursar, for economy sake, is too liberal in his dosage. They have a douch once a fortnight, the apparatus is not ultra-modern, but hot water remains hot water all the world over. The dormitories are clean and well-aired, the bed-linen likewise, and the only draw-back is that they are open and so no privacy, not even for the boys between seventeen and nineteen. The boys have their own little theatre and on Sunday evenings after supper, produce varieties that alone French boys with their Gallic wit are capable of. One day per week each class, under the direction of an ancient Hungarian officer is put through its paces of physical jerks, and under his supervision also each class has its team of "soccer" and plays once a week in the local campus of the town. Otherwise the usual recreation after the midday meal is spent in a huge courtyard, adjoining the college where for an hour or so, they kick balls about, kick one another about, and then physically exhausted, dispute on every conceivable topic under the sun. Words fail me to describe the pandemonium. A movie picture would alone be capable of bringing home the stark reality.

Such then briefly is the bright side of the picture, but it has its reverse, and that to be true, must be painted in very dull colours indeed. The disciplinary system in a French Catholic school, or to be more accurate the penitentiary system, demands an explanation as to its origin. Whether it be a relic of the old monastic penances, some of which prevail still today among the cloistered orders, or whether it be due to the nefast influences of Jansenism which is not wholly enterred,

I am unable to say. But it starts off from the principle that human nature is radically bad, that the baptismal waters are of no avail and so the little boy of ten years of age, weaned, as it were, just from his mother's breast, must from his entry in the school, be treated as a child of the devil and the Evil One must be exterminated root and branch by fair means or by foul. The little lad must then be licked into shape and what shape that is to be, I am yet unable to find out. To carry out this licking into shape business, there is in each school a Prefect, a priest. He is the pivot round which the whole process revolves. It is a wholesome job, a sort of combination of Policeman and plain clothes detective. He must be all eyes, all ears and omnipotent. That demands too much physical endurance, so he is aided in his task by every priestprofessor, unless age dispenses him. Each priest must also, besides his hours of class which are generally many weekly, do a certain amount of supervision, either in a study-place or courtyard during recreation, or on a promenade on the Sundays and Thursdays, or in the dormitory at night time by actually sleeping there. If the number of pupils runs up to five hundred or a thousand as in Belgium, the Prefect is aided by the full time surveillants, those odds and ends I have already mentioned who have missed the boat in life. The Prefect himself may be a man of tact and judgment, but cannot be everywhere at the same time, with the result that the boys become the victims of these nondescripts who never in their life have been in a post of responsibility and never will be. The grand result is that the little boy is never alone with his own thoughts, except perhaps when he dreams in bed at night of home. Even then he has no little cubicle, as in England, where he can have the snaps of his family and little pals around him and the other little knickknacks that boys inevitably rake together.

At 6:30 in the morning his day begins. At 7 a.m. he is in the study place and on an empty stomach his little brain begins to function for one hour and a quarter. Here happily, Mass is not obligatory. Afterwards breakfast followed by a

short recreation of a quarter of an hour and then the serious business of the day begins. Study-class, class-study with a break of another quarter of an hour about 11 a.m., until dinner at 12:30. There is the real recreation of the day until 2 p.m., and afterwards until he retires to the dormitory at 9 p.m. it is again a series of class, study with a short halt at 4:30 when he receives a chunk of dry bread and can wash it down with copious libations at the village pump in the grounds. At 7:30 he has his supper but this immediately is followed not by recreation as in English schools, but again the study place. Bear in mind during all this livelong day he is never out of sight of some surveillant or professor, whether it be in the class study, recreation or going from one place to another in two single files with arms crossed and in silence. Even in the chapel on a Sunday morning, he is not alone with God. There is God. himself and the inevitable surveillant, or to be exact, kneeling on raised platforms. In the words of the Psalmist, the poor lad could truthfully apply to himself: "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy face? If I ascend into heaven, thou art there; if I descend into hell, thou art present."

His letters, even those to his parents, are censored. All letters must pass under the vigilant eye of the Prefect, and since there are day-boys here, it is inevitable that the boarders smuggle out their letters, by passing them to their pals to be dropped into the nearest pillar-box.

The Prefect, then, besides his aforesaid powers, is also judge and judges without appeal. At 1:15 p.m. during midday recreation, the bell rings and all who are on the prescribed list of delinquents cease to play and must go to the study-place, where the Prefect from the height of his pulpit delivers judgment. These judgments and the penalties annexed are as varied as the crimes. Suppression of recreation, confinement to barracks during football or a promenade during the half-holiday, standing face to the wall or committing to memory innumerable lines of poetry, etc... For serious offences like

posting a letter in secret, rustication, in other words sent home for a week or a fortnight.

Such a regime would break an English boy in no time, but the French character seems endowed with so much resiliency, so much joie de vivre, that no sooner is the crime expiated than the French lad is his joyful self again after a few moments and seems to bear no resentment.

You may well ask how such a system can still exist today. It exists because the priests responsible for its execution know no other. They themselves have been brought up under such a regime, and as they themselves in normal times have never been outside their own country and a great majority not even outside their diocese, they have no standards, no comparison to go by. The usual excuse given, because it is an excuse, not a reason, is that the French boy cannot be treated as his neighbour on the other side of the Channel, as though twenty miles of sea-water makes this unfathomable gulf between two peoples.

It is all so nauseating to watch and especially when one is unable to remedy an evil which has such far-reaching effects, because such a regime, such a discipline is the breeding ground, the factory where the future anti-clericals are cultivated and manufactured. Little Père Combes, the author of the Separation Laws and the Expulsion of the Religious Orders was a product of the Catholic Boarding-school. When one ponders on all that Don Bosco accomplished in his lifetime and all that his spiritual sons are doing today in the way of education in every country and in every clime, of all that one young American priest, the late Father Flanagan, did in his short priestly life in Boy's Town by love alone, and understanding of boy-mentality, one feels sick at heart in witnessing what crass stupidity is capable of doing and what it is responsible for.

As an experiment, I have made a little "Gallup" here among the senior boys from fifteen to eighteen years of age; "Do you ever think of becoming a priest?" and the answer was 100% negative. They serve your Mass daily and with fitting decorum, they receive solid religious instruction, they witness

exemplary priestly conduct among their professors, the whole surroundings aid towards the fostering of a high ideal and yet notwithstanding all this, the result is zero.

It is proverbial that priests' housekeepers are abnormally possessive. The French as usual find an expression for it. "Les poules de mon curé, nos poules, et finalement mes poules"—My curé's hens, our hens and finally my hens. It was so in my case on arriving here. It was the college of the "Betharram Fathers" for me, after a month, it became "our college" and now it is "my college." Yes, it is indeed my college and so are the little souls who live here, and who are entrusted to our care, who with all their little boyish failings, and their hot Latin temperament, are lovable and respond so quickly to the least token of sympathy.

They are hit by the "cafard", their slang for homesickness, much more quickly and much more deeply than their Anglo-Saxon comrades. They day-dream more, are less practical than their northern comrades. The climate tends to make them hothouse plants and less capable of weathering storms and stresses of life, they lack the stability and powers of concentration of the English boy, but deep down, the virtues of their forefathers, their heroism, their love of home and country, their power of abandoning all for an ideal, lie slumbering, and need only a spark to set the whole alight, and that spark we priests have, and it is that, that we must give them.

THE CROSS

The Cross is tall,
And I too small
To reach His hand
Or touch His feet.
But in the sand
His footprints I have found,
And it is sweet
To kiss the holy ground.

Father Tabb.

THE VIRGIN ADORING THE CHILD

By SISTER M. LEONARDA, C.S.J.

THIS picture of the "Virgin Adoring the Child" was painted originally for the Chapel in Cosimo de Medici's palace, but about two hundred years later it was placed in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

In profile, head gently bent forward and with slightly downcast eyes shaded by long, curved eyelashes, a lovely, young, oval-faced Madonna is in deep adoration of her Baby Son, upheld towards her by two laughing angels. She is seated close to a window and the relief of the figures against the landscape reminds us of the sculpture of Donatello. She is clothed as a Florentine lady of the time. Her headdress is of exquisite flimsy lace extending over the light straw hair until lost in the artistic arrangement of the transparent veil. Folds of lace extend downwards, covering the right shoulder and touching the gold ornamental braid kept in place by button-like ornaments. Gold braid, too, holds the rich blue dress in place over the shoulders. The white, lacey, undervest showing in front and the white cuffs at the wrists, add daintiness and intensify the exquisite purity of the Madonna while the rose red of the undersleeves makes an excellent contrast in colour.

The Madonna is not a portrait, as were so many madonnas of the time. The artist has tried to embody in her the ideal of Mary set forth by Epiphanius. "She was of middle stature, her face oval, her eyes brilliant and of olive tint, her brows arched and black, her hair of a pale brown; her complexion fair as wheat . . . grave . . . tranquil . . . in humility she exceeded all womankind."

The Madonna dominates the composition. The three other figures are grouped as one, culminating in the Infant Christ who is a chubby human child with arms outstretched naturally to his Mother, the little right hand resting lightly on her shoulder. His lovely curls are crowned with a delicate jewel-like



THE VIRGIN ADORING THE CHILD

nimbus. His eyes are solemn and the baby face shows something more of thought and knowledge than ever could be seen in an ordinary child. The two curly golden haired angels are earthly children with flowing angelic robes but wooden wings. The one in the lower right hand corner faces the spectator and is frankly laughing, while the other peeps out from under the right arm of the Christ Child.

The ornament on the arm of chair in the lower left hand corner gives the artist a play in design, colour and rhythm; notice the pearl like design topping the Ionic curve.

The landscape in the background shows a stretch of "quivering blue," probably reminiscent of the artist's impression of the sea when as a boy he first sighted it at Ancona. It is appropriate as a background—"And before the throne was a sea of glass like unto crystal."

Looking closely at the designs in the dresses we see they make delightful copy, much superior to the design for such robes of today. Every detail is finished as though it were to be viewed through a magnifying glass. His colours are brilliant and clear and gemlike in glow, recalling stained glass windows so common in his age.

The pure spirit of beauty dwelt within the artist and all he designed was graceful in form and beautiful in color.

The artist aimed to portray worthily the Mother of the Redeemer and he has given us a Madonna of chaste simplicity. Here the Virgin acknowledging and adoring the Godhead, is strictly devotional.

No heavenly maid we here behold
Though round her brow a ring of gold;
This baby, solemn-eyed and sweet,
Is human all from head to feet.
Together close her palms are prest
In worship of that godly guest;
But glad her heart and unafraid,
While on her neck His hand is laid
Two children happy, laughing, gay,

Uphold the little child in play; Not flying angels there, what though Four wings from their shoulders grow.

Compared with many imposing altar pieces treating of this subject our picture may seem unimportant; yet anyone of fair judgment must acknowledge its attraction, and agree that this style of picture shows the character of the times and painter, more clearly than one larger in size and more dominant in style and treatment.

In the larger compositions of this subject, which were more expensive and of necessity less numerous, the Virgin is lofty and raised far above mankind. There, we have the first and simplest form of this beautiful subject, a half length figure of the Madonna and Child, a form which was painted for oratories, small chapels, monasteries, convents, and private rooms of the devout laity, as a help to prayer and an aid to meditation on the mystery of the Incarnation.

The artist has brought the Virgin nearer our sympathies. She is not seated in a chair of state with accessories of earthly power—Raphael's "Madonna of the Fish"; she is not enthroned on clouds—"Sistine Madonna," nor glorified and star crowned—Murillo's "Immaculate Conception"; she is not exclusively the Mother of God—Cimabue's "Madonna"; but in our picture she is still the Mother of the Redeemer—the young and lively and the most pure Mother of a Divine Christ. She is not sustained in mid air by Angels; she dwells on earth, but the angels leave their celestial home to wait on her, and pay her homage. The Virgin here is not the dispenser of mercy; she is simply the Mother of the Redeemer. She is occupied solely with her Divine Son.

Florentine painters greatly admired this picture and as a consequence there were many slightly modified copies made.

Critics have said that the Lippi's Virgin in the Annunciation' (National Gallery), the lovely Madonna in the Tondo (Pitti) and many other works of the Master are lacking in spirituality and expression. This opinion cannot be maintained

by anyone who approaches these pictures with an open mind and judges the artist by his achievement and not by his manner of life.

Even Berenson, a modern critic who denies Lippi's "Profound sense of either material or spiritual significance the essential qualities of a real artist"—admits in the same essay that "although his real place is with genre painters, his genre was that of the SOUL as Benozzo Gozzoli's was that of the BODY."

Browning, with his true poet's intuition, states more clearly the case of Flippo Lippi than do many professional critics when he makes the artist exclaim:

"..., Now is this sense, I ask?

A fine way to paint soul by painting body
So ill, the eye can't stop there, must go further
And can't fare worse!

Why can't a painter lift each foot in turn,
Left foot and right foot, go a double step,
Make his flesh liker and his soul more like,
Both in their order?...

Suppose I've made her eyes all right, and blue, Can't I take breath and try to add life's flash And then add soul and heighten them threefold?"

Filippo Lippi lived at the beginning of the 15th Century. Vasari's life of the artist has been disputed by eminent critics who claim that the archives of Florence and Prato have yielded records which clear contradictions and correct errors of the historian. We are told the boy Filippo had no inclination for book learning and that "he manifested dullness and incapacity in letters, preferring to daub his own and other boy's books with caricatures"; this Lippi had in common with several other artists.

The early art of Lippi is based on 13th century tradition, on Masaccio and on that of Lorenzo, who was his master. The artist's "Nativity" in the Florence Academy suggests the methods of the Miniaturists. Botticelli was his most famous pupil.

Compared with the pure angelic spirituality of Fra Angelico, Filippo Lippi is worldly in as far as he belonged to the new era which revelled in the beauty of this world of ours. Fra Angelico belonged to an earlier age that looked to the heavenly kingdom for all true happiness.

Though it bore different fruit, the art of both Angelico and Lippi is planted in Gothic soil: that of Angelico being essentially Gothic with a Renaissance flavour, whilst that of Filippo Lippi has all the richness and fullness of the Renaissance. Lippi knew only too well that:

Art is true art, when art to God is true,
And only then; to copy Nature's work
Without the chains that run the whole world through
Gives us the eye without the lights that lurk
In its clear depths; no soul, no truth is there.

Almost a contemporary of Angelico whose conceptions were entirely spiritual, Lippi painted in a more human atmosphere, yet he, too, kept the spiritual in advance of material influences. His Madonnas may not be as beautiful as Raphael's but they have a touch of divine and contemplative grace which theologians associate with the Mother of Christ.

To a certain extent every artist is the product of the spirit of his time and Fillipo Lippi lived in a period of transition. He was one of the greatest initiators of the Renaissance in painting. He liberated himself from his teachers' peculiarities, learnt directly from Nature and benefited from all with whom he came in contact. Masaccio helped him to shake off awkwardness and acquire dignity; from Gentile de Fabriano he took delight in gay, festive attire, and sumptuous pageantry; Pier dei Franceschi's conquest of light and air left their mark on him as did the perspective of Paolo Uccello. The classic thrones of his Madonnas and the architectural backgrounds of some of his pictures proclaim his admiration for the Renaissance churches and palaces then being built.

We mentioned that Lippi was strongly influenced by Donatello; so much so that if we take a photographic reproduction

of the Uffizi Madonna and examine the head of the roguishly smiling angel, and the arms of the Infant Saviour and the Madonna, the setting of the whole group against the window frame gives the illusion of a relief in paint.

Whilst it is possible to trace in his work varied artistic influences, his own personality was never eclipsed nor obscured. He never stooped to imitation of mere mannerisms. He loved the world in which he found so much beauty but nevertheless his art reveals neither sensuality nor worldliness. Always ready to learn, Filippo Lippi ever remembered and put into practice the wise advice given to him in early manhood:

"Your business is not to catch men with mere show, With homage to the perishable clay.

But lift them to ignore it all,

Make them forget there is such a thing as flesh.

Your business is to paint the souls of men!"

SALUTE TO THE QUEEN

She comes with the dawn light close by the blue sea, And none are more regal, more splendid than she!

Morning Star, pray for us!

She moves past the noon day as lightly she tries
The road trod by mortals 'twixt wide-world and skies.

Gate of Heaven, pray for us!

She glides into even, and when the wind blows Earth's garden of splendor is host to The Rose. Cause of our Joy, pray for us!

Then night folds its mantle of peace on her brow—
The first of God's creatures, whose love I avow!

Queen of Peace, pray for us!

MICHAEL J. DOUGLAS.

THE TOY SELLER

A story, dear? Here is a true one. You were about four years old when it occurred. You were very pretty, and I idolized my little girl. "My little Angel." I had no children, your parents loved a good time, and I was as happy to look after you as they were to be freed from responsibility.

One very cold night in December your parents told me they were going to a dance and would return home very late. The other servants, taking advantage of their master's absence, slipped out, and I was left alone in this huge house with you.

I sat down near the fireplace with you in my arms, to tell you the fairy tales you liked best, but you were restless and in no mood for anything but bed. I had tucked you in, sat down beside you and in no time you were fast asleep.

Now begins the mystery, my darling. It was very still and the only light in your room was a feeble gleam from the street where the snow was falling heavily. I had put my head down for an instant on your pillow . . . and did I fall asleep? I don't think so . . . I really don't know.

After a time I heard knocking at the door. I hurried to the window and saw a little boy poorly dressed, his bare feet were blue with cold and covered with blood. He was trembling and his garments were wet from the snow. Quietly I opened the window and called out to him: "What do you want, child?" He raised his head and I saw that he was a little lad who made his living by selling the toys which he himself made. He was always gay and used to amuse you a great deal. You liked to see him and to hear him talk and you used to save up all your coppers to buy toys from him. You might almost say that he was your first playmate. Looking up at me that night, he called: "Open the door for me quickly, please. It is very cold." I was worried about you and a little annoyed that he should come at this hour. "What do you want? Go away. The little girl is asleep."

He did not say another word but he looked at me sadly

and turning away with his hands in his pockets and his blue little feet limping painfully, he disappeared into the curtain of snow.

When I returned to your bed, you were flushed and feverish and breathing heavily. I could not call anyone as I did not want to go out and leave you alone. Angry with myself for my unkindness toward the poor little toyseller, worried about you—you seemed very ill by now—I sat down by your bed and began to pray.

Suddenly, there were footsteps in the house. Frightened I slipped quietly from your room and in the hall came face to face with the little boy. He was wet but no longer trembling. He smiled at me, and tiptoed to your bed where he stood looking at you with tenderness and compassion. Strangely I was not in the least angry with him for his boldness, but seemed to understand that he wished to show you in this way his gratitude for your kindness towards him. As we stood there you opened your eyes and smiled at him. Then he went away softly without having spoken. When I stooped over you, you were no longer feverish but seemed quiet and completely well again. I thanked God for that and felt that in some way your little friend was responsible, that he had been the messenger who had brought you (and me) this little gift from heaven.

When your parents arrived, they went to bed at once too tired even to give you their usual good night kiss. In the morning, Christmas Day, your father told me that in a field not far from our house had been found the frozen body of the little toy seller. As far as could be judged, he had died in the middle of the night.

When I told them what had happened, they laughed at me, and said that I had been dreaming, but close to your bed on the carpet I found a tiny blood stain. That, I can assure you was no dream.

Translated from the Spanish.

AS CHRIST WOULD DO

By A DAUGHTER OF MARY, HEALTH OF THE SICK

I T WAS two o'clock in the afternoon when Father came back from Msalaba. "Sister," he asked, "would you go to a poor woman who is unconscious from poison given by an enemy? I could only give her my blessing."



DAUGHTERS OF MARY, HEALTH OF THE SICK carefully inspect kit contents of the Medical kits for the Missions.

Of course Sister would go to Benigna who had been baptized years ago but who had not been zealous in practising the Faith.

Sister on her bicycle, followed the tracks of Father's motorcycle. For more than an hour she pedalled along the narrow path. Suddenly the tracks disappeared, the road dwindled, and Sister finding herself in a desolate wilderness prayed to her Guardian Angel to guide her. She found the motorcycle tracks again, and finally came to a few huts.

There the people knew nothing about Benigna, but led Sister to Msalaba through the bush. In one of the huts Benigna lay, unconscious, on her mat on the ground. Sister injected a heart tonic and Benigna responded. Her first words were "Oh, my feet are dead!" Sister had the poor woman brought to the mission hospital where she recovered.

Benigna not only regained her health, but she never missed Mass again, and never came unaccompanied by all her relatives, who wanted to show their gratitude to God Who had so miraculously saved Benigna. Many heathens in Msalaba became interested in the religion of such a God Who raises the dead to life by means of His ministers. For, in their eyes, Benigna had been dead, and had not the nursing Sister given her new life again?

Experiences, such as this, have shown that in mission lands the strongest appeal to pagans is medical assistance. A priest or sister who can take care of cuts and sores, relieve the old folks' aches and pains, enable a mother or father to keep on working to make a living, has a means of "breaking the ice" of distrust of the natives. Attention to their bodily distress wins hearts.

The first thought of the missionary must be to preach the Gospel, but he is beset by people who plead for bodily aid. They have fevers and they beg for quinine; they are plagued with great ulcers and they cry out for ointments and bandages. Christ often healed bodies before He saved souls. Christ's method is equally effective in 1946 as it was when He walked in Palestine. So today's missionaries bring the lame, the blind, the lepers, the plague stricken to their hospitals and dispensaries, to lead them into the True Fold.

The Catholic Medical Mission Board assists missionaries to carry on this apostolate of healing both souls and bodies. It is a society, governed by a Board of Directors who represent mission groups in the United States. Since 1929, when Rev. E. F. Garesché, S.J., was elected President of the Board, the work has prospered, and today the C.M.M.B. is one of the major mission activities in the Church.

The offices of the Board at 10 West 17th Street in New York City serve as clearing house for thousands of tons of medical supplies, and for information for all Catholic missions in the world. The purpose of the Board—"to promote the medical side of Catholic missions everywhere"—is accomplished primarily by sending large quantities of medicines, and medical and surgical supplies and equipment to missions which apply for help. Two services fulfil the work of sending these supplies. What the Board receives as a donation, (sample medicines, instruments and equipment from hospitals) are shipped gratis to needy missions. Often missions request the Board to act as purchasing agent, and through experience in this field the Board has been able to provide whole vicariates with medical supplies, when such materials could not be secured elsewhere, and at low cost.

The Board finds out medical and surgical advances, new remedies for disease, new methods of treatment, and the administration of new drugs. This information is transmitted to the missionaries. Thus the various sulfa drugs, penicillin, promin for leprosy, the marvelous insecticide DDT, the U.S. Navy's new method of treating cholera, have been or are being investigated, and the information and products made available to missionaries. The C.M.M.B. conducts medical courses for the missionaries themselves.

To do this it is essential to have the prayers and co-operation of our people. Aid to the missions is entirely voluntary. Funds come in from all over the United States and Canada. Schools, hospitals, sodalities and individuals gather sample medicines, make bandages and dressings, and send them to the headquarters where they are shipped to those missions that need them. These auxiliaries work as members of the "Blue Cross Circles" who dedicate their work to Our Blessed Mother.

As this work grew the need was felt for a community of Sisters, to work at the Headquarters, and to care for the needy, at home and abroad. With authority from His Eminence, the late Patrick Cardinal Hayes, Rev. Edward Garesché, S.J., inaugurated the Daughters of Mary, Health of the Sick, about

ten years ago. These Sisters answer the call of the late Pope Pius XI for religious women to care for mothers and children in mission lands and engage in a world-wide apostolate, through their services to the Catholic Medical Mission Board.

The motto "The body for the sake of the soul, the body and soul for God" is the watchword of the C.M.M.B. Thus is answered the pleading of Christ Himself, through the Catholic Medical Mission Apostolate, "For I was sick and you visited Me."

FISHERMAN

Once in quiet Galilee
Jesus walked beside the sea,
Walked with fishermen.
Sometimes in a little boat,
Lightly on the waves afloat,
He sat with men, talked with men,
Fishermen.

"Leave your fishing nets," said He.
"Come let Me your Master be;
Seek not fish but men.
Draw them with a net of love,
Seek them for the Home above,
And follow Me, follow Me,
Fishermen."

Lord, let us Thy fol'wers be, Like the men of Galilee, Be Thy fishermen. Faithful to each little task, Glad to do what Thou shalt ask, To follow Thee, follow Thee, Fishermen.

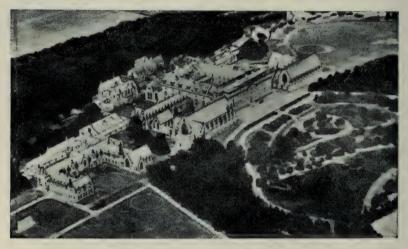
M.D.F.

USHAW COLLEGE

By JOSEPH DILLON

"Unless the age of youth be formed from its tender years unto piety and religion it never will perfectly persevere in ecclesiastical discipline."

—Council of Trent.



USHAW COLLEGE FROM THE AIR A new wing has been added to this.

NOT so long ago, England depended for its priests, and thus for the Faith, on a Seminary in a foreign country, Douai College in France. When, as a result of the French Revolution, this was suppressed, the refugee-students came back to England and settled, some in the South, the rest in the North. So it is that Ushaw College, a Seminary for the Northern dioceses, traces its history back to Douai and Reformation times—back to those days when students were ordained to a priesthood which cost many of them their lives.

Ushaw is situated some four miles west of Durham, which is one of the old Cathedral cities of England. The College stands on the summit of a hill within its own very extensive grounds, and forms a beautiful and impressive picture.

There are at the College about four hundred students, their ages varying from ten to twenty-six. This great age difference is easily explained by the number of years which the whole course takes. Seven years are given over to "ordinary" education, which is predominantly classical; the course of Philosophy takes up a further two years, and Theology four more years. This means that if a student begins at the lowest class, he will spend thirteen years at the College, which, to one looking back on years gone by, or forward to the years to come, seems a very long time. However, all do not remain for this length of time—there is a constant coming and going. Many who come young decide sooner or later that they have no vocation—they leave and their places are taken by others.

The student's day begins at 6.30 a.m., when to the sound of bells and gongs he must arise and prepare for the half-hour Meditation, followed by Low Mass. In this matter of getting out of bed (as in many other matters) the younger members of the community are not left to themselves. They sleep in dormitories and if they are slow to arise there is always a willing hand to help them! However, the Philosophers and the Divines (those studying Theology) are left to themselves, they have their own rooms and thus it is their own responsibility to get down to Chapel on time.

After breakfast, the morning is given over to lectures and private study. Dinner is at one o'clock, and it is not until after this that the student begins to breathe freely—for from now until three-fifteen the time is his own. This is when the playing fields are crowded, particularly on Tuesday and Thursday, called "half playdays."

There is a saying which Spiritual Directors always try to impress upon the young—"Pray hard, work hard, play hard, eat hard." At Ushaw the student is certainly given the opportunity to play hard. During the football season there are eight pitches on the playing fields, and all are used almost every day. In summer there is room for five or six games of cricket to be played at once. Besides football and cricket, there is

another game played at Ushaw which has a season of its own of about two months. This is "Cat," a game inherited from Douai. I suppose in many ways it resembles baseball. A very small hard ball is struck by the side "on" the "cat-ring," and whilst it is being "jagged" by the other side, this side runs as fast as it can around the ring to put up its score. It is very complicated (especially to one trying to explain it) and very strenuous, but it is extremely popular.

For those students who prefer to take their exercise more individually there are other games—'hand ball" and "keeping-up" which are played on the ball fields or "racquet houses." There is tennis of course, in summer, and golf for the Divines. Not many Colleges can claim golf courses of their own, but Ushaw has its own nine-hole course, complete with plantation, bunkers and jollies. It provides plenty of relaxation for studyweary Divines.

I should mention the skating season. Of all the sports at Ushaw, skating is the favourite. Perhaps it is because the season is not very long and there is not time to become bored. At any rate as long as the ice lasts, the most is made of it, and the President is very generous in giving "studies off." To a spectator watching it may seem strange to hear odd phrases spoken with a distinct Canadian accent. But this is easily explained; just a few miles away there is a rink which was used during the war by Canadian servicemen for hockey. Many Ushaw students have watched them play, and while picking up many hints on the way hockey should be played they have also picked up some Canadian expressions.

The students all take their meals in common. During dinner and supper one of the Philosophers reads aloud from a book and no talking is allowed. To see that this rule is observed there is a Prefect present, and there is no danger of him dropping off to sleep, for his seat is constructed that if he did so, he would slip off! Thus only one voice is heard, though at times, since the refectory is very large and the clatter of dishes considerable, even this is not easy to hear.

There are over thirty professors here, all priests who

have been educated at least in part at Ushaw. It may seem strange to the ordinary Catholic, but these priests are never known at the College as "Father" but as "Mr." This is a relic of penal times when it wasn't safe to talk of a priest openly. To many Catholics it must appear a stranger custom, particularly as "Mr. so-and-so" is immediately classed as a person of some description. However, the students are hardly likely to confuse their professors with the local Anglican ministers!

The system, as I have already indicated, is one of progressive freedom for the student as he goes through the course. The lad of eleven or twelve who comes to the Junior House will find himself constantly under the eve of authority. His whole life is regulated; his games are organized, and he must even ask for money for whatever he wishes to buy. After two years in the Junior House, he passes over to the College proper. Now he is permitted to have his own pocket money, and may also have charge of his own leisure time. But otherwise his life is very much the same. It is not until after a further two years that he is given a privilege that is really worth having. This is the privilege of "leave-out," which means that students in sets of three can walk out of the College grounds on "half play days." The natural tendency for a normal student is to make for a café; he can only do this however, if the café is at least four miles away and provided he walks both ways. This concession leads to some amazing results. It is not uncommon for some students in their first Easter week with the privilege, to walk over a hundred miles altogether.

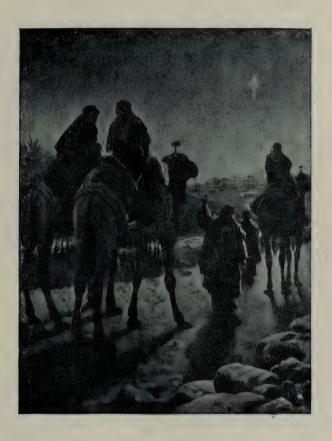
When the student reaches his eighth year, he begins his professional education with a course of philosophy. As a body the Philosophers are quite important; they have some authority over those below them, and it is also their duty to look after the games—equipment and to keep the playing fields in good order. For the better management of this they elect a representative called the "Censor." This Philosopher is very well known to all, as he wears a very distinc-

tive headgear—a common cap. This is a custom which has survived from those days when all true English gentlemen wore caps; most of the students wore them then, but now only the Censor does.

Of all the Censor's tasks the most important is to ask the President for a "playday." These are not infrequent, and when one is granted, there is a very special way of announcing it. The Censor and the rest of the Philosophers gather around the belfry and proceed to "ring out" the play day. Immediately all the younger students join forces and run to try and break through the ranks of the Philosophers to ring the bell themselves. This is called a "bell rush," although the bell is generally forgotten in the ensuing battle. As it occurs in a very confined space and about one hundred students take part, it is just as well that it lasts only a few minutes. As soon as he can the Censor announces amid prolonged cheers the reason for the playday; it may be in honour of a new bishop or to celebrate some centenary—who cares?

After two years spent in the study of Philosophy the student passes into the ranks of the Divines. Hitherto he could please himself in the matter of dress-he could wear sports clothes, etc. Now he must adopt clerical attire, the Roman collar, the cassock and biretta. He receives at once the Tonsure and Minor Orders, and settles down to work which is more intimately connected with the mission. There are two customs I could mention which perhaps illustrate the spirit of the life he leads. As the Divines are going out of the Refectory the Prefect bows to the first and he bows to the next as he goes through the doorway. So the bow is passed from man to man; just a little thing but an indication of true Christian fellowship. Again there is another custom which began with the war and which is thoroughly established by now; most of the Divines go to their Common room to listen to the B.B.C. news at nine o'clock. As soon as "Big Ben" begins to strike the hour, they all stand and say a silent "De Profundis" for the souls of those killed in the war.

So thirteen years of a student's life will pass away: he may have come to Ushaw as a mere child and now he is a man ready to work for souls. Surely he can use those words of St. Paul "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." The door is closing on his student days but another door is opening, the door to the vineyard of Christ.



OUTPATIENTS' DEPARTMENT ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL

By MARY JAMES

THERE'S much human interest behind the doors of the outpatients' department of a hospital like St. Michael's. Medical care of those unable to pay for it is not the whole story.

In the course of treatment, personal or family problems are confided to those wise in the ways of ailing humans. Help spiritual and physical is given which has altered many a life.

It may be the young mother expecting her first child, perhaps, the bewildered unwed mother who has not made much provision for a new life. Or the homeless old man or woman who finds, through the health and social services, solutions for problems of under-nourishment, shelter, clothing and other needs. May be society's derelicts who, given a break and get off to a fresh start, and even people normally able to care for themselves but temporarily in need of help when illness strikes.

All types are included in the approximately 100,000 patients per year which St. Michael's cares for in its new outpatients' department. Clinics treat nearly 300 patients per day; 25 clinics a week.

The work requires a nursing personnel of about 50, with an equal number of doctors, some of them the city's finest, who give their time to this department gratis.

The outpatients' department also provides teaching facilities for medical students from the University of Toronto and internes and postgraduates in ear, eye, nose and throat work.

The new outpatients' department—which is part of the hospital's building and modernization program marking its centennial year—occupies three floors of the Victoria St. section, and is designed for greatest efficiency of work and comfort and privacy of patients.

Finished with maple woodwork, it has walls pleasingly tinted in pastel shades; terrazzo floors and holophane lights flush with the ceiling. Opaque glass windows separating treatment cubicles provide the maximum light and privacy. Many of the clinic rooms, including the hard of hearing, have acoustically-treated walls and ceilings.

Equipment is the most up to date available, most of it new and involving a great outlay of money. Typical of the modern equipment is the audiograph machine, also the tilttable for testing ears for balance, in the hard-of-hearing clinic.

A slit lamp is an important piece of equipment in the eye clinic, one of the busiest of the whole department. Like some of the other units where X-ray work is done, the eye clinic has specially designed windows from which the light may be blacked out for testing.

In the centre of the first floor a public address system calls patients from the waiting rooms for treatment and observation. There is a large splendidly equipped laboratory with chrome fittings for technicians. Separate units for male and female surgery are equipped with three treatment rooms each, with curtains on noiseless runners ensuring privacy.

Interesting feature of the pneumothorax clinic—one of the largest—is the laundry-saving white paper which is rolled down over the linen-covered examining tables, and discarded after each examination. The clinic has the equipment for lung collapsing necessary for prescribed rest in ex-san cases. Many former tubercular patients, now engaged in business and industry, come in regularly for treatment which enables them to carry on. In this clinic also diabetic and cardiac work is is done.

Other interesting clinics are ear, nose and throat; dental, plastic surgery, shock therapy for neurological cases; genitourinary, venereal diseases, prenatal and gynaecological and others.

All clinic work is done by the appointment system, thereby saving doctors' time and guarding against those who would abuse a service of the kind. All patients are X-rayed on entrance to save time.

"The outpatients' department is not meant to be a paying department of the hospital," said Rev. Sister Maura, superior, reminding that in 1951 the average per patient cost was \$2.70, as compared with revenue, from patient and other sources, of 60. Drugs for non-paying patients alone average \$1,500 a month.

"The prime purpose of the department is to give efficient care to the sick poor or help prevent serious illness by timely treatment for those who would have to postpone such if they had to pay full cost."

Dealing with outpatients requires utmost sympathy, tact and patience on the part of the personnel, especially the admittance clerk, who must decide upon the financial eligibility of the applicant, who must ask pertinent questions without wounding his self-respect, she said.

A white-robed nurse sister is always supervisor of the department, and "she and her staff of doctors, nurses, technicians, secretaries and maintenance personnel together bear the burden of the numerous problems which kept arising and have many of them solved before they ever reach the administrator."





On August 15th, ceremonies were presided over by Rt. Rev. F. V. Allen, D.P. Final Profession: Sister W. Marceline O'Mara; Sister Mary Benedict Passer; Sister Mary Regis Nelson; Sister Mary Edmund Gibbons; Sister M. Rosella Dowling; Sister M. Frances Sauve; Sister Anthony Marie Dalton; Sister Mary Ambrose Dwyer; Sister M. Ermelinda Varpey; Sister M. St. Lawrence Haggarty; Sister M. Marilyn Connaughton; Sister Mary Gabriel McAvoy; Sister M. Consilia Bearchell; Sister M. Magdalena Noonan; Sister Mary Zimmerman. First Vows: Sister M. Michael Edward Allen; Sister Barbara Mary Tallack; Sister M. Patricia Anne McDonald. The Junior Professed Sisters renewed annual vows.

Later relatives and friends witnessed the Reception. The Rev. A. Stoeckel, C.SS.R., preached and congratulated the young ladies and their parents, assuring the latter what now appears a great sacrifice will in reality prove an investment

for time and eternity.

The aspirants left the chapel, later returning, clothed in the Holy Habit, received their new names: Miss Joyce Homes, Sister Mary Christopher; Miss Jacqueline McCarthy, Sister M. Ligouri; Miss Noreen Coston, Sister M. Georget; Miss Patricia Byron, Sister M. Wilfrid.

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT.

To His Grace Archbishop William Mark Duke of Vancouver, B.C., on the occasion of his episcopal Silver Jubilee.

And twenty-five years spent in the same diocese!

We join with the many thousands of his own faith and of other creeds who realize his great work and who wish to thank God for the abundant blessings bestowed on His Grace. With them we beg God to bless him and to aid him in the continuance of his great work for his beloved people and Vancouver.

To Mother Marie Fulbert Chappon, Superior General of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Le Puy, Haute Loire, who recently received the Cross of the Legion of Honour conferred on her by the French Government. To a valued literary contributor, the Reverend Brother Simon on the occasion of his Diamond Jubilee. To each of the many important offices Brother Simon has filled he has brought the blessings and strength of his deep religious life, thereby fulfilling the precept of charity and adding untold treasures

to his reward in eternity.

To Sister M. Walburga, St. Joseph's Hospital, Toronto, Sister M. Bernard, St. Joseph's College, Toronto, Sister; M. Ernestine, Our Lady of Mercy Hospital, Toronto, and Sister M. Clare, St. Joseph's-on-the-lake, West Hill, on August 15th the joyous occasion of the Golden Jubilee of their entrance into the Community of St. Joseph. From far and near to the Jubilarians came greetings and tokens of esteem. We add prayerful good wishes for continued blessings in future years.

On the Feast of the Assumption, the Silver Jubilee of Profession was kept by Sister M. St. Ambrose, St. Joseph's Convent, Oshawa; Sister Helen Marie, St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto; Sister M. Cecily, St. Joseph's Convent, Oshawa; Sister M. Norbertine, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, and Sister M. Colette, St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto. Ad multos annos!

OBITUARIES

"It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." 2 Ma. 12:46.

Sister M. Eusebia, Sister M. St. Joseph, Sister M. Edwin, Sister M. Corona, Sister M. Aurelia, Sister Mary Teresa, Sister M. Majella, Sister M. Seraphia, Sister M. Helen.

Sisters of St. Joseph's Community, Toronto.

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL.

On October 15th the new Emergency Department was opened with the blessing by Reverend J. Brennan, Chaplain, and soon the "D" unit will be re-opened after extensive renovations and additions.

October 22nd-The Students' Hallowe'en Party and Talent

Night in the Gymnasium.

The Convention of the Ontario Conference of the Catholic Hospital Association was held at St. Michael's Hospital October 29th and 30th.

In September, the 105 new preliminary students arrived.

Among the group are St. Joseph's College School girls:

Sister Claudia, Sister Edna, Marie Begin, Elizabeth Brunck, Anne Dolan, Marine D'Onofrio, Patricia Duggan, Lorraine Fecteau, Margaret Garvey, Mary Hart, Mary Madigan, Colleen Major, Barbara Miller, Nancy McKinnon, Claire Marie O'Hagan, Kleona Quesnelle, Patricia Sheehan, Janice Sherwood, Maureen Sullivan, Gail Tracey, Aileen Walsh, Patricia Walsh, Yvonne White, Elvira Zondaks.

St. Joseph's High Schools:

Toronto-Moira MacNeil, Blanche Marie Hornby

Barrie—Patricia Carroll, Patricia Marion, Mary Helen MeVeigh, Genevieve McSweeney.

St. Catharines—Lina Modala. Colgan—Marie McKenna.

To the world, accustomed to judge by appearances, the Church offers as a treasure of sanctity and virtue this humble man, who worked in the greatest retirement, thinking only of pleasing his God. Simple, obedient, chaste and laborious, he is called a just man in the Gospel and the Church, wishing to show how highly she values his virtues, proclaims him the guardian of her interests and does all she can to inspire her children with a truly heartfelt devotion to this holy patriarch. The manner in which the Church has exalted the name of Joseph shows how very dear the devotion to this great saint is to her and how many are the graces to be reaped from it by us her children. If we love the Church, Joseph will find an especial place in our affections and he will be the model of lives, our help in difficulties and our comfort in sorrow.



ALUMNAE OFFICERS

OF

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

1952 - 54

Honourary President

The Reverend Mother General of the Community of St. Joseph

Past President — Miss Virna Ross

President

Miss Mable Abrey

Vice-Presidents

cRae Mrs. R. D. Sutherland Miss Loretta Mackle Mrs. Basil Hall Mrs F. T. Mugele

Recording Secretary
Miss Ida Wickett

Mrs. J. R. McRae

Corresponding Secretary
Miss Margaret Wright

Treasurer
Miss Joan Taylor

Mrs. S. Brophy Mrs. L. Austin Mrs. J. M. Garvey Mrs. G. Macey Mrs. A. Contway
Mrs. C. J. McCabe

Welcome back, Sister Leonarda—we are happy to know that you have recovered from your recent illness.

The annual meeting was held June 8th. The President, Miss Mable Abrey presided. The reports read by the Officers indicated that the various activities had been very successful.

There was a large attendance at the Communion Breakfast, April 19. Mrs. F. J. Mugele was convener; the celebrant of the Mass for deceased members was Rev. Father Hardy, C.M., who was also guest speaker.

At the membership tea September 28 guests were received by Rev. Sister Mary Augusta, Miss Mable Abrey and Mrs. C. J. McCabe. Mrs. H. T. Roesler, Miss Miriam Walsh, Mrs. H. Sommerville, Mrs. N. F. Henry, Miss Mary McGrath, Mrs. J. Mosteller, Dr. Florence Quinlan and Mrs. J. A. Thompson presided at the tea table and were assisted by the Executive.

On March 19, Miss Miriam Walsh entertained present and past Officers of the Alumnae at a delightful dinner party at the Granite Club.

Orchids to Mrs. H. T. Roesler who was awarded an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws at the recent convocation, St. Francis Xavier University, Nova Scotia.

Ray Godfrey spent most of the summer touring northern Europe.

Our delegates to the C.F.C.A. Alumnae Convention, in Halifax were Rev. Sister Mary Augusta, Federation Sister, and Miss Mable Abrey, President of St. Joseph's Alumnae. Other members attending were Miss Agnes Foley, Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Rev. Sister Mary Alice and Miss Noreen Slattery.

At the closing luncheon of the Convention, Mrs. Thompson was presented with an illuminated address in recognition of her years of faithful service to the Federation.

Mrs. Joseph Powell (nee Dorothy Costello) was very kind to our delegates in driving around the city. She arranged a conducted tour of the United States Navy Aircraft Carrier, "Valley Forge", then on a goodwill visit to the Port.

After the bar Convention, in Quebec City, in early September, the Averille Robinsons spent the rest of the month touring the Maritimes, touching every county in the three provinces. Highlights of the tour were a visit to the Augustinian Monastery, Tracadie, N.S., under the guidance of Father Ebert, and the drive along the Cabot Trail. They claim nothing in Canada excels it in beauty.

Congratulations to Rev. Marshall B. Winkler, S.J., who was ordained last June in Brooklyn, N.Y., where his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Winkler (Kathleen Clarke) and his aunts (Elizabeth and Marguerite Clarke) live. Fr. Winkler is now in Woodstock, Maryland.

Mrs. W. H. Pringle (Connie Rose) of Los Angeles, was a recent guest of Mrs. R. D. Sutherland (May Nolan), Toronto. This was Connie's first visit East in thirty years and her first thought was to re-visit St. Joseph's which she did, accompanied by Rev. Mother and Mrs. Graham Chambers (Mildred McGrohan).

Mrs. Robert Duquet (Alice McGovern) now resides in Gander, Newfoundland, where her husband is associated with the Meteorological Bureau.

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE NEWLY WEDS:

Mary Agnes Garvey to Harold Murphy, Blessed Sacrament, January 10.

Adele Marie Prance to Frederick J. Davies, at St. Vincent de Paul, June 6.

Josephte McSloy to Dr. J. A. Harper, at Holy Rosary, June 6.

June-Marie Koster to John Thomas Keough, at Blessed Sacrament, June 20.

Betty-Ann Peacock to F/O Leonard Fitzsimmons, at St. John's Chapel, August 25.

Rita Byrnes to Patrick O'Daragh, St. Vincent de Paul, September 12.

Margaret Anne Warde to Gordon Stinson, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, September 19.

Joan Frances Garvey to Dr. J. D. Claude Macdonald, Blessed Sacrament, October 24

Jane Frances Doherty, to Patrick Thomas St. Basil's, September 5.

Rosemary Parke to William Patrick Slyne, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, October 17th.

Mrs. T. A. Irwin's (Jean Proctor) two daughters were married this year-Lorna in April and Patricia in September.

BEREAVEMENTS

Sincere sympathy to the family of the late Sister Immaculate Heart (McGuire) in Edmonton, Alberta, where she had founded the Monastery of the Precious Blood in 1925 Mother Immaculate Heart also founded monasteries: Charlottetown, P.E.I., 1929; Vancouver, B.C., 1930; Regina, Sask., 1933;

Kogoshima, Japan, 1934; Pembroke, Ontario, 1939; Calgary, 1951; and St. Paul, Alta., 1952.

On July 17 we were grieved to learn of the sudden death of Mrs. Leslie T. Sadler (Alice Killackey). Alice, as she was known to most of us will long be remembered for her charming, gracious manner, and her loyal co-operation in the Alumnae. To her husband, her daughters Ann (Mrs. Ted Whyte), Alyce and Joyce, her sons, Maurice, Joe, Bill and Jack, and her brother, Maurice Killackey, we extend our sympathy.

Arthur McGinn, at St. Michael's Hospital on April 26, 1953; to Mrs. McGinn (Dorothy Young), Ann, Jerry and Jim we extend our sympathy.

Our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Charles McGahan (Margaret Keenan) on the death of her mother, Mrs. C. J. Keenan. The late Mrs. Keenan assisted in organizing the Catholic Women's League; she was the first President of the Toronto City subdivision and a past National President. Mrs. Keenan was honoured by Pope Pius XI with the Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice.

To Mr. J. Faragher and to his family, Eileen, Kathleen, Norine, Josephine, Rita, Joan, Mary and John, on the death of Mrs. Faragher.

To Mrs. V. Caruso on the death of her husband, and to his family, Mrs. Gordon Johnson, Mrs. J. Taglietti, Lena, Josephine and Cosmos.

We extend sympathy to the family of the late Mrs. John Clancy (Alberta Corti) and also to Rev. Father A. J. Welsh, of Kingston, and the other members of the family of the late Mrs. Cecilia Welsh (Cecilia Dorgan), and to Mrs. Basil Hall and her brother, Mr. Jack Halligan, on the death of their father, Mr. Thomas Halligan; also to Mrs. N. F. Henry on the death of her husband, and to Miss Noreen Slattery on the death of her brother.

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS

... I have just come from a walk around Rockerfeller Center. The giant Christmas tree has been erected in the flower canyon and it is ablaze with thousands of lights. At this time of the evening, dusk, earol singers gather beneath the tree and sing the traditional songs. It is all quite beautiful. Just below

is the open air ice rink which gives sort of a small town cozy touch in this great city: Young boys and girls dipping and twirling. (And some not so young girls and rather brittle old gentlemen.) It reminds me of all the little towns in Canada that I know so well.

Doris Canfield Hanlon.

DUBLIN:

The building once housed an Irish Parliament—Grattan's Parliament, which lasted 18 years. No Catholic ever sat in that Parliament. Still, Grattan and other Protestants put up a good fight for an "Irish Parliament in Ireland. In the House of Lords there are two fine tapestries on the wall, representing the Battle of the Boyne and the Siege of Derry. The Commons is now the Cash Office.

A remarkable church, St. Michan's, dates from the end of the eleventh century. It has vaults, and in them one sees the bodies of the dead which were placed there centuries ago are still in a state of—more or less—preservation. They are mumified by some inexplicable process of Nature. Lying in one of the open coffins is the body of a man who is said to be Roderick O'Connor, last Ard Ri. On his mumified limbs are some fragments of his silken stockings, still clinging to his dried and shrivelled skin. There is also the body of a nun in a similar state of natural preservation. Here, too, you will find the coffins of the brothers Sheares, executed in 1798.

In the church is the old organ on which Handel gave the first public performance of his famous oratorio, "The Messiah." There is also a Stool of repentance.

A. Reilly.

NEW YORK:

gay. My ex-Chief of Staff, Mr. Lawson, who is now our Canadian Consul General here, managed to make my holiday such a pleasant and gay one. Yesterday afternoon we were at Town Hall to hear the final in a series of addresses on Canada, and the speakers on this occasion were Ambassador Hume Wrong (from Washington), the Honourable C. D. Howe and Leonard Brockington of Radio fame and a gifted speaker. Mr. Lawson enter-

tained at his apartment on Park Avenue after this affair, and there were more than one hundred Canadians remained to a Buffet supper.

Madlyne Heary Fergusson.

ON MADISON AVE., CHICAGO:

.... Recently I was in one of the most unusual churches in the world—built on the site of a former theatre at a cost of four million dollars to care for the work day spiritual needs of thousands of "Loop Catholics", none of whom are members of the congregation.

It is St. Peter's Franciscan church and friary, a building 100 feet high faced with natural Georgia pink marble and dominated by a 33 foot marble crucifix that faces the sidewalk from a 53-foot arched recess.

The church has a seating capacity of 2,000 in the main auditorium and two overflow chapels and eventually will have four automatic elevators to lift worshippers, visitors, and friars to upper floors. It remains open 24 hours a day. At least two volunteers per hour will kneel in adoration each hour of the day and night in the adoration chapel.

Marion Chadwick.

ST. MICHAEL'S NEW LOOK:

Toronto the "New Look." Just sixty years after St. Michael's first opened its doors, dignitaries of the Church and State officially opened the new seven story Nurses' residence, with sitting rooms, lounges and large bedrooms for 100 nurses. Here also is a gymnasium-auditorium, chemistry and dietetic laboratories, demonstration rooms and modern classrooms. On the third and fifth floors there is a small kitchen and laundry room, equipped for the students; on the roof a sun garden. A tunnel connects the residence with the hospital. In the main entrance is a stream-lined reception desk and an "IN and OUT Board" with indirect lighting. The recreation room has been newly furnished and equipped with television.

The new psychiatric wing on Shuter Street is six storeys high. The fifth floor (Operating Room) has five tiled theatres

with the latest equipment. Another new seven storey wing has been added to the hospital, and boasts an automatic switch-board, and an occupational therapy and physiotherapy unit complete with an hydrotherapy tank and gymnasium with wrist-rollers, pulleys, weights, anchored bicycle, and parallel bars.

The new nursery on the 7th floor has 50 stainless Mercy Cubicles. The comfortably furnished Father's Waiting Room is a thoughtful addition.

The Outpatients' Department has been renovated and has expanded. The admitting Department is new. It has a convenient "drive-in", covered entrance with a ramp for stretchers and wheel-chairs. The new Emergency Department has a marble-topped receiving desk, comfortable waiting room, non-static tiled flooring tiled recovery rooms and an operating room.

The new air-conditioned cafeteria serves over 1300 delicious meals daily. The walls pale green English tile, the floors terrazza and it has stainless steel equipment. Polophane lighting and wall mirrors give an illusion of great space. The doctors, graduate and student nurses, dietitian, technicians and office staff eat here. The snackbar is open morning and afternoons.

Builders' tools are still active around St. Michael's and will be until "D" unit is completed.

St. Michael's Hospital and the Sisters of St. Joseph are keeping abreast of the times, without losing that wonderful spirit which inspired its founders to do great things for God.

I. Nealon.





ST. MICHAEL'S DAY MASS, the formal opening of the academic year, was celebrated by Rev. C. Lavery, in St. Basil's Church. Staff and students in academic gowns walked in procession from Queen's Park Crescent and took their places in the Church, completely filling the centre aisle pews. Rev. L. Shook, Superior of the College, addressed the student body, in particular those present for the first time, calling to their notice that the college was a place for the formation of saints and scholars, and expressing the hope that in his audience there were many who would become "saintly scholars."

Congratulations to Sister Mary Benedict, C.S.J., who, on her graduation was awarded the Gold Medal for General Proficiency, and to Miss Denyse Pesant who was awarded the Gold Medal in Household Economics and received also the Clara Benson Prize in Food Chemistry, awarded by the Senate of the University.

SCHOLARSHIP STUDENTS, 1953-54:

Miss Eileen Dillon, Timmins, Ontario: The Sister Perpetua Whalen Scholarship for General Proficiency.

Miss Moyra Trainor, Sudbury Ont.: The Gertrude Lawlor Memorial Scholarship in English and History.

Miss Brenda Weetman, St. Joseph's, Islington: The Fontbonne Scholarship in Latin and French.

Miss Rosemary Bialek, Oshawa: War Memorial Matriculation Scholarship for the College of Pharmacy

Miss Anna Bohn, Toronto: The St. Joseph's Convent Alumnae Scholarship.

Miss Patricia Bygrove, Toronto: The Governor-General's Medal for highest standing in English, Grade XIII, St. Joseph's College School.

TWO FRIENDS

Two friends like lake water close on the pebbly shore
must fit tightly each molded into each
having no airy holes and gaps
but flowing into space
give comfort and strength and laughter
and leave no need untouched by
understanding.

Ann Dillon, 5T4.

CAPPING CEREMONY:

On the Feast of the Holy Rosary, after having proved themselves by their heroic endurance of initiation, the freshmen received their caps and gowns and were formally accepted as University students. Through an aisle of lighted candles, held by the seniors and sophomores, the freshmen walked in procession into the chapel. Rev. Father Klem gave an inspiring talk on the virtues of the truly Catholic student and the symbolism of the cap and gown she wears. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed, after which each freshman approached the altar railing, where the gown was placed over her shoulders by a member of the senior class. She then knelt while Father placed the academic cap on her head.

At the close of this ceremony a hymn to Our Lady was sung, and the new statue of Our Lady which now stands in the sanctuary, awaiting the arrival of its counterpart, the statue of St. Joseph. A hymn to St. Joseph followed, the stustudents left the chapel in procession. With the capping ceremony the initiation of the freshmen to College life and the privileges and duties it involves, was brought to completion. May the spirit of this happy beginning attend them throughout the years to come.

We express our sympathy to Mary Palumbo, 5T4, and Catherine and Helen McDermott, graduates, whose mothers passed away in the early summer, and to Joan Osborne, whose father was taken after a long illness.

Our delegates to the Annual Convention of the C.F.C.C.S. were Mary Sue McGee, and Ann Szammers.

The purpose of the Federation is to aid the integral formation of the Catholic student by stimulating spiritual, intellectual, social and spiritual endeavour. This is to be accomplished by the broadening of student activity, the furthering of closer relationships between the colleges, and, since the Federation is a part of the Canadian section of Pax Romana, work through Pax Romana.

The structure of the Federation is based on eight Commissions, each of which is a field of research under the jurisdiction of the individual colleges. Exchange of information between the colleges regarding such vital topics as Mariology, Liturgy, Dramatics, etc., is the life-blood of C.F.C.C.S., and helps maintain that unity which could do so much for the Catholic college students of Canada.

Ann Szammers, 5T5

CONGRATULATIONS TO:

Miss Catherine Schenck, St. Catherines, Ont., who entered the novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, on September 7.

Miss Anne Kuzyk, now Mrs. Thomas Kuzyk, of Niagara Falls.

Miss Betty Fitzgerald, now Mrs. D'Arcy Mulligan.

Miss Ludmilla Graczyk, the bride of Mr. Alec Luckiewicz.

Miss Colleen Clarke, who on Oct. 24 became the bride of Mr. Clifford Laprairie.

Miss Mary Grieve, who is now Mrs. Sam Neill, Long Branch.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

- Sept. 1—No room for fifteen students. Where to put them? In tents on the tennis court?—or in Queen's Park?
- Sept. 5-Still no sign of action on the new building.
- Sept. 10—"A house, a house, my kingdom for a house!"
- Sejt. 11—"No. 74"—a house at last. An old house, but a house. Away with the tents!

 Follows a week of scrubbing, painting, polishing.

Procession down Wellesley Street—boxes, baskets, more boxes, more baskets.

Sept. 18-3 o'clock-No beds, no desks.

4 o'clock-No desks.

6 o'clock-No worries.

7 o'clock-Bed-making "bee."

8 o'clock—All in readiness for a new arrival of new students next day.

Oct. 15.—Blessing of the ground and turning of the first sod.
Thank you, St. Teresa.

Oct. 16.—Operations on new building begin. Staff and students transfer en masse from Arts courses to visual course (not recognized by University of Toronto) in Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering.

TURNING OF THE SOD

St. Teresa's Day witnessed the blessing of the ground and the turning of the first sod for the new residence. At 4 p.m. Father Shook and Father Scollard arrived, and with a group of staff and students proceeded to the grounds where the new building is being erected. Father Shook blessed the ground, gave a short talk in which he stressed the need of adequate facilities to further the good work done by the College, put. the spade into the ground and turned the first sod. Reverend Mother, Sister Bernard, our head girl, Martha Dunn, and Archie all took a turn at the spade. (You all know Archie. of course. He tends our onions and tomato plants, even plants them among the rose bushes when he fears the excavation is drawing near and his beloved garden is to be destroyed!) A decade of the beads in honour of Our Lady and a hymn to St. Joseph followed, after which we turned homewards, the words still ringing in our ears: "May His best graces be by thy sweet hand bestowed."

LORAIN

Like the valiant women of the Old Testament, "ever she steers her course like some merchant ship" . . · how briskly she girds herself to the task, how tireless are her arms." "Jeal-

ously she sets her hands to work"..."protected by her own industry and good repute she greets the morrow with a smile." "Work such as hers claims its own reward; let her be spoken of with praise at the city gates." Our Lorain—beloved by all, model of indefatigable effort, ever inspiring hope, alas, she will never write an examination. Ten short days she spent with us, then she left us, forever. Gone . . . but her memory will never fade. Lorain—without whose help our new building could never have seen the light, ever "Steeled" to duty, fearless, irresistable, before whose ugly mouth the very ground disappeared—Lorain, our bulldozer!

THE OFFERING

By DOMINICO CERASOLE

When Kings and Shepherds sought
The Holy Babe at Bethlehem to adore,
Those from afar their finest treasures brought,
And these from humble folds would bear a lamb;

While He His Hand to each With equal love did reach. I, then, albeit I am In poverty so sore

(My substance wasted) that alas I may Find nought before His cradle sweet to lay

Unto my Lord Divine
Would bring this heart of mine:
And if He take my heart,

No more I'll envy Kings' nor Shepherds' part.



On October 28, there was held a United U.N. Assembly Nations Assembly. Girls from all forms took

part.

The opening Prayer was the Collect from the Mass of Christ the King. This was followed by the singing of "United Nations on the March," the Lithuanian Nations Anthem and a dance given by a group of Lithuanian students. Carole O'Brieni then

danced the Highland Fling.

Ewa Jarmicka and Hanna Wejtko told of the sufferings of their Poland, and a group of Polish students sang their National Anthem. Because of limited time we were able to hear only an ejaculation given in the native tongue of a few representatives of foreign countries.

A panel discussion answered questions involving the work of the United Nations. Janet Sommerville told how Catholic students can do their part in aiding the United Nations.

Odette St. Jacques, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

Nominations for the Student Council were School Elections announced while we were at lunch. Immediately there was a loud buzzing. Whom shall we nominate? Who will be campaign managers? Who will draw the posters and make the badges which will decorate our uniforms? Whom will we elect?

During the busy days that followed posters were pinned on bulletin boards, scotch-taped on walls and on windows and even strung across the gym with balloons. Hats proclaiming the name of the nominees appeared. Speeches by the nominees and their managers were given in the auditorium to an enthusiastic audience. Poems were composed and songs sung.

We elected Sylvia Kennedy, our hard working and friendly Prefect: Torchy Sutherland, our lively Vice: Norma Cuccia, our witty Secretary; Jean Vincent, our humorous treasurer, and Rena Giacomini, brilliant sports Rep. Not to mention 12-B's Kathy Rush who represents the Fourth's this year! Marta MacLachen, 12-B, S.J.C.S. Living Rosary Sunday, October the Fourth, the Holy Hour was held in Exhibition Park. The grandstand

was filled to overflowing.

Taking part were clergy from every parish in the city, children from the Separate Schools, representatives of the Girl Guides, Brownees and Scouts and an honour guard of the Knights of Columbus. The bands of St. Michael's College, De La Salle and St. Mary's School contributed music.

Bishop O'Gara, the guest speaker, spoke of Communism in China and held all attentive with his account of conditions there. Unfortunately, Cardinal McGuigan was not present, but

in his absence Bishop Webster officiated.

The living Rosary was formed by five hundred girls from St. Joseph's College School and St. Joseph's Intermediate School. The red and blue capes which formed each bead showed up handsomely against the sombre ground. After the devout recitation of the Rosary, Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the ceremonies.

Janet Stobie, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

Field Day

Our annual Field Day was October 6th. The first thing everyone did was to have her dinner and try to win the prizes the classes offered. All sideshow attractions of the Midway were there—breaking the balloons, fish pond, horseshoe throw, darts and even bingo! And chances on two kittens, a pup, a bunny, candy, fruit and a real chicken!

At one o'clock the races started—the 50-yard dash, obstacle race, sack race, club-foot relay, tooth-pick relay, and head-balancing relay. Everybody enjoyed these, spectators and

participants.

At the end of the day, the winners of the raffles were announced, and everybody left in fine spirits. Field day was a success and our Red Feather and Mission offerings were something to be proud of.

Vida Jurgulis, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

Consecration
On October 14, we gathered in the chapel for Consecration to Mary. Each girl renewed her personal dedication of herself to Our Blessed Mother, and each class as a unit became a member of Mary's great family.

Father Keyck, C.S.B., talked of the love and life of Mary and of how we should imitate her in all things at all times. Her life was one of humility, simplicity and purity and we should

try to live as Mary did.

A beautiful statue surrounded with flowers stood at the front of the sanctuary. We sang hymns to Mary and the school song, "Hail to Thee, Joseph." The ceremony concluded with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Patricia Sullivan, XII-B. S.J.C.S.

On October 15th, we attended the first Gen-First General eral Assembly of the year. Sister Superior Assembly attended and Sylvia Kennedy, the Head Prefect, was chairman. Each member of the Students' Council gave a report on her "department." Rena Giacomini, Sports' Representative, gave a talk on the success of "Field Day." and astounded us by the news that four hundred dollars had been raised for the "Red Feather Campaign."

The impressive part of the meeting was the installation of the class prefects for 1953-54. Each girl as she received her brown and gold prefect ribbon stood as a symbol of what other girls would like to be-someone in whom they placed their trust, a girl to represent them at the meetings of the

Student Council.

I am certain it is the wish of all girls to have more of these General Assemblies. Good luck, Sylvia, and all your hard-working Council.

On October 23, students from the Catholic Catechetical High Schools of the Toronto District, as-Graduation sembled in St. Michael's Cathedral, to receive their Catechetical diplomas.

The ceremony began by prayer and the singing of "Come Holy Ghost." Father Gignac gave a brief talk on the necessity of using our religious education. We must not discard it as just another subject studied, completed, and to be forgotten. We are the Catholic men and women of tomorrow.

Father Allen introduced the prize winners, and His Eminence, Cardinal McGuigan, awarded them prizes. Then all the students, one by one went up to the front of the Cathedral, and kissed the Cardinal's ring and received their diplomas.

The graduation ceremonies were completed with Solemn

Benediction.

Mary Grzywna XII-B, S.J.C.S.

Forty Hours October 23, The Boarders assisted at the opening of the Forty Hours Devotions.

The main Altar was decorated with autumn flowers. During the three days, every girl has her special time as a sentinel before the Blessed Sacrament. A Holy Hour was conductd on Friday evening by Father Roach, C.S.B., and on Saturday by Father Principe, C.S.B.

Sunday afternoon brought to a close these prayer-filled hours which meant much to those of us who had kept Our

Lord company during those days.

Betty Dupuch, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

Prefects' Party Why were all the girls in "civies" one Wednesday in October? The Prefects'

Party.

At the door of the Common room we were greeted with silence. Everyone had an advertisement on her back and the objective was to find, without speaking, the person who had a similar one. After new and amusing games in which both Sisters and Prefects gave evidence of surprising versatility and unsuspected talents, refreshments were served; sandwiches, hot chocolate, ice cream and gorgeous cake! While eating, the "Royal Order of the Moon" was introduced to us by Pat Jarvis, followed by other games and a novel horse race-

Prizes were awarded, beautiful pictures of Our Lord, and

the Prefects' Party of '53-'54 was over.

Ann Sawyer, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

The Glory of Christmas—the Crib of Christ,

Where the Mother of Grace once bended lowly
To worship the Saviour of all mankind—

Her son, our Brother, the Lord God Holy!

May she ask Him to grant to you and yours

The Christmas gifts of joy and gladness,
The peace of the Crib that aye endures,

And the hope that banishes gloom and sadness.

Brian O'Higgins.

Marian Year Prayer

Following is the official English text of the special Marian Year prayer composed by His Holiness Pope Pius XII.

Enraptured by the splendor of your heavenly beauty, and impelled by the anxieties of the world, we cast ourselves into your arms, O Immaculate Mother of Jesus and our Mother, Mary, confident of finding in your most loving heart appearement of our ardent desires, and a safe harbor from the tempests which beset us on every side.

Though degraded by our faults and overwhelmed by infinite misery, we admire and praise the peerless richness of sublime gifts with which God has filled you, above every other mere creature, from the first moment of your Conception until the day on which, after your Assumption into heaven, He crowned you Queen of the Universe.

O crystal Fountain of faith, bathe our minds with the eternal truths! O fragrant Lily of all holiness, captivate our hearts with your heavenly perfume! O Conqueress of evil and death inspire in us a deep horror of sin which makes the soul detestable to God and a slave of hell!

O well-beloved of God, hear the ardent cry which rises up from every heart in this year dedicated to you. Bend tenderly over our aching wounds. Convert the wicked, dry the tears of the afflicted and oppressed, comfort the poor and humble, quench hatreds, sweeten harshness, safeguard the flower of purity in youth, protect the holy Church, make all men feel the attraction of Christian goodness. In your name, resounding harmoniously in heaven, may they recognize that they are brothers, and that the nations are members of one family upon which may there shine forth the sun of a universal and sincere peace.

Receive, O Most Sweet Mother, our humble supplications, and above all obtain for us that, one day, happy with you, we may repeat before your throne that hymn which today is sung on earth around your altars. You are all beautiful. O Mary! You are the glory, you are the joy, you are the honor of our people! Amen.

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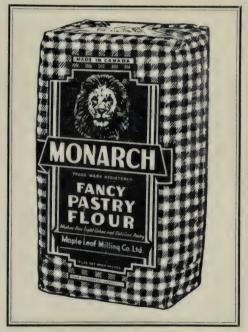
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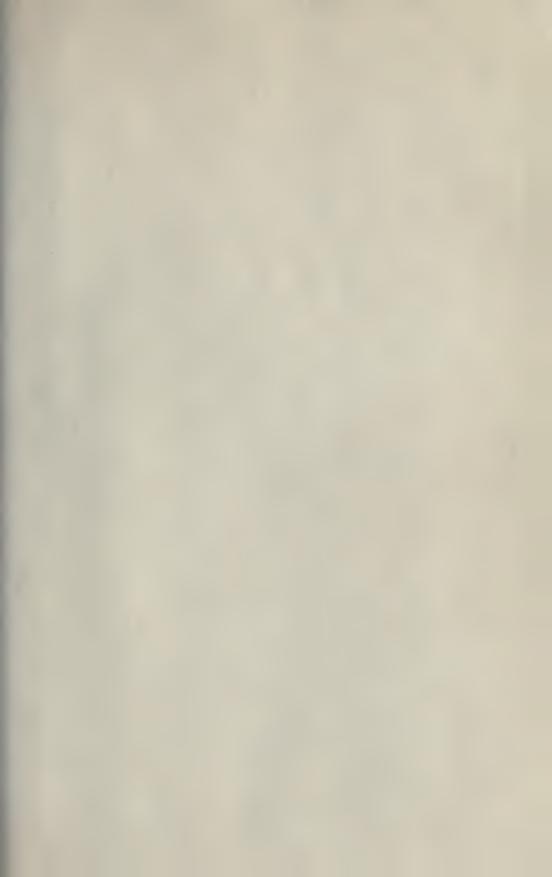
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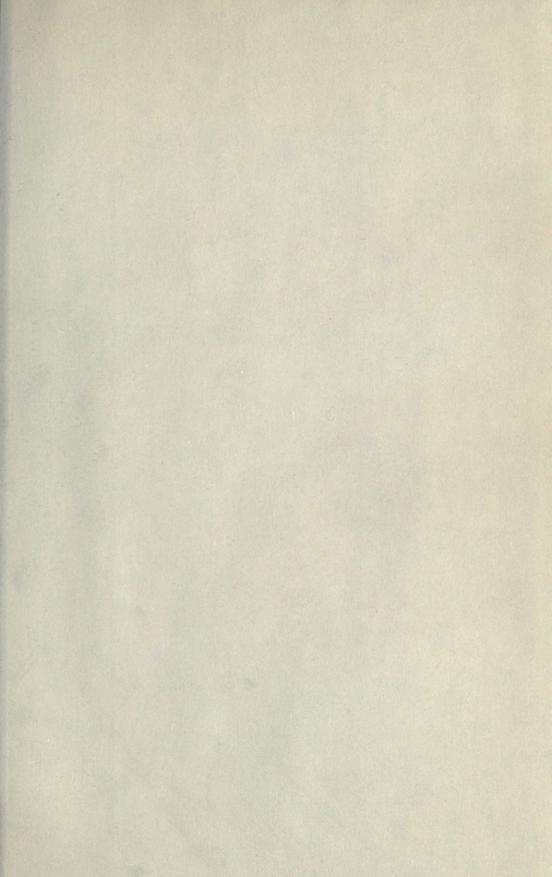
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25	Our Lady of Mercy Hospital II
D	P
Dustbane Products Limited VI	
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172	Politi & Westcott Ltd XIII Porter, Paul XXV
\mathbf{E}	Porter, Paul XXV Presswood Bros XXIV
Eaton Co. Ltd. The T.	
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F	Ryan, Dr. J III
	Regiopolis College XXIX
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